

## Prologue

*Speak, father speak to you little boy,*

*Or else I shall be lost.*

Little Boy Lost - William Blake (Songs of Innocence)

A small child, who is so small that if you saw him you would think him to be only three or four, he is in fact six, going on seven, but enough about age and appearance back to the small boy in question, he is, at this precise moment in time, sitting in a large forest, he isn't too far into the forest but is far enough for no one to follow him. He is sitting underneath a large oak tree, hugging his legs tightly to his body and resting his head on his knees. If you listen closely enough you can hear a muffled sob that escapes from this small child's mouth. The reason for these sobs? For that answer we must look back an hour into the small child's life and see what he was doing.

## Flashback

*We can now find the child watching another child, who is rather large, in fact he resembles an obese piglet with blond hair, the small boy is watching the obese child from the shadows in the corner of the room, unnoticed by all in the pristine living room of number four Privet Drive. He has a lone tear falling down his cheek as everyone in the room sings 'Happy Birthday' to the obese child, who, as the song tells us, is called Dudley. The small child, with the unruly jet-black hair quickly wipes away the tear before anyone can notice it and then quickly and quietly walks back to the kitchen to set out the food for the four people in the living room.*

*He has managed to get half-way to the living room door when he is stopped by a large hand. It is the other boy, Dudley's Aunt Marge.*

*"Boy! What do you think you are doing?" she asks, roughly shaking the child. He is confused, he doesn't understand why she is angry with him, he hasn't done anything wrong.*

*"N-nothing, Aunt Marge." He manages to stammer, fear creeping up on him.*

*"Nothing? You were plotting to ruin our little Dudley's big day!" she roars. The small child shakes violently. He hasn't done any such thing, he knew that, but she didn't believe him. Aunt Marge shakes him again, but a bit too roughly as his knees buckle beneath him and he falls to the floor. He holds his arms above his head, waiting for the inevitable blow, but it never comes. The reason? Surrounding the boy is a thin layer of fire gently caressing his body, not harming him, soothing him. The other occupants of Privet Drive watch in a mixture of shock and horror. The small boy quickly stands up and runs out of the house, not noticing that the fire has gone, not noticing his uncle's furious yells and certainly not noticing where he is heading.*

End Flashback

And so we find ourselves back in the forest with the small boy who is so terrified of going back to the house to meet his uncle's wrath that he hasn't noticed it getting darker.

It would also seem, to the observant watcher, that he has forgotten about the rumours that children spread about this particular forest.

The adults of Little Whinging just associate these rumours with childish nonsense but the children are adamant that there are monsters in this forest. The adults ignore these stories and fantasies that are spread throughout the playground, but what they don't realise is that childish fears and rumours about monsters and things that go bump in the night nearly always have a grain of truth to them. It just so happens that the rumours about the forest where we can find little Harry Potter are all true. *Especially* the favourite one about the wolf-man. It also just so happens that tonight is a full moon.

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## Chapter One - Discoveries

*In every cry of every man*

*In every infants cry of fear,*

*In every voice, in every ban*

*The mind-forged manacles I hear.*

London - William Blake (songs of experience)

It is now almost nine years since we last saw Harry Potter huddled up in a tight ball in that dangerous forest in Surrey. In those nine years he has changed a lot. He is still the half starved raven haired boy, but now he has grown to six foot, and his hair, which will always be unruly, is now longer, it can almost be out into a pony tail, but that is not the only change to his hair, no, along with the black he now has several white and green streaks and also has one scarlet red streak that falls into his emerald eyes. The strange thing about these streaks of colour in this boys hair is that they are natural. The lightning bolt scar, he will always have that scar, and he knows it and realises that on several occasions it has helped him and saved his life, but along with that scar there are several others to accompany it. The biggest change to those who would have seen him nine years is his eyes. They no longer hold the pain, fear and other emotions so clear for everyone to see. They are dead. There is no twinkle in these eyes when the boy laughs. However if the people in the room with this boy ever had the chance to look closely into his eyes they would have seen that they look angry, almost feral. This boy, or even man, is no longer the shy but polite little boy who fled for his life at the age of six nine years ago. He is a feral, wild, dangerous animal and at the moment which we find him, he is cornered.

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Harry sat in the blindingly white room, struggling against the bonds which tied him to the chair which he was sitting on. Movement in the room made him stop and look up. Entering the room were three men. One had long white hair and a beard that matched his hair in everything including length and sharp bright blue eyes that twinkled,

he looked at Harry and the ever present twinkle was no longer present. He turned around to face the other two men who had entered. One had long black hair and blue eyes. Harry recognised this man to be the recently found innocent Sirius Black. Harry looked at him briefly and then turned to the other man stood next to him. Suddenly he growled deep within him throat and struggled violently against his bonds.

The guards looked at the violently struggling boy in shock then ran forward to stop him. The feral boy lashed out and tried to bite his captors until a yell stopped them from restraining him.

"Stop! Don't let him bite you! Leave him alone!" The last man ran forward and placed himself in front of the boy.

"Remus, what do you mean? Do you know something about him?" Harry growled at Remus and struggled even more against his bonds, trying his hardest to reach this man who was causing him so much distress. Remus turned and looked Harry straight in the eyes, and the rest in the room were shocked to see him stop struggling.

"He is something. Not quite human, and I can sense something, not Werewolf, but certainly dark. What are you?" he muttered the last question to the now gently growling, but still boy, directly.

"Have you questioned him?" the old man asked one of the guard Aurors standing near the door.

"Yes, but he didn't speak to us. We even questioned him under the influence of Veritaserum but he either growled or looked at us blankly. We don't think that he *can* speak." The younger of the two Aurors, a young woman with bubblegum pink hair, said. Suddenly Harry stopped growling and looked down at his chest. Then something happened that shocked everyone in the room even more. He spoke... well hissed. What shocked everyone the most was the pure white, baby boa constrictor that appeared out of his chest.

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Harry stopped growling and looked down at his chest as he felt his bonded, Persephone, moving and then appear out of his shirt.

**SS** Massster, are you ok? You have been struggling for a while now but have not called upon me. Would you like me to kill the wolf-man?  
**SS** the snake hissed, moving threateningly towards Remus.

**SS** No Perse. Leave him, but stay with me. I do not want to be alone with these people.**SS** Harry replied, shocking everyone present in the room. Harry then turned to face the other two men who arrived with Remus. **SS** What do you want with me? Let me go home! Please!**SS** he hissed, begging then and for that short space of time. Sirius stepped forward, frowning and placed his hand on his shoulder, suddenly emerald green flames flared up around Harry, burning Sirius' hand in the process. Sirius leapt back yelping, as Harry angrily hissed at him. the old man then stepped forward and looked at Harry.

"Now Harry. I don't know if you can understand me but we have been searching for you for nine years, nearly ten. Now from now on you will be living at Hogwarts, during the school year you will live with your housemates and then during holidays you will stay in the quarters of Sirius, who as your legal guardian and godfather, will be watching over you." The man said, making Harry growl, the fire to flare even more violently and a look of sheer panic and anger to quickly pass over Harry's face.

**SS** No! No! I want to return to my home! My family! Persephone! Tell them! Why won't they listen to me?**SS**

**SS** They cannot understand you. They do not speak our ancient and noble language.**SS** Harry looked at his snake and then back to the people in the room and sighed in defeat. If they couldn't speak his language how would he be able to speak to anyone? He didn't want to go anyway. He didn't want to leave his family. These people didn't understand what he was, and he couldn't quite bring himself to trust the Werewolf, if anyone at all. He still had occasional nightmares about his supposed family, the Dursley's, and being sent back to them. These people would trap him inside and for all he knew they could be the same as the family which he was made to live with for the first five years of his life.

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Sirius watched in shock as the boy in front of him, his godson, begged them in another language and then as the snake seemed to *pacify* him. He still couldn't understand how Lily and James' son could speak parseltongue, and how it was all he seemed to speak. Where had he been for the last nine years and how had he survived? All these questions to be answered but how could he get the answers? No one except Voldemort could speak parseltongue, which of course didn't bode well for Harry. Suddenly the flames around the boy disappeared and Harry was calm. If not looking slightly defeated.

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We can now watch as the selfish, if not slightly foolish wizards lead Harry and Persephone out of the room. No one quite dares to touch the boy and so his hands remain tied up.

When this slightly odd party arrives in the main entrance hall of the ministry of magic, they stop to collect all of Harry's possessions. They include, amongst many other items, two wands, a sword with emeralds embedded in the hilt, three daggers with sapphires and a lethal looking piece of wire, which disturbingly enough, seems to be stained with blood. As all of the objects are passed to him, he expertly places them in several places all over his body. Five minutes later he has finished and the group holds onto an old tatty shoe and disappear.

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## Chapter two - Hogwarts

*Because I was happy upon the heath,  
And smiled among the winters snow,  
They clothed me in the clothes of death,  
And taught me to sing the notes of woe.*

The chimney-sweeper - William Blake (Songs of Experience)

We can now find, one day later, Harry in the quarters of the DADA professor Sirius Black and his assistant Remus Lupin. He insults and lashes our at them every time he sees them. In parseltongue of course. The most upsetting part of this ordeal for them is that Harry seems to half fear, half loath Remus, though no one knows why.

If we watch for a while we will see Dumbledore make a discovery when Harry unshrinks a trunk hidden in his robes. We will follow Dumbledore as he leads us to the quarters of Sirius, Remus and now Harry.

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Dumbledore knocked on the door to Sirius' quarters and then opened the door. Sirius and Remus were sitting on the chairs in their living room, the door to Harry's new bedroom was closed and Sirius and Remus were looking slightly exasperated.

"How is he?" Dumbledore asked, looking at the door to Harry's bedroom.

"We don't really know. As soon as we got here he hissed angrily at us and then ran into his room and closed the door, we don't know if he has any books or clothes or anything. You can try talking to him if you want." Remus said, sighing and placing his head into his hands. Sirius looked up and over to the door in hope.

"I will try but I have no idea how to translate what he is saying. I have looked through all of my books, but because it is such an unknown

language there are no spells that will translate what he is saying into English. Or any other language for that matter." Dumbledore admitted, then he walked to Harry's door and cautiously opened it. Inside Harry was staring at the forbidden forest in longing, making Dumbledore's stomach clench in guilt. "Harry. We will be taking a trip to Diagon Alley later to buy you some things that you will need to start your seventh year, so get ready and we can go." He said cheerfully. Harry looked at him blankly and then reached into his robes and pulled something out. He then hissed something and waved his wand in the direction of a small box on the floor. It then enlarged into a trunk, which Dumbledore recognised to be a multi-compartment trunk, similar to the one that a past DADA Professor Mad-Eye Moody. Harry then turned to face Dumbledore, hissed something else at him and threw him the set of keys to go with it. Dumbledore raised an eyebrow at the keys and then walked to the trunk.

"I will take this trunk into the living room so that Sirius, Remus and I can see if there is anything you might need. Ok?" he said. Harry shrugged his shoulders and then turned back to staring at the forest. Dumbledore sighed and then turned back to the living room, floating Harry's trunk behind him.

When he arrived back in the living room he placed the trunk on the floor in front of Remus and Sirius and then with a wave of his wand shut Harry's door before sitting down in a chair.

"This, it would seem, is Mr Potter's trunk." He said, handing the keys over to Sirius. "There are six compartments, however Harry has only given me five keys, which could suggest that he is hiding something. Anyway, in the mean time, we will open each compartment and make a quick list of anything he may need then we can go and fetch them. Well shall we open the first one?" Dumbledore asked, looking pointedly at Sirius. Sirius looked at him and then knelt down to the trunk and tried numerous keys in order to open the first trunk.

After trying the first compartment, which just contained a selection of robes, all black and all with large hoods, some jeans and a few black t-shirts, a state of the range broomstick and a selection of dark detectors, they opened the second compartment and gasped. Inside

was a smallish library which contained about a hundred books. Sirius looked up at Remus and Dumbledore.

"Shall we go and have a look?" he asked, standing up and climbing down into the library. "Wow! Moony you should see some of these books! *Advanced Defence, Unforgiveables of the world*. There's also a load of books in French, about ten in German and more than half in another... wow!"

"What? What is it?" Remus asked, jumping out of the chair and running to the edge of the trunk.

"This book! It is called *Defence and Offence* but it is by wow... I can't believe it there is a whole selection by him."

"Who? Harry?"

"No! Godric Gryffindor!"

"Sirius, what is the other language?" Dumbledore asked, walking over to the trunk.

"Wha-? Oh right, I have no idea. It could be Russian or something but I have never seen it before." He said, slowly climbing back up the ladder. He passed a book over to Dumbledore and then closed the lid and tried the keys to the third lock.

By the time he had opened it he looked inside and then back to Dumbledore.

"So? Have you figured out what language it is in yet?" he asked. Dumbledore raised his head and chuckled.

"Well if you were impressed by the books Godric Gryffindor wrote, prepare to be astounded."

"Why?"

"Well if I'm correct then I think these are written in parseltongue. Does this book look familiar to either of you?"

"No. Oh! It's what our Standard Book of Spells grade seven looked like." Remus exclaimed, holding the book that Dumbledore held for him.

"Ok, but that's by whojamahick Gos-something, not a Hogwarts founder." How is that supposed to astound us?"

"It will astound you, Mr Black, because no one else besides Salazar Slytherin himself could read or write parseltongue, in fact I don't even think that Voldemort can. So either Slytherin wrote it or Mr Potter did, which then brings us to the next question."

"What's that?"

"Well it would seem he can read English at the least so maybe we could question him by letting him write the answers. What is in that compartment by the way?"

"Huh? Oh it's a very advanced duelling room. It has those dummy things, you know, the ones where a number appears above its head to tell you how strong your curse or whatever was. They are amazing! I wanted to get one for this year, but they were too expensive. I wonder where he got them from." He muttered to himself.

"Well why don't you close the trunk and we can go to question Harry. We can finish looking at the last two rooms later." Dumbledore said. Sirius nodded and closed the lid, not before looking longingly at the dummies one last time. He then stood up and followed the other two into Harry's room.

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Dumbledore and the other two walked into the room, Sirius and Remus were talking or bickering about the dummies which they no doubt found in his trunk. He couldn't help but wonder if they had managed to look in the fifth compartment, though he doubted it. He looked up from staring at the forest and raised his eyebrows when they conjured several chairs and sat on them facing him.

"We have found out that you can read English, and French and German it would seem, so can you write?"

**SS** Yes **SS**

**SS** They can't understand you. **SS** Persephone scolded him. Harry chuckled.

**SS** I know. It's funny. Anyway if they can't understand me then why have they bought me here? **SS**

"Perhaps if you nodded or shook your head." Remus said, noticing that Harry had the same glint in his eyes that his father, James had whenever he was planning a prank.

"I will ask again. Can you write?" Harry nodded and Dumbledore smiled then pulled out a piece of parchment and a self-inking quill then handed them to Harry, who looked at them in confusion.

"I wonder if, when we ask you questions, you can write the answers down." Harry nodded again and then sighed resignedly.

"Right, well I will begin. What is your name?"

*Harry James Salazar Potter. My family call me Salazar*

"Why?"

*Because I am his one true heir*

"WHAT! I thought Voldemort was." Sirius said, jumping forward in his chair.

*No, Tom is not the heir, he is the great grandson of Salazar's youngest son. I am the great-great grandson of the eldest son, Shea.*

"How do you know Voldemort's name?"

*I know his name because he told me*

"He told you? You've met him?"

*We have met*

"Are you going to join him?" Dumbledore asked, fearing the answer that was about to come.

*No he does not like me. He wants revenge*

"Revenge? Revenge for what?"

*Nagini*

"Who is Nagini?" Sirius asked, whilst Dumbledore frowned.

"What did you do to Nagini?"

*I recruited her. She is in my trunk.*

"You stole Voldemort's bonded?" Dumbledore asked incredulously, causing Sirius to burst into laughter and Harry to smirk.

*Not stole, befriend. However, old Tommy boy wasn't very impressed, so now he wants revenge*

"Does Voldemort know of your inheritance?"

*No, only my family and now you.*

"I wonder why James never told us. Strange though, I always thought he would be Gryffindor's heir." Remus murmured.

*He was. It was not the Potter side but the Evans*

"What? How? She is Muggleborn."

*She was adopted. I believe that the headmaster here knew that. You left her on the doorstep of the Evans' in much the same way you left me on the doorstep of the Dursley's. I, however, found my real family.*

"So you are the heir to Slytherin. Did you say that James was the heir to Gryffindor?" Dumbledore asked, ignoring the latter part of what Harry had just written.

*Yes. That caused great joy and amusement when we found that out*

"You keep mentioning your family. Who are they?"

*I cannot say. Only that they will be looking for me, and they will not be happy.*

"If you cannot tell us who brought you up, can you at least tell us where?"

*Various places, though mainly the Byrne Forest in Surrey and the forest surrounding Strasburg, which then joined onto the Black Forest in Germany.*

"All forest, all dark as well. How did you survive? How old were you when you were found by your family?"

*I found them in a way. I was ten...*

Flashback

*Harry stumbled over a tree root, ignoring the pain he felt when he collided with the ground. He sat up, rubbing his elbow and leaned against the tree. He had been in this particular forest for almost a month now, and he was finally beginning to know his way around. Though now he would have to leave. They were getting closer to finding him and he didn't want to go back to the Dursley's. Not that they would take him back. But that doesn't matter, here he is leaning against a tree in a forest hiding from an Auror, it actually made him chuckle that these people were supposed to be the cream of the magical crop and yet they had been spending the last four years searching for him and he still managed to stay away from them, and he was only a ten year old boy, no wonder most of the death eaters are still at large.*

*Now he decided that it was time to move on and he knew exactly where he was going to go. Something was calling him to the north and so that was where he was going. The North. To a forest in Carlyle.*

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*When he finally got to the forest he felt something wash over him. he felt at home! He didn't know how long he would be able to stay here before they caught his trail again, but he wanted to stay forever. For*

*the time being however, he was going to learn his way around and get to know all of the creatures of this forest. Especially the snakes.*

*He had now been in this forest for almost a fortnight and he had only managed to know his way around a quarter of it, it was that large. The snakes of this part of the forest especially liked him and when he got lost or hungry they always helped him. now however he found himself in part of the forest that had no snakes and also a strange abundance of any other creature, magical or not, and the further he walked into the forest the more he felt at home.*

*He walked deeper and deeper into the forest until he felt a strange feeling wash over him and he suddenly passed out.*

*When he woke up he wasn't on the forest floor. He was lying in a bed of leaves which seemed to be in a tree. To the right of his makeshift bed was a medium sized stone basin, next to which was a small beaker made of the same stone as the basin. He sat up in his bed and then swung his legs over the side and walked over to the basin. When he saw his reflection in the water he gasped. His hair was still messy and maybe a bit longer than the last time he had saw it, but now, as well as being jet-black he had silver and green streaks and at the front, just in front of his face was a dark red streak which kept falling into his eyes. He filled his cup with the water from the basin and was about to take a drink from it when he heard voices coming from the ground below his tree. Human voices.*

end flashback

*That was when I met them*

"Are they your blood family?"

*No. They adopted me as their own*

"How did you survive? Weren't there any werewolves?" Remus asked him, ignoring the looks that Sirius was shooting him.

*Most werewolves are like you, Remus. Tell me can you climb trees on a full moon?*

"Me? How do you-?"

*The infamous Remus J. Lupin, AKA Moony? Every Werewolf/Vampire/dark creature knows who and what you are. And you never answered my question.*

"Well no I can't, but if only dark creatures know about me, how do you?"

*Wouldn't you like to know. You know, not every dark creature is evil, you should know that Remus, being what you are.*

"Whose side are you on exactly?" Sirius asked after reading what he just wrote.

*Not Voldemort's if that is what you want to know.*

"So you are on ours? On the side of the light?" Dumbledore asked, suddenly feeling ten times happier. Maybe there was a way to use the child; he may be able to use his weapon after all.

*No old man. I will not join your group of merry men. I am on my own side. The grey side, not light, dark but not evil. I will kill Voldemort if and only if he tries to kill me or anyone that deserves my protection, which by the way, none of you qualify for. However I would like to attend meetings, see if I can distinguish what he is planning and maybe where he is.*

"We'll see. In the mean time, do you have any other friends?" Dumbledore slowly felt his plans coming crashing down around him and his only hope was that he becomes friendly with the right students in this school.

*In all the forests in England and Wales, most in Scotland, about five in France and the whole of the Black Forest in Germany, all of the snakes and most of the dark creatures are my 'friends' as you put it*

"How about human friends? Do you know anyone your own age?"

*Not alive*

"How long have you known about the magical world?"

*I was eight when I first went to Diagon Alley and Knockturn Alley. One of my 'friends' was meeting me there in a pub.*

"What is your knowledge of your past?"

*Boy-Who-Lived, what is it with you people and hyphenating everyone's name, anyway, my parents died protecting me, I first defeated good old Tom when I was a year old, I am the saviour of the wizarding world, scourge o the underworld, sent to the Dursley's for protection that didn't exist... did I miss anything out? Oh yeah, boy who prophecies adore, yadda, yadda, yadda. Is that enough? I think I know more about my past than you do.*

"Hmm, yes well, anyway. When did you get your wand?"

*I got my first wand, holly, phoenix feather, pretty cool actually because the man who sold it me said that it was a black phoenix, which I prefer to those namby-pamby 'good' phoenixes. The shop was in Knockturn Alley and I got it on my first visit there, the man I went to visit recommended him to me and took me there, he bought it me for my birthday. He was a pretty cool man, shame he died. Where was I? oh yeah, my second wand I made myself.*

"You made it yourself? How?" Remus asked, his curiosity getting the better of him.

*I had an abundance of wood, living in forests and all. Plus I had several magical creatures offering their hair/claws/feathers. Then I took several of the samples and tested which one felt most right with my magic. It is made out of wood from a whomping willow, which makes if really flexible by the way, and has a centre of er... ooh a Werewolf hair, Johnno was incredibly proud of that and the fang of a Vampire. Some wanker killed Antonio and I took his fang before he, well faded. It is a quite funky, strong wand though really temperamental.*

"I thought Vampires turned to dust when they were killed, in any way." Sirius asked, feeling rather foolish for having to ask the question in the first place.

*He was an elder. They only fade until they are reborn in another. I always hoped it would be me, but alas it is not meant to be.*

"What school year are you in magically?" Dumbledore asked, ignoring what he had just wrote.

*I would say that in charms, DADA, potions and Transfiguration that I am more skilled than most of your Aurors, not that it is hard mind, but in all of the other subjects except Divination and Care of Magical Creatures I would say I am in seventh year.*

"What about Divination and Magical creatures?"

*Well magical creatures is obvious seeing as I was brought up by them. And divination? Well I am no seer but I was taught by the best. Malcuchio from a clan of centaurs was appointed my teacher, much to his disdain. He eventually got me through my NEWTs and I surprisingly got an O.*

"NEWTs? How did you take your NEWTs?"

*I have my ways*

"Yes well, how long have you been an elemental?"

*Since I was born, though I only discovered my element when I was ten, with a little tutorage I was in full control in no time.*

"Have you got control over any other element?"

*What do you mean? I only have control of water.*

"Water? I thought your element was fire." Sirius asked, remembering the incident at the ministry all too clearly.

*Fire? Oh that. Fire is not my element. I am pyrokinetic though, which means I can control fire with my mind.*

"In that case, where did you get all your books?"

*Here and there. The ones from Godric Gryffindor are mine by right anyway. I got them from my vault. Griphook was most friendly.*

"What about the ones by Slytherin?"

*Slytherin? Oh you mean the ones in parseltongue? Slytherin didn't write them. I did. I'll have you know that it took me forever to copy them, though it didn't take so long once I created a spell that translated English into parseltongue. That was a godsend I can tell you. I had to borrow the English books of course, but I don't have them now. It is quite good though as I don't have to share them.* Harry grinned when he passed the note over.

"Right, well have you always lived in forests? I mean have you ever lived in a village or town or something?"

*No, I have always lived in forests since I ran away, though I have stayed in several settlements, whether they be Werewolf, Vampire or centaur. And once acromantula, though never again. Bloody spiders. I would take werewolves any day.*

"Well have you ever lived in the Forbidden Forest?"

*Nope. That is one of the few forests in this country that I have never lived in and one forest that calls to me the most. I hear that you have quite a selection of dark and magical creatures residing in that there forest. Even a herd of thestrals! Now those I want to see.*

"You will be able to see them?"

*Of course I will be able to see them. You don't camp with werewolves and vampires without seeing death at least once.*

"Ah. Well how do you feel now, knowing that you will be living here, with people your own age." Sirius asked, hoping to sway the conversation in their favour.

*trapped*

"Okaaay. Er... what is in the sixth compartment of your trunk?"

*I wondered when you would ask that. In there I have a selection of creatures in there and of course, Nagini. Sirius, you are welcome to*

*borrow them for your lessons if they will allow it. It is up to them of course.*

"Ok, well do you have any questions that you would like to ask us?"

*I suppose it would be futile to ask if I can leave, or at the least live in the forest.*

"No, that would be out of the question. Well if that is it I will go and look in the other compartments of your trunk. Remus, Sirius, you can stay here and ask more private questions if you wish." And with that he left the room.

**SS Wanker SS**

"Er... Harry may I ask... why is it that you both fear and hate me? if you have lived with werewolves it can't be prejudice. I can't understand."

*I don't know you. I have met many bad werewolves in my life and of course you helped to lock me up in this god forsaken place. Why should I trust you? Either of you?*

"Good point. Well you can trust me, but I will obviously have to earn your trust, but if you ever need anything then you can come to the both of us." Remus said, indicating to both himself and Sirius.

"Harry. Can you speak English?"

*No*

"How did you communicate with the other creatures you met?"

*You never asked if I could speak any other language besides English. You only asked about English.*

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We will now leave Harry with Sirius and Remus. Although he seems to be beginning to trust Sirius and Remus, he is not so trusting of Albus Dumbledore and for good reason. He has been brought up by several different magical beings and so he is quite safe from

Voldemort as he is part of a large and very unusual family, however there is no one to protect him from the cunning, sly and deceitful Albus Dumbledore and the only people who can protect him are blind to what the real danger is.

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### Chapter Three - The Sorting

*Can I see another's woe,*

*And not be in sorrow too?*

*Can I see another's grief*

*And not seek for kind relief?*

On Another's Sorrow - William Blake (Songs of Innocence)

Soon it is time for the current students of Hogwarts to return to the prestigious school of witchcraft and wizardry, and of course for them to meet Harry Potter. Soon Dumbledore may realise just how hard it will be to gain Harry's support and how it will be even more difficult to manipulate this young Parselmouth. However, as we will soon see, Dumbledore is not one to give up easily.

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Harry followed Remus and Sirius to the Great Hall on the night of September first. He was unsure of what he was supposed to do, was he supposed to sit with the teachers or mingle in with the students? What House was he supposed to be in? Slytherin or Gryffindor? When was he supposed to be sorted? All of these questions and more were running through his head, including, when can we eat, I'm starving? When he walked into the Great Hall, Dumbledore quickly walked over to Harry and smiled.

"You will wait for the sorting in the side room, then Professor McGonagall will fetch you once the first years have been sorted, then you will be sorted." Dumbledore said. Inside he knew that Harry needed to be in Gryffindor if he was going to live up to what Dumbledore needed him to live up to. The only problem that he could see with this plan was the fact that Harry quite clearly played to his Slytherin side more, this would prove to be difficult in the eyes of the public.

Harry meanwhile was staring at the ceiling in wonderment. Living in forests he was used to sleeping under the night sky, but when he had

stayed in Johnno's house the ceiling was well... a ceiling. It certainly wasn't the night sky anyway.

"It is charmed to look like the sky outside." Harry jumped and turned to look at Remus, who was also looking at the ceiling/sky. Harry nodded to acknowledge him and then turned to follow Dumbledore through the door behind the teachers table. Before the door closed he turned and smiled briefly at Sirius and Remus.

"Right, well as I said, Professor McGonagall will come and fetch you in about half an hour, so in the mean time you can stay in here and keep yourself occupied." He said and then he left Harry alone in the room full of whispering portraits all pointing at him.

---

Ron Weasley walked (Well, strutted) into the Great Hall and sat down at the Gryffindor table with his friends, Dean and Seamus.

"I can't believe what Malfoy did, that git. I mean what gives him the right?" Seamus said as he sat down opposite Ron at the table.

"I know! Just because his daddy-dearest is He-Who-Must-Not-Be-Named's head Death Eater. God! It's about time someone taught him a lesson!" Ron replied, a feral grin flashing across his face.

"Hey! You could ask Fred and George about some pranks! They were the best pranksters that Hogwarts has ever seen." Dean said, excited about the possibilities that they had of pranking Malfoy.

"Ye-"

"Actually, my dad says that the greatest pranksters that Hogwarts has ever seen were called the Marauders. He was in his first year when they were in their sixth so he didn't know them personally, but everyone knew who they were." A young girl in her third year said, over hearing their conversation. Ron sneered at her and then turned back to face his friends.

"The Marauder's were a myth. They didn't really exist. Fred and George are the-" But whatever Fred and George were, wasn't cleared up as at the moment Professor McGonagall walked in with about forty

small first years following behind her nervously. She led them all up to a rickety three legged stool with a tatty old hat sitting on top and pulled out a long piece of parchment.

"When I call your names you will come forward and place the Hat on you head and let it sort you.

AMBROSE, AMY!"

A small girl with long brown hair walked forward and placed the hat on her head. A few minutes later the Hat had decided and GRYFFINDOR! Was yelled out for the school to hear.

Finally, almost an hour later the sorting had finished with Velcroix, James (SLYTHERIN) running over to join his future friends, Dumbledore stood and smiled.

"Right well normally I would let you all eat, but there is another student to be sorted...

---

Harry sat down in a chair by the door he had just entered the room by and let Persephone out of his robes so that he could talk to her.

**SS** I'm bored Perse. What do you think the sorting will entail? Hopefully they won't need me to talk, 'coz I think they might encounter some difficulties in understanding me, as I don't think there is anyone else at this school that can speak Parseltongue. In all honesty I don't want to be sorted Perse. I want to go back to the forest and be able to live my own life again. If I am sorted hen it will be permanent and it will be like I have given up and let them win. Persephone, I just want to go home. This is not my home. **SS**

**SS** I know young one, but you cannot do anything about it now. They will just bring you back here every time that you run, you will just have to go along with everything that they say. Maybe you will find something out about the war. **SS**

**SS** I've just thought. I was supposed to report back home tomorrow. My family is soon going to know that something has happened to me.

They will soon find out where I am and when they arrive they aren't going to be happy. **SS**

**SS** I realise young one that that is all very true but I think you have forgotten a more important matter. You do not seem to have realised that tomorrow is the full moon. What are you going to do about the Werewolf? He suspects you, you know. **SS**

**SS** Oh crap! You're right! What am I going to do? You know what happens to me on a full moon! How will I be able to hide it? **SS**

**SS** I suggest that you tell the Dog-Man. Ask him not to tell the Werewolf, or at least not Dumbledore. Then he can watch over you when it happens, you know you are of no danger to those whom you can trust. I believe that those two are just that, and that they are the most trustful you will ever meet. Beware of the students however. Most of the Gryffindors will be under Dumbledore's wing and more than half of the Slytherins will be under Voldemort's. You will need allies in this war. The Werewolf and the Dog-Man will protect you with their lives. **SS**

**SS** So are you saying that I should tell Sirius and Remus? Fine, tonight after the feast I will go to them and talk to them, well write to them. Is that alright? **SS**

**SS** Yes, that is an excellent plan. Talk to them tonight. You also know what you will have to do to protect them. I know it drains you but it really is the best idea. Your family will arrive within the month. **SS**

**SS** Ok then, come on let's go, they've finished. I need to be sorted. **SS** with that said Harry followed Professor McGonagall (who had just knocked on the door) into the Great Hall and walked over to the stool in front of the teachers table as Dumbledore finished announcing him.

"...to be sorted, Harry Potter. He will be entering his seventh year and I want you all to welcome him into whichever house he may be sorted into, no matter his er... abilities." He said and then he motioned for Harry to put the Hat on. Harry nodded and sat down on the stool, placing the hat on his head and ignoring the whispers that were running through the hall like wild fire.

*"Ah! An heir has arrived! About time to. But what's this? Slytherin and Gryffindor? Well no one would have expected that. How am I to sort you? Ah! I know! APPRENTICESHIP!"* The hat yelled. Suddenly the whole hall erupted into murmurs. Harry took of the hat and then turned to look at a frowning Dumbledore with a raised eyebrow.

"Well, that is interesting. If Mr Potter would just tell us who he would like to be placed under, then we can eat." Dumbledore said, the twinkle in his eyes reappearing. If Harry could speak English, then he will have to now, and if not then Dumbledore himself will have to choose who to place him under, this was an ingenious plan of his, even if he did say so himself.

Harry on the other hand was in a bind panic. He knew Dumbledore's plan and therefore was desperate to try and speak. Sensing her bondeds distress Persephone moved discreetly to his shoulder and hissed quietly into his ear.

**SS** Young one, I believe you may be able to try and say the Dog-Man's name. if not they will get the hint, do not fear young one. I will not let any harm befall you. **SS**

Harry nodded and then hardened his glare and faced Dumbledore.

"Sssir-Sssir-Sssiriuss." He hissed. All of the students gaped at him and then Dumbledore nodded, the twinkle again no longer there in his eyes. Harry glared at him one last time and then walked over to the end of the teachers table and sat down next to Remus.

"Right... Well... That was interesting. Well there are a few start of term notices but for now, let us eat." Dumbledore said and then clapped his hands and the food appeared on the tables.

Remus turned to Harry soon after and looked at his empty plate and frowned. "Are you not hungry?" he asked him. Harry shook his head and then blushed as his stomach growled in disagreement. "Is there nothing here that you fancy?" again Harry shook his head, however he frowned soon after and hissed something to the snake that was invisible to everyone else.

"What's up apprentice? God, thank you so much for saying my name. I realise I am the only one you probably know here, but I feel like you are giving me a chance. So wanna write what's up?" he asked, conjuring a muggle notebook and pen and passing it to Harry.

*The food smells wrong. Do not eat the food.*

"What? How do you mean?"

*I don't know. It just smells wrong. All of the food is sweet-smelling and Persephone says that she can sense something in the food. Please, do not eat anything tonight.*

"Well okay then. We can have something in our quarters. So then, are you okay, besides the food?"

*Yes thank you. I need to tell you both something tonight, I need your help with something*

"Are you alright? What's wrong? What's happened?"

*Nothing! It's not important really, I just need your advice*

Sirius sighed and visibly relaxed, and then he nodded and turned when he was asked something by the Professor next to him. soon everyone had finished eating and all of the food dissolved off of the plates, and Dumbledore stood up again to make the start of term announcements.

"First I would like to introduce Professor Black, who will be teaching DADA this year and his assistant Professor Lupin. I would also like to re-introduce Professor Hagrid who will be returning this year to teach Care of Magical Creatures. I would like to remind everyone that the Forbidden Forest is out of bounds and that the list of banned items has again increased and if anyone wishes to see it, they will find it on Filch's door and the wall next to it. Now if the prefects would please take the first years to their house and I will wish you all a good night." He finished and then everyone in the hall stood up and started to leave.

Once Sirius, Remus and Harry were back in their own living room they all sat down and Sirius conjured some snacks for them to eat.

"Well Harry. What is it that you want advice for?" Remus asked, whilst Sirius handed them both a small plate of food.

*It is about something that happened when I was seven, sixth months after I ran away from home. However before I tell you that, I will need to tell you what happened on the night I ran away. That night was a full moon...*

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## Chapter Four - Malfoy

*I was angry with my friend;*

*I told my wrath - my wrath did end.*

*I was angry with my foe;*

*I told it not - my wrath did grow.*

The Poison Tree - William Blake (Songs of Experience)

When we last left Harry, he was about to tell Sirius and Remus about the full moon. We shall now go and see what he has to tell them, and will soon discover that life in dark forests isn't so great after all, and a life of danger and mystery is no a way for a six year old to live.

*I will need to tell you what happened on the night that I ran away, that night it was a full moon...*

### **Flashback**

*Harry huddled against the tree and shivered. He knew that if he was to go home then Uncle Vernon would beat him again, it was too late anyway and the door would be locked. However, he couldn't stay here, even if his family did say that the stories were nonsense and if he were heard to repeat them again that he would spend the rest of his natural born life locked in his cupboard, and how many times has he been told to not ask questions, he still believed the stories to be true and he would be foolish not to believe them. Now, however, he was stuck in the notorious Byrne Forest, with no where to go and no one to help him.*

*He felt a tear run down his cheek again and quickly wiped it away, not wanting to let anyone know he was crying. He suddenly stopped and stiffened. He felt the presence of someone or something standing behind him. he slowly stood up and turned around. Standing directly behind him was the largest wolf he had ever seen (not that he had seen a wolf, well on the telly he had, but...).*

*Harry stepped cautiously and slowly away from the wolf, never making eye contact with as he had heard that that was his best chance of survival (Yep, that damned television show again.), he held his breath, hoping that maybe the wolf hadn't seen him, but clearly today wasn't Harry's day. The wolf walked towards him and stopped just in front of him. Now that he was closer, Harry could see just how big it was, in fact it was at least a head taller than Harry. (He is only six remember)*

*Harry closed his eyes and could feel the warm breath on his face as the wolf took another step towards him. He stifled a whimper as the wolf became so close that Harry could feel the wolf's whiskers tickling his forehead. He waited for the wolf to eat him, but it never came. Instead the wolf licked his face and then sniffed his hair. The wolf then licked Harry again and nipped him gently to get him to follow. (No he never pierced the skin so Harry is not a Werewolf!)*

*Harry opened his eyes again and followed the wolf, still unsure as to whether or not the wolf was going to eat him and therefore not wanting to anger the wolf and feeling that it would be in his best interest to follow the wolf actually, thank you very much, yes that is exactly what he was doing. Trying not to get eaten. Besides, he would never be able to out run a wolf.*

*After walking for almost half an hour they suddenly reached a small run down old cottage that was almost in the middle of the forest. The wolf looked back at Harry and then nudged the door open with his nose and walked in. Harry frowned and then quickly made the choice to follow the wolf inside, deciding against running away, as the wolf would surely have eaten him by now if that was his plan. Plus, Harry's raw curiosity got the better of him.*

*When Harry walked in he found it was furnished with what looked like badly mauled furniture, which the wolf had clearly bitten and clawed at. He looked around him and then walked over to the wolf who was sitting next to a tatty bed in the corner of the room. He pushed Harry gently toward the bed and then lay down on the floor, next to the bed. Harry smiled weakly at him and then let sleep take him.*

## **Flashback**

*When I woke up the next day he introduced himself to me as Johnno, I lived with him for six months until it happened.*

"Wow! A Werewolf taking in a child- wait! What happened? Did he bite you?" Remus asked suddenly, an unnatural growl surfacing in his throat which was clearly a side effect of the impending full moon and making both Harry and Sirius jump at this display of aggression.

*six months later, it was almost Christmas I think, at any rate it was winter anyway. It was a full moon, only this time there was something else. The moon was blue. It was a blue moon. Well anyhow something happened to me, though Johnno never said what, but ever since then on full moons I have transformed into a pure white wolf. I'm not a Werewolf either, I now know the differences between a wolf and a Werewolf and I am no Werewolf. Just a pure white wolf. Because of this though, I am no danger to those whom I deem trustworthy in my animal state, however, I am not myself. I cannot be alone, or else the wolf part of me will try to kill the human side of my mind. if I am in human or Werewolf company then I will be safe. Which is where you two come in. I sort of trust you and well... Persephone says that you will be able to help me in any case. Will you help me?*

"Of course we will. Remus had taken his Wolfsbane potion and so he will be safe and I will be able to be in human form, then in time, you can get used to my animagus form and we will- wait a minute. The full moon isn't until Monday. Not tomorrow. Why will you need us tomorrow?"

*I change on the day before and after the full moon as well. The moon is almost full and so I change. All of the Werewolf colonies that I stayed with each month could never understand why though.*

"So that is why you stayed with werewolves so much. Well, never mind. you can stay with us." Sirius said, jovially wondering why his godson was so different.

"Harry? May I ask. Why did Johnno take you in instead of well... killing you?" Remus asked tentatively.

*no one knows. Johnno just said that when he found me the wolf inside of him cowered and allowed his human side to think and act. He called me his own natural, cheap and easy to acquire Wolbane.*

"Is Johnno the family that you spoke of?"

*No, and angry Werewolf is nothing compared to what me 'family' will be like. But no, as I said, I only stayed with Johnno until a month after that night, then I had to leave.*

"Why?"

*The wizards, by this time, were searching everywhere for me and two wizards happened to visit Johnno's house whilst I was out hunting. I had to leave or they would have found me.*

"So, did you ever see Johnno again?"

*Yes I did. I frequently visited him. At first members of families clan kept trying to kill him, but then I was taught a ritual which would save him. Which reminds me. You two will need to do this ritual if you want to be safe when my family finds me. And believe me, they will come to get me.*

"Oookaaay. What do we have to do?" Remus asked nervously. Harry smiled at him warmly and then pulled out his own, home made wand. He then carefully traced three rues in the air with it and chanted something in parseltongue. Soon after Remus and Sirius felt their bodies warm and saw that they were glowing a strange emerald green colour, which slowly faded into another colour, which was different with both of them. It stopped soon after and they looked at Harry thinking he had finished. He looked pale and tired but he pulled out one of the emerald encrusted daggers and pricked his thumb. He knelt down in front of Sirius and then Remus and drew another rune on their foreheads with the blood. The runes glowed the same colour that they had each glowed with before for a second and then disappeared into their skin with a blinding white flash. Harry then slumped on the floor and collapsed in exhaustion.

Sirius and Remus both quickly jumped up and rushed over to where Harry was lying, but before either could reach him, Persephone

slithered out of his robes and hissed threateningly to each of them. They both backed away quickly and in silent agreement went to their rooms for the night, leaving Harry alone on the floor to sleep.

---

When Harry woke the next day he still felt slightly tired but didn't want to sleep in. he sat up and looked around him in confusion. Why was he on the living room floor again? Oh yeah! Last night. He sat up and looked down at Persephone, who had grown quite a bit in the last couple of weeks. She was now almost two foot in length and at that moment was wrapped around his left leg. He carefully unwrapped her, hissing gently to her and then wrapped her around his right arm and stood up just as Sirius was walking in from his own room, looking slightly dishevelled.

"Hey, me and Remus thought that today you might like to mingle with the other students. We thought you could sit at their table; write to them, you know normal things. Though choose the Gryffindor table, the Slytherins are a bit eugh. Oh that's right, heh!" he said, noting the look on his godson's face. "Well, you look a bit rough, are you feeling ok?"

"It's the full moon tomorrow, and if Harry is affected like me then I would think he *is* feeling like crap." Remus said, walking into the room and sitting down on the sofa. Harry sniggered as Sirius blushed furiously.

"Yes well. We should really be going down to breakfast. Come on moony, Harry. You know we should really come up with a nickname for you. And make you a marauder."

*What's a marauder?*

"Oh! We are the last of the marauders. Your father, Prongs, was one. I think he would be proud if his son became one. We, the marauders, were the greatest pranksters Hogwarts as ever seen."

"Ooh! Slinky!"

"Slinky? Dear lord. See moony this is why you never came up with the names. I believe you wanted to call me snuffles, James Bambi

and yourself Moonshine. Oh what a bunch of oh so not cool people we would have made. Snuffles, Bambi and Moonshine! And now you want to name my godson Slinky!"

"Now Sirius, lets not get hysterical."

"Hysterical? Who's hysterical? Slinky?"

"Fine you come up with something then!"

"Okay, I will. Umm... how about... Sly?... no, too Slytherin-y, not that that's a bad thing. I mean... anyway...names! Something snake-like, I think, coz I mean we already have a wolf, so we will go with the snake thing. Any suggestions?"

"Well it doesn't help that Prongs was the one to come up with the names. Maybe we will get some ideas though the day."

*How about Chaos? I mean it doesn't sound serpent-y but it is. Tiamet, a Babylonian god was a snake and she was hell bent on bringing the world into disruption, hence being re-named Chaos. I know she was female, but I couldn't think of anything else.*

"Hey hey! Prongs' son come through! Chaos! I like it, very Maraudery. It's perfect. I hereby name you Chaos! May you help live up to you name and bring Hogwarts into such and help the remaining marauders, namely Moony, on the full moon, night time strolls! Not that you have any problems there of course."

"Sirius. As much as we all love these ramblings of yours, but we do have to be somewhere. Namely breakfast. Come on. Harry can you change magically?"

Harry nodded in response and then picked up his wand and waved it over his body. Soon he was wearing a black robe with large hood, though Remus wouldn't let his wear it up, saying that it would cause panic amongst the students and Persephone was wrapped around his right arm still. He then hissed something to her, nodded and looked up.

"Shall we go then? Come on Chaos! Moony!"

Harry walked into the great hall next to a, again, bickering Padfoot and Moony, as they insisted he call them and then smiled briefly at them and sat down at the Gryffindor table next to a boy his age with shocking red hair.

"Hey! I'm Ron! Ron Weasley! You might know my father, he will soon be the Minister of Magic! Well he hopefully will be. So you're Harry Potter!"

Harry nodded and then pulled the bacon onto his plate, making Ron and his friends gasp and back away.

"You-You-You have a snake! What are you? Slytherin? Get away from me!" Harry frowned at them in confusion then looked at Persephone.

"So Weasel! You're trying to make friends with Potty! I heard he can't even speak. Do you think befriending him will increase your daddies chance of winning the election? I doubt it." A boy with white-blond hair was standing behind Harry. "Well, can you talk?" he asked with a sneer. Harry had just about enough of this boy. In fact he had had just about enough of this whole school. He stood up quickly and then faced the boy behind him.

**SS** I've had enough of this damned school and its stupid bigotry! Why don't you all stay out of my way and I will stay out of yours! Now if you'll excuse me, I want to finish my breakfast. **SS** he hissed menacingly at Malfoy, not realising that the poor boy couldn't understand him and quite honestly, not caring. They got the message however and Draco fled back to the Slytherin table. Harry sat back down at the table and continued to eat his breakfast, and listened in on Ron's conversation with his friends.

"So Ron. You were saying last night?"

"Oh yeah. The marauders (at this Harry stopped even pretending to be ignoring them and listened intently). They're a myth, everyone knows that they didn't exist." He said pompously and then looked down at the note that Harry had just passed to him.

"What's it say?"

*"He just says 'I know the Marauders personally. They are as real as the acromantulas in the forest. You know the marauders? Yeah right, and I'm the king of England. Go back to where you came from."*

Harry scowled at him and then stood up, throwing a note onto Ron's plate before leaving the Great Hall, robes whipping behind him with the teachers on the head table watching him leave.

Ron looked down at the note and paled, this was not supposed to be happening.

*I would, but I'm not allowed. Your stupid Dumbledore made sure of that. You can tell him, by the way, that I will not be your friend, so you had better give up on the whole spying ordeal. Tell Dumbledore that his band of merrymen will not prevail and that he had better be prepared for when my family arrives.*

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## Chapter five - Homework

*Nor in my dreams I take delight*

*Nor sit in learnings bower,*

*Worn through with dreary shower.*

The Schoolboy - William Blake (Songs of Innocence)

It is now nearly sunset, between the three of them they have worked out a way in which they can make sure that Dumbledore will never find out whatever the hell Harry is. So now we will be watching the transformation of Harry and for the first time in his life, Remus will watch a transformation without going through one himself. It's safe to say that at least two of the small group were quite excited. The last member maybe not so.

---

Harry paced around the room nervously. He really didn't want to hurt anyone, especially in his er... state. He knew that Remus wouldn't be affected in the same way that Sirius would be, but it could be worse, his virus was clearly different to the one that infected Remus' blood and so the two viruses could reject each other, then god knows what would happen. He was almost definitely sure that Remus wouldn't be cured.

Sensing her bondeds distress, Persephone slithered across the floor to of his room and nudged his foot. Harry looked down at her and raised an eyebrow.

**SS** Do you not trust my judgement? I have told you that they will be fine, the wolf will accept them. Especially Remus, can you not feel him? He is responding to Remus already! I can sense him. He can sense the alpha male of the pack. You will be fine. **SS**

**SS** Yes I can sense him. I suppose you are right, in any case, it is too late now, I can feel the changes beginning to happen. **SS** and with that Harry fell to the floor writhing in pain and yelling out. Sirius and Remus both ran into the room as soon as they heard the first yell,

thinking something was wrong and then tried to calm him down and ease the pain. Sadly even Remus had no idea how to do this. Neither of them realised that he went through any pain, and in Remus' eyes, this looked even more painful than his own transformations.

---

Once he had completely changed, in Harry's place was now a young white wolf, with, strangely enough, bright blue eyes. The wolf shrank against the floor, with his ears flat against his head, he growled at Sirius, though didn't seem to have noticed Remus yet. The wolf bit at its hind legs, making it whimper and yelp, but it didn't stop. Sirius looked at Remus, who shrugged and so Sirius changed into a large grim like dog and slowly walked over to the wolf, he nudged it and the wolf bit out at him, snarling, however if you looked at his eyes you could almost see an internal battle was going on, and it looked like the wolf was winning.

Remus watched as his best friend and his deceased best friend's son fought each other, he had to do something, but he had no idea what he could do. He wasn't an animagus and he couldn't change into a Werewolf. The only thing he could do was try to stop them.

*Do it! I am ashamed of you! What kind of wolf are you?* Remus looked up, he knew that the nearer to the full moon it got, the nearer the wolf inside his mind and the clearer his thoughts became to him, but never had it out right spoken to him. *you can feel it, I know you can* it was right. He could feel something, a pull or something like that towards Harry. He knew deep down that he would be the only one to help him *HELP OUR PACK MEMBER!* Remus winced at the yell inside his mind, and then walked over to Harry, whilst also wondering whether he should get some professional help, he was pretty sure that it wasn't sane, Werewolf or not, to hear voices in your mind.

Remus walked over to Harry, only to be stopped by Sirius. He looked down at the limping black dog and smiled.

"It's okay Sirius. He will listen to me, I know it." He said, then gently moved Sirius out of the way. Sirius changed back into his human form and looked at Remus and Harry in astonishment

As Remus knelt down beside a whimpering Harry, he placed his hand on his head and the wolf looked into his eyes. The wolf cowered and pressed his body against the floor, and then looked back up at Remus and then to Sirius. Both of the latter were shocked to see that the wolf's eyes were now a shocking green colour. This was Harry. He had won the internal battle.

"H... How...? How did you know?" Sirius stammered, walking forward again.

"Moony told me." Remus answered simply and then sat down on the floor next to Harry, exhausted. "I think we have discovered that it would be best if I- what was that?" Remus asked, standing back up.

"I didn't hear anything." Sirius said, looking at Remus weirdly. He looked down at Harry when he noticed that he was cowering against the floor and pressing his body as far into a corner of the room as possible. Sirius frowned in confusion and then looked behind him. He walked over to the door of the room and then walked through the living room to the portrait entrance. When he opened it he saw Dumbledore standing there.

"Ah, Professor Black. I heard strange noises coming from your quarters and came to see if everything was okay. May I come in?" he said, pushing his way into the room. Sirius frowned again and then closed the entrance behind him.

"I'll just get you a drink then shall I? what would you like?" Sirius asked sarcastically. He was slowly losing all respect he ever had for this manipulative old man. The more he was around Harry the worse he got. Sirius knew that Remus felt the same. Remus! He was still with a spooked Harry. "I'll just tell Remus you are here. He was checking on Harry, see he wasn't feeling hundred percent." He said and then quickly walked into Harry's room and closed the door behind him. He put up a silencing charm on the room and then walked over to Harry and Remus.

"What's wrong? Harry has started to growl."

"Dumbledore. We need to keep him out of here. If we can just somehow make it look like Harry is asleep in his bed and then you can come out and we can see what Dumbledore really wants.

"Okay, well we just have to put an illusion charm on Harry's bed and hope that Dumbledore doesn't actually look in this corner." Remus said, saying an incantation and pointing his wand at Harry's bed. Suddenly it looked like Harry was fast asleep in his bed. Sirius smiled at it and then bent down next to Harry.

"Harry, I think you already know that Professor Dumbledore is here, so Remus and I are going into the living room to talk to him." Harry growled harder at that and then jumped up and guarded the door from Sirius and Remus.

"Harry, we have to go and talk to Dumbledore or he will get suspicious. We will be fine though. and we won't tell him about you, so don't worry." Remus said, Harry lowered his head to him and moved away from the door, but before Sirius and Remus could leave, Harry nudged his trunk and sat by it.

"Er... I think he wants us to open the sixth compartment. What did he say was in there again?" Remus asked, warily eying the trunk.

"Wasn't it all a selection of magical creatures?"

"Thought so. Well we should just open it for him, but not go in unless he indicates for us to." Remus said, then he grabbed the keys from Harry's desk and placed one in the sixth lock, hoping that it was the right one. Obviously his lucky stars were with him when the lock clicked and he opened the trunk. Then he stepped back and looked at Harry. The wolf tilted his head to the side and then looked under his bed. Persephone then slithered out and went into the trunk. A few minutes later she reappeared with a large black snake with blood red eyes. The snake followed Persephone over to Harry, who, it seemed, looked at Remus and then back at the snake. Obviously the snake understood what Harry wanted as it turned and then followed Persephone over to Remus. Remus looked at Harry nervously, wondering what the hell he wanted. *Trust him. He wants the snake to go with you. Pick it up and place it over your shoulders. It will protect you until Harry tells it that it can go back to the trunk. All of the snakes*

*want to help Harry and helping you and is helping Harry. You will be safe.* Remus nodded mentally and then bent down to pick the snake up.

"Moony, what in gods name are you doing?"

"Harry wants us to take the snake with us. It will protect us." Remus said, draping the snake gently over his shoulders. "Right lets go see what Dumbledore wants." And with that they both walked out of the room, closing the door behind them.

"Ah, is he okay? Er... Remus, is that a snake around your shoulders?"

"Yes, Harry was teaching me how to look after them. This is a er... black mamba, I think. It hasn't got any magical powers but it is one of the most dangerous muggle snakes."

"Oh. Right well. While I am here, there is something I wish to ask the both of you." Dumbledore said. Sirius and Remus looked at each other and then took a seat opposite Dumbledore on the couch.

"What would you like to ask?"

"Well... it's about Harry. I have been told some very distressing news from one of the students. Harry seems to be very anti-social. He threatened one at breakfast today, in parseltongue and his snake went for another. I don't think he is safe around the other students."

"Well why don't you let him go home then. Why are you caging him up? He doesn't belong here, that is obvious, and I personally don't want to be around when his family actually arrive here. They sound like they are protective." Sirius said, glaring at the headmaster. Neither of them could believe what they were hearing.

"Now you both know that we can't let him go back. We need him in this war. He is the only one that can defeat Voldemort." Dumbledore hissed, glancing at the door to Harry's room.

"Well if that is how you fell then I am afraid that we will back Harry in whatever he does, and I am afraid, that if that means he will find a

way of leaving here, then you will have to find yourself a new Defence Against the Dark Arts teacher." Sirius said, and then he stood up and left the room, slamming the door to his own room shut.

"I think that your manipulations of everyone have gone a bit too far don't you sir? Now if you would like to leave us. Oh and sir! About Harry being anti-social. He hadn't been around normal people since he was six. He has had to fend for himself and survive in some of Britain's most infamous forests, infamous in muggle and wizarding culture alike. Of course he is going to be guarded. And a word of warning, Harry is protected by more than me and Sirius. He has a very dangerous bonded and his family sounds extremely protective and not in the least human." Remus said, his eyes flashing with his anger. Dumbledore stared at him in shock as he could've swore that he saw something, almost... animalistic about his eyes.

"Remus... are you okay? Have you been taking your Wolfbane?"

"I have. The wolf inside me has taken in Harry as his own cub. Do not cross him, for I don't know if I will be able to stop him from harming you. In fact I don't know if I will want to stop him." and with that parting speech Remus lead Dumbledore to the exit and closed the portrait seal behind him. He then turned around and went back to Harry's room.

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The next day Sirius, Remus and Harry all awoke, wishing they could just go back to sleep. Remus and Harry both felt like a herd of hippogriffs had ran over them, and Harry also had several gashes and bite marks on his arms. When he woke up, he saw both Remus and Sirius sleeping in chairs in his room. He smiled and then went to wake them both up, taking Silas from around Remus' shoulders first.

**SS** Thank you my friend. I am now indebted to you. If you need anything or if you wish for me to release you back into another forest, then please ask. **SS**

**SS** It was a pleasure young snake-child. I like the wolf man; he is very trustworthy, though I sense something in him. the wolf side of him, it sees you as his cub. I will willingly guard over him if he would like. I feel a bond with him. **SS**

**SS** How will you communicate? However I have no problem translating for you both if you wish to bond, though it would have to be his choice. I will ask him, just a second. **SS**

Harry then walked back over to where Remus and Sirius were now stirring awake. They had both stood up and were now stretching. Harry walked over to Remus with Silas wrapped around his wrist.

*Er... Remus. I have something to ask.* he passed the note to Remus.

"Yes? Is there something wrong?" Remus asked, suddenly wide awake and his face etched with concern.

*Nothing is wrong, but I think it would be best if we all go into the living room to sit down. Sirius I have something to ask you as well, but I will after I have spoken to Remus.* he wrote, passing the note to Remus, who then passed the note to Sirius.

"Er... okay." Sirius said, confused as to what his godson would want. They both followed Harry into the living room and all sat down on separate chairs. Harry then carefully placed the large black snake that had stayed with Remus last night on the table and Remus and Sirius shared a glance.

*It is about Silas. This is Silas.* He wrote, indicating to the snake.

"What is wrong? Did I hurt it last night?"

*No, but he wanted to ask something, and obviously, I would be the only way in which he could communicate with you.*

"What?"

*He wants to bond with you.*

"What? Is that possible? I mean I didn't think werewolves could bond with other magical creatures, never mind non magical." Sirius said, looking puzzled.

*Silas is magical.*

"I have to agree with Sirius though. I didn't think that werewolves could bond with other creatures except wolves."

*You can, but the other creature has to feel the bond first. Anyway, you never asked what type of snake he was.* Harry passed the note over with a grin.

"What type is he?"

*He is a Southern Midnight Wolf Snake. They are very dangerous and can kill anyone who threatens there bonded or whoever they feel they need to protect. It is also very hard to kill.*

"Ah. And... and it wants to bond wi... with me?" Remus said faintly.

Yes.

"Oh right. Well how will I communicate with him when you aren't around?" Remus asked. Harry shrugged and then turned to the snake and started to hiss to him. the snake hissed back and Harry wrote down the answer.

*He says, that when you bond you will have the ability to speak parseltongue. However this will only happen if the snake wishes you to understand him through the bond. I don't think you will be able to understand me or any other snake.*

"Ah. Well, growing up a werewolf I was always told that I would never find my bonded. I would therefore be honoured to be bonded with this snake." Remus said, grinning. Harry smiled back and hissed at the snake.

*He wishes for you to place your wand on the table in front of him and then prick you finger. Once you do that, squeeze a small drop of blood onto his forehead. He will then put a drop of venom into your wand. This will complete the bonding process.*

Remus read the note and then did as was asked. Once his blood dripped onto the snakes head, both Remus and Silas shone a bright red colour. Silas then hissed and dripped venom onto Remus' wand.

The light around Remus and Silas then flashed pure white and disappeared.

*you should be able to speak to Silas now. If you want to get to know each other that is fine. I need to talk to Sirius now though.* Harry passed the note to Remus, who then read it, nodded and left the room, taking his newly bonded with him. Harry then turned to face Sirius and wrote down his request.

*Sirius, I have no qualifications in Ancient Runes or Arithmancy. Would like to take these subjects. I know enough to join the NEWT class because I was being taught these subjects when got caught. Do you think I can go to these lessons?*

"Sure, I know the Ravenclaws and Gryffindors have both of these subjects this morning. So, why don't you go down to breakfast with us and then by tonight I will have a timetable ready for you. I will ask Professors Vector and McQuillan at the table this morning, so they will be expecting you. You have the books right?" Harry nodded and then stood up and quickly went to his room. He came back a few minutes later with two books in his hand. Sirius could tell that they were both written in parseltongue. He sniggered and then stood up to leave with Harry. He shouted to Remus to tell him that they were going to breakfast and then left the room.

---

Harry's lessons in Ancient Runes and Arithmancy were going well, though the teachers had been having trouble with his homework. It wasn't that he wasn't doing it, or that it was handed in late, oh no, it was always handed in on time. The only problem was, it was always written in parseltongue.

Besides his homework, Harry was enjoying his lessons and had made a friend. Hermione Granger was a Ravenclaw and despised Ronald Weasley. In lessons they were both ahead and so spent the lesson swapping notes. Which was of course the only way they could communicate anyway. Harry had also taken to eating lunch at the Ravenclaw table and was teaching Hermione and her friend Padma Patil how to read parseltongue. However, he had no idea if it would work. Though both could now sort of write their names and had taken

to signing all of their work in parseltongue (which irritated both McQuillan and Vector as it seemed that Harry was starting a trend).

In return for him teaching Hermione and Padma to write and read Parseltongue, they were teaching him how to speak English. It wasn't quite working though. On the Thursday of the first week they had a breakthrough in their communication problems however. They discovered that Harry was fluent in French and German. This was good news as both Hermione and Padma could speak almost perfect French. They had found out a way to talk without paper and had also discovered that besides maybe Draco Malfoy and of course Padma's twin sister Parvati; no one else could speak French or German.

However the problem with the homework continued until Friday, when Persephone decided to scold him and tell him to do his homework correctly.

**SS** Harry! You should write out your homework in English! You know how upset Malcuchio got when you returned all of your homework to him in parseltongue. He almost refused to teach you. Harry you are an adult now and if you want people here to treat you like one, you are going to have to act like one. **SS** Needless to say, Harry did all of his homework in English soon after.

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We now leave Harry at the end of his first week of school. He has managed to make friends with two Ravenclaws, which is good news for all of them. However will they be able to see past the perfect image of Dumbledore that everyone has painted or will they betray Harry to those he hates the most.

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## Chapter six - Meet the Family

*Break this heavy chain,*

*That does freeze my bones around.*

*Selfish! Vain!*

*Eternal bane!*

*That free love with bondage bound.*

Earths Answer - William Blake (Songs of Experience)

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Almost three weeks has passed since that eventful sorting of Harry's and he is being quite successful in all of his subjects and has helped the Defence Against the Dark Arts lessons by providing in abundance a large selection of magical creatures, both dark and neutral, though everyone present in any of these lessons can hardly not notice that there is a lack of light creatures.

We will now be present to the event that Dumbledore and the rest of the staff at Hogwarts has been dreading since the arrival of Mr Potter. We will be witness to the arrival of Harry's adoptive family. The rare species that they are, and the violent protective family that they are thought to be. However, not much else is known about their species as they were always thought to be myth. However, as we and everyone else at Hogwarts is about to find out. They aren't a myth. They are real and very angry.

---

Harry walked through the corridors speaking very fast French to the girl who was walking next to him. The girl had very bushy brunette hair and large brown eyes and was, strangely enough, replying to Harry in fluent French as well. Now if anyone was walking down those halls and was new to them, they would think that they had the wrong place and were in fact in Beauxbatons, but they would be wrong. One of this pair is in fact a student at Hogwarts School of

Witchcraft and Wizardry. That would be the girl talking to Harry Potter. Her name is Hermione Granger.

This unusual pair walked down the staircase and into the entrance hall, then walked over to the Ravenclaw table and sat down next to another girl, Padma Patil. She, in turn greeted both of them in French and then carried on eating her dinner, whilst the other two piled food onto their plates and Harry set a now very large snake down on the floor next to his feet.

The students of Hogwarts had now gotten used to the, now, large Persephone being around Harry and so this action only caused light alarm from those who still didn't trust snakes or Harry completely. Namely, the Gryffindors.

Harry piled a large amount of food onto his plate and then started to make his way through it, answering the questions that Hermione and Padma would ask him about the recent homework assignments from Ancient Runes and Arithmancy. He had made his way through half of the food on his plate when the doors to the great hall slammed open and everyone eating stopped and looked up. Anyone watching Harry at this moment would have seen him look up in alarm and then smirk when he saw who it was. Of course everyone was too busy watching the stranger to notice Harry.

The tall man was wearing long black robes with a large hood that covered his face. The bottom of the robes had what could only be described as flames licking the edges and the man himself, carried an aura of danger. He walked straight up the centre of the room, ignoring the threatening looks coming from the teachers and stopped so that he was standing in line with Harry's eye line. This of course was not noticed by anyone except Remus. Who then noticed the look on Harry's face and put two and two together.

"Harry's family has arrived. I can't sense what they are but it is not human." He muttered to Sirius, who nodded and looked at Harry.

Dumbledore at this point was furious. How dare this stranger barge into the great hall and not show the remotest of fears towards him! He stood up and pulled out his wand, giving off an almost suffocating threatening aura with all of his might.

"Leave now stranger and you will not come to any harm. Stay and no one can guarantee your safety." Dumbledore boomed, ignoring the snort from one of the students.

"I think I will stay. You, the Great Albus Dumbledore, do not scare me. There is nothing that you can do to harm me." the stranger said, taking another step forward. "I am here for a reason." He said, and then he turned and looked at the Ravenclaw table, making most students cower or inch away. All but three. Harry, Hermione and Padma. Harry stood up and started to walk around the tables.

**SS** Can't resist making a scene can you Delio! Anyway, why are you here and not father? **SS**

"I am your protector. Why shouldn't I be the one to come?" the strangers voice, to those listening closely, had a hint of a whine in it, which made Harry snigger.

**SS** Ah, daddy let you come. So then, who else is here and are they all in the forest? **SS**

"Yes. And you know the answer to the first one. Everyone." This answer obviously stunned Harry as he stopped walking and glanced at the windows in the direction of the forest.

**SS** Everyone? For me? The whole clan came for me? Why? **SS**

"You are important to us brother. Come now, we will take you home." The stranger said, Harry smiled, his happiness obvious and ran the rest of the way to the stranger and enveloped him in a hug.

**SS** Really! Thank god for that. I have never felt so trapped in all my life! They held me here without my consent and I couldn't get any word to you. **SS**

"We know. All of the snakes in the forest outside could feel the distress of the Snake-child. However they say that recently it has subsided a bit." Delio said. Harry nodded and then reached up and took the hood of the stranger down, grinning mischievously. The whole hall gasped when they saw the strangers face. He had a young looking face, looking the same age as Harry and had jet-black hair

that was bright red underneath. However it was his eyes that caused most to look away. The irises were the same red as his hair and seemed to glow. His skin was deathly pale. When he spoke again it caused many of the younger students to faint or cry out. The older ones, being to shocked to even make a whimper. He had fangs. "Sal! That was mean! They were all scared by the mysterious stranger and now they can see my face, they're not!" he whined. Harry laughed and then looked around him.

**SS** Look around! They are all still terrified. They think you are a bloodsucking Vampire. **SS**

"What! A Vampire! Hmph. I think not. Pfft. How could they think I am a 'all mighty I rule the underworld' Vampire? I don't even look like one!"

**SS** Yeah. Anyway, shall we take this somewhere else. How about my 'room' here? I don't like everyone else listening in to my conversation.

**SS**

"Listening to the conversation? How can they listen in the conversation? All you bloody do is hiss like that snake bonded of yours. It is quite creepy when you aren't used to it. But fair enough, I will go and get father and then we can talk. Coming?"

**SS** I am not allowed outside. They don't trust that I won't run outside, which in all honesty I would, but anyway as far as I can tell there is a charm around all the windows and doors that will prevent me from doing as such. **SS**

"What! That is below the belt. Oh god, dad is going to be so angry. And mother is furious already. It has been unbearable. She even set fire to Antonio! Actually it was quite funny. But really though, she is really angry and you know what she's like when she's angry." To everyone (who was conscious)'s shock, Harry visibly shuddered and then glanced out of the window in longing. He hissed something else to Delio who nodded and then quickly walked back out of the hall, with his robes whipping around him in an invisible wind.

Harry looked behind him and glared at Dumbledore then walked slowly towards the doors in the great hall. He stopped but didn't turn around when Dumbledore shouted after him.

"Wait! You must tell me who they are! We can then meet in my office. I assume that they will be coming back." Harry nodded. "Good, well we will wait in the entrance hall for them and then go to my office. Sirius and Remus may attend as well or course."

"Ermione et Padma." Harry said with a strong French accent.

"Er... yes okay. Those two may attend as well if they wish. Though I will advise you two not to as it may become dangerous. Vampires are not known to be friendly and Mr Potter here has been very lucky, not being killed on sight, when they found him all those years ago." Harry rolled his eyes and then looked at Hermione and Padma, then at Sirius and Remus and raised an eyebrow.

"We will go. We want to be there for Harry." Hermione said and stood up and walked through the tables to stand next to Harry, with Padma following close behind.

"Yes, as will we, though Dumbledore, they are not vampires to the best of my knowledge." Remus said, tapping his nose and raising his eyebrow at Dumbledore. Dumbledore looked shocked for a second and then nodded.

"Very well, come on then, the six of us will wait in the entrance hall and then we can speak openly in my office." Dumbledore said, slowly loosing control of the situation. He then walked over to the trio by the door, followed by Sirius and Remus and then all six walked but of the great hall, leaving the rest of the occupants of Hogwarts to mutter and gossip about the ever elusive Harry Potter.

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"What I don't get is how the two biggest bookworms that this school has is befriended by *the* Harry Potter. It isn't fair. Why won't he be friends with us?" Dean Thomas said, watching Harry and Hermione walk into the great hall and sit down next to Padma Patil at the Ravenclaw table.

"What you mean you actually want to be friends with the weird snake tongue? You wouldn't be able to have a decent conversation with him anyway. He doesn't speak a language that anyone understands. He can only hiss at everyone." Ron said, piling even more food onto his plate.

"Didn't you know? Do you have Arithmancy or Ancient Runes?" Neville Longbottom asked timidly

"No why?"

"He takes both of them because apparently he has NEWTS in everything. He even got taught Divination by a *centaur*. But well in the lessons at first he wrote all of his homework assignments in parseltongue and well, when I walked into the lesson yesterday, only those three were in there and they were talking! And not in parseltongue. I think all three of them can speak fluent French."

"Yeah, I heard he is teaching them how to write in parseltongue, but it isn't possible to learn how to speak it." Dean Thomas said, giving his penny's worth.

"I heard that, you know Professor Black's assistant, Remus Lupin. Well he became bonded with one of Harry's snake companions and so now can understand parseltongue when his snake speaks it."

"Wow. That is cool, do you think if we all found a snake to bond to then we would be able to understand parseltongue?" another boy, Seamus Finnegan said, grabbing a chicken wing from the plate in front of Ron.

"Yeah well I think that it would be-" Ron started to say but then stopped when the doors to the Great Hall were thrown open with a large bang and a man wearing all black, who, to Ron, seemed to be walking on a small cloud of fire, walked in. as soon as the four boys looked at him they all shuddered and felt a deep sense of dread. They only felt a tiny bit better when Dumbledore stood and spoke to the stranger

"Leave now stranger and you will not come to any harm. Stay and no one can guarantee your safety." Dumbledore boomed. Ron looked

around when he heard a snort come from one of the other tables, wondering who and why they did it.

"I think I will stay. You, the Great Albus Dumbledore, do not scare me. There is nothing that you can do to harm me." The stranger said, taking away whatever sense of relief that the students felt when Dumbledore spoke. "I am here for a reason." He said. Ron and his friends watched in fascination as the stranger turned and looked at the very people whom they were just talking about before the man arrived.

"What does he want with them? What do they, besides Harry, have to offer to him? Do you think he is one His followers?" Ron hissed over his shoulder to his friends, but never taking his eyes of the strange man.

"I don't know, but look! Harry is standing up. He must know him!" Neville said, pointing at Harry, who was now hissing something to the man.

"What did he say?"

"I don't know but it seems the man understands." Ron said, as the other man replied.

"I am you protector. Why shouldn't I be the one to come?" The stranger said, making Harry snigger and confusing all those watching

"What does he find so funny?" Dean asked in astonishment as Harry started to hiss something else to the man.

"Yes. And you know the answer to the first one. Everyone." Everyone in the hall watched as this statement to the mystery question obviously stunned Harry and he gasped lightly

"What do you think Harry asked?" Seamus asked, still none of them taking their eyes off of the strange duo.

"Dunno, but do you think we are in danger?" Neville asked, his voice having a small waver of fear in it.

"You are important to us brother. Come now, we will take you home." The stranger said, Harry smiled, his happiness obvious and ran the rest of the way to the stranger and enveloped him in a hug.

"Brother? He has a brother? I thought that Harry Potter was an only child? Who is this man? The Potter's didn't have any other children besides Harry did they?" Seamus asked.

"No they never. I would have known, my dad would have told me of any other Potter children. Maybe this is who took him away from his Muggle relatives.

"We know. All of the snakes in the forest outside could feel the distress of the Snake-child. However they say that recently it has subsided a bit." The stranger said. Ron watched as Harry seemed to have a mischievous glint in his eyes that his brothers used to get when they were going to prank someone and then gasped with the hall when he saw the face that was previously hidden by the hood. The man had a young looking face, looking the same age as Harry and had jet-black hair that was bright red underneath. However it was his eyes that caused fear deep in Ron's heart. The irises were the same red as his hair and seemed to glow. His skin was deathly pale. When he spoke again it caused many of the younger students to faint or cry out. The older ones, being to shocked to even make a whimper. He had fangs. "Sal! That was mean! They were all scared by the mysterious stranger and now they can see my face, they're not!" he whined. Harry laughed and then looked around him.

"He's a Vampire! How are we supposed to protect ourselves from that? Oh god, we're going to die." Neville moaned, stopping with a small yelp when Ron kicked him under the table.

"What! A Vampire! Hmph. I think not. Pfft. How could they think I am a 'all mighty I rule the underworld' Vampire? I don't even look like one!"

"Is he not a Vampire then? He looks like one." Ron whispered to Seamus, who was sitting in front of him. Seamus nodded and frowned in confusion, obviously thinking along the same lines.

"Listening to the conversation? How can they listen in the conversation? All you bloody do is hiss like that snake bonded of yours. It is quite creepy when you aren't used to it. But fair enough, I will go and get father and then we can talk. Coming?"

"He's right you know, this is damn well irritating, only understanding one half of the conversation. Where do you think they are going?"

"I dunno, but whatever Harry just said, it didn't go down well with the other man, look at him." Dean whispered, pointing to the bottom of the mans robes, where the fire had flared up violently and turned a foreboding black.

"What! That is below the belt. Oh god, dad is going to be so angry. And mother is furious already. It has been unbearable. She even set fire to Antonio! Actually it was quite funny. But really though, she is really angry and you know what she's like when she's angry." To everyone (who was conscious)'s shock, Harry visibly shuddered and then glanced out of the window in longing. He hissed something else to Delio who nodded and then quickly walked back out of the hall, with his robes whipping around him in an invisible wind.

"What do you think his mum is going to do to us? I mean if Harry looks scared, what should we be feeling." Seamus whispered. Neville whimpered quietly while Ron visibly gulped.

"Dunno, but I thought that only Snape could do that with his robes. Do you think they spell them to do that?" Dean asked innocently, making Seamus snigger despite the given situation.

They all watched as Harry looked over his shoulder and glared at Dumbledore then walked slowly towards the doors in the great hall. He stopped but didn't turn around when Dumbledore shouted after him.

"Wait! You must tell me who they are! We can then meet in my office. I assume that they will be coming back." Harry nodded. "Good, well we will wait in the entrance hall for them and then go to my office. Sirius and Remus may attend as well or course."

"Ermione et Padma." Harry said with a strong French accent.

"Why does he want those two to go with him! I should be able to go, being the ministers son and all! Hmph." Ron said, suddenly forgetting about his previous fear.

"What you seem to have forgotten is that if he can speak in French and understand English, then there is a large chance that he can speak English." The girl next to Dean whispered.

"Ginny's got a point there."

"Hmm. Maybe we should tell dad about this." Ron said to his sister. Ginny nodded and then they turned their attention back to what was happening with Harry and Dumbledore.

"We will go. We want to be there for Harry." Hermione said and stood up and walked through the tables to stand next to Harry, with Padma following close behind.

"What did Dumbledore tell them?"

"That it might be dangerous to go and that Harry was lucky he wasn't killed when he was found by them. Though I don't think Harry agreed as he rolled his eyes and then smirked.

"Yes, as will we, though Dumbledore, they are not vampires to the best for my knowledge." Remus said, tapping his nose and raising his eyebrow at Dumbledore. Dumbledore looked shocked for a second and then nodded.

"Anyone else never seen a shocked Dumbledore? I thought he was impervious to shock." Seamus hissed. Ron and Dean both nodded in agreement and Neville looked too shocked himself to speak.

"Very well, come on then, the six of us will wait in the entrance hall and then we can speak openly in my office." Dumbledore said, slowly loosing control of the situation. He then walked over to the trio by the door, followed by Sirius and Remus and then all six walked but of the great hall, leaving Ron and friends to watch them leave and then mutter amongst themselves.

"Ron, I think we should tell dad about the guest here and ask him if he knew already, coz I bet that Dumbledore has kept it from him."

"Yeah come on." Ron said, standing up with Ginny. He then turned and looked at his friends. "Are you three coming as well, or are you going to stay here?"

"Nah, we'll come, you never know, we might see that weird man again, and by the sounds of it, there is more of them." Dean said, as the rest of them stood up and they all walked out of the hall, all not sure whether they wanted to see the rest of the people who were here for Harry or not. If you listened closely, you could hear a quiet collective sigh between the group when it became clear that the group had already gone.

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## Chapter Seven - Delio and Lyca

*What the Hammed? What the Chain?*

*In what furnace was they brain?*

*What the Anvil? What dead grasp?*

*Dare it's deadly terror clasp?*

The Tyger - William Blake (Songs of Experience)

When we last left Harry he was going to a meeting in Dumbledore's office with his family. We will now go and eavesdrop on said meeting and find out what we can about Harry's family and maybe some new secrets about Harry himself.

---

The group of five followed Dumbledore out of the Great Hall and into the entrance hall where Harry's adoptive brother was waiting for them already with two women, another older man and a young girl only about five. When she saw Harry she smiled and then ran over to him and threw herself at him.

"Sal!" she shrieked, and then ran to him, where he picked her up and hugged her.

**SS** Hey little one. How have you been? **SS** the little girl began hissing, obviously trying to copy her older 'brother' and making Harry and the rest of the family laugh in the process.

"I've been thsad! You left me! You thsaid that you would take me wiv you to the next fowethst." She said, with an obvious lisp. Harry nodded sadly and then hugged her again.

**SS** You had Delio. **SS**

"Yeah but Delio ithsn't any fun! He won't thspeak with the thsnakes and let me play wiv his beastie fwiendths."

"Charming! I'm boring! Hmph. I always knew you favoured Sal. That's so not fair, you never make him play dolls." The young man, Delio said, sulkily, but still smiling. Harry laughed and then walked over to his family with the young girl still in his arms. When he reached them, he was engulfed in a large hug by the older of the two woman and then hugged again by the younger.

"Don't leave us again Bruv! It was pretty dull without you, and you know now that this has happened mum is never going to let you go visit any other forests again." The younger woman said, when the group looked at her, they realised that she only looked about nineteen.

The whole family were similar in looks and it was only their hair and eyes that was really different. The older woman had long jet-black hair like the rest of the family, but where Delio's was red, hers was a piercing blue, as were her eyes. The little girl in Harry's arms had black ringlets and yellow eyes, the older man had red hair and eyes like his younger son and the young woman had green hair and eyes that were a similar colour to Harry's eyes.

Harry turned around after hissing something to his family and looked at Dumbledore.

"Ma Famille." He said, motioning to the people standing behind him. "Mon Geôlier." He then said, indicating to Dumbledore for his family.

"Well Mr Dumbledore, if you would like to lead us to your office and then I can introduce my family to you properly." The man, who was obviously Harry's father, said. Dumbledore nodded his head once and then lead the now significantly larger group up the stairs and down several passages and stairways until they reached a large stone Griffin and muttered the password. The statue then swung open to show a set of stone steps leading up to a door. Dumbledore walked up it and the group followed, Harry and family leading.

Once they were all seated comfortably Dumbledore spoke up.

"So, you said you would like to introduce you delightful family." He said, smiling at them, though receiving no smiles back and the little girl stuck her tongue out at him, which made Harry snigger.

"Well I will leave the introductions to Harry, seeing as he knows everyone in the room." The man said, looking at Harry, who stopped sniggering and looked at him with pleading eyes.

"Well, we would allow that normally, but it seems only you can understand Parseltongue and not everyone in this room speaks French or German." Dumbledore said, the twinkle dimming in his eyes. The whole family turned to look at a sheepish Harry.

"You have spoke nothing but parseltongue and French this whole time? Did I not teach you manners?" Harry shrugged and if possible, looked even more shamed. The rest of the group were looking at him in confusion, whereas his three siblings were all sniggering. "Hmm. Well you can now explain." And to the shock of the room, besides Harry's family of course, Harry spoke.

In English.

"I wanted them to let me go home. I thought that if they thought they couldn't understand me, then they would release me. you can't keep a wild animal caged! They will die!" he yelled at Dumbledore, making the old man flinch and look down at his lap.

"Is this true? You kept him here of his own free will?"

"They charmed all entrances to the castle so that he couldn't escape father." Delio said. Their father looked mutinously at Dumbledore and then sighed.

"You must understand. We need him, we are slowly losing the war against Voldemort (Hermione and Padma gasped at this fact) and he is the only one who can defeat him." Dumbledore said, hoping to sway the situation in his favour.

"And so you decide to kidnap a seventeen year old and keep him here without your permission! How ethical is that? You want a seventeen year old child to fight your own battles? I hope that Johnno doesn't hear about this, or he will rip your throat out old man."

"Johnno's here? Really?"

"Yeah! He came here when he heard about it from a Remus Lupin?" his older sister said. Remus shrank in his chair as everyone who knew him swivelled around in their own chairs and looked at him.

"You looked sad and were constantly trapped and then about three weeks ago, Silas asked me to find someone to help the snake-child. He could sense your distress and so I did. I found that Johnno man that you mentioned a few times and well... yeah." He finished with a shrug. Sirius beamed at him and patted him on the back.

"Thanks." Harry said with a small smile.

"Yeah, well Johnno was furious, I mean by that time we knew that you were missing but we didn't know where. And so when Johnno came he told us and then said that we weren't going without him, so he's here. Antonio is bickering with him now." Delio added with a snigger. Harry laughed as well and then turned to his father.

"Shall I introduce everyone then?" he asked. His father nodded and Harry sighed.

"Everyone, this is Sirius Black, my Godfather, real one that is, not like Antonio, he knew my parents and is the last of one half of the Marauders. Remus Lupin, I know what you are thinking but he is alright, like Johnno and is the other one of the Marauders. Hermione Granger, she was first friend here who was my age and didn't judge me by my er... ability. Padma Patil, she was introduced to me by Hermione and we have all become good friends and no Cariola don't say it," his older sister 'hmph'ed, "And Albus Dumbledore. Enough said." He said indicating to each as he said something about them. Harry then turned to his family.

"This is my family, my father Ferdinand, My mother Julia, my older sister Cariola, my brother, who is like a twin and is the same age as me Delio and this little horror on my lap if Lyca. Her name doesn't follow the Shakespearean theme but I liked it when I mentioned it and so they took it. This is my family, they took me in when I was ten." He said, shifting Lyca a little to get more comfortable.

"Hello. So there is no way to ask this so I will just ask it, what are you?"

"We are an ancient race. Most think we are myth, but as you can see we are not. We are the ancient Elemental Elvin clan."

"What? Like you said, I thought it was myth. And if you don't mind my saying, I thought that you were a vampire."

"Well my grandfather was a Vampire and so we all, except my wife, have some Vampire blood in us, as, now does Salazar."

"Who? Oh Harry!" Padma said, and then blushed when she realised she had said it aloud. Hermione giggled beside her and the Lyca turned to Harry.

"Why did she call you Hawwy?"

"Lyca, you know that is my name here. You have heard all the stories abut the Boy-Who-Lived and you knew that was me. Here everyone calls me Harry."

"Oh."

"Quite. I have a problem understanding this. What do you mean Harry has vampiric blood in his veins?" Dumbledore asked, his face looking every bit his age.

"When we adopted him, we adopted him by blood. Meaning that we magically... well I suppose you would say, gave him a blood transfusion. He is in every way, my son. Though he still has some of his old bloodline in him. We could not take away the Slytherin, Gryffindor or Potter truly out of him. He was ten when we took him in." Sirius looked pale at that news, but didn't say anything when Remus shook his head at him.

"So then Harry is still the rightful heir of Gryffindor and Slytherin?"

"Yes. Well if that is everything, I wish to take my son back home. As you can see he was missed, he does not belong here, but if his friends would like, then they are welcome to visit. And of course you two are honorary members of the clan." he said, indicating to Remus and Sirius, who both looked shocked at the prospect.

"No I cannot allow that. He is to stay here and finish his apprenticeship under Professor Black. He may leave when that has finished."

"Then we will stay as well. Delio will stay here with Salazar and we, along with Johnno and the rest of the clan will live in the forest. Be warned however, if you upset either of my sons, then we will take him home, permission or not. It is believed that Elves are peace loving beings, but it is not so when family is threatened. You have been warned." Ferdinand said and then he stood up but stopped when Julia asked something.

"I would like to know, Dumbledore. How safe is your castle?"

"It is the safest place around, save maybe Gringotts. Why?"

"I would like for Lyca to stay. She is not to be trusted in the forest and I have heard that you have acromantulas in the forest as well."

"Well that would be fine, but I do not think you will have to worry about the acromantulas."

"I would. Anyway, it is not her safety that I was worried about. It was the acromantulas sanity. The last time we visited a nest to gain support in our forest. She tried to play dolls with them. They were not impressed." Julia said, ignoring the snorting and sniggering coming from her three oldest children. "Plus she only seems to listen to what Salazar asks, and she is currently being helped by both Delio and Salazar to control her element. She is the first Lightning elemental we have had in the clan for many centuries now and as I said, she only listens to Sal. When Sal is in lessons she can stay with Delio, but I would like for her to stay here in the castle."

"That will be fine. I will add two rooms to the quarters where Harry is staying and they can both live there for now. Have they got everything that they will need?"

"Yes, their trunks should be in their pockets, if not, Lyca has more clothes with me, so just send someone to collect them."

"Okay, is there anything else?"

"Yes. Would you please take down the charms. I would like it so that Sal can visit us whenever he pleases."

"That will be fine. You must understand they were only set up as a precaution. Now, if that is all."

"I have a question. May we have a Quidditch team?" Harry asked suddenly. Startling Lyca who had been sleeping against him.

"Er... well who would be on it?"

"Me, Lyca, Delio, Cariola and three other people from the clan. they are about my age, so it wouldn't be as though they are too old." He asked. Dumbledore, seeing a way to gain favour with the odd family, nodded and was rewarded with a genuine smile from Harry and Delio.

"You will have to provide your own brooms of course and someone will tell you when your first match will be and who it will be against. I have one query though. Lyca, how old is she?"

"Five. But she is one hell of a beater. She will be fine, especially with Cariola watching her back." Harry said, looking at Cariola for backup and got it when she nodded.

"Well that is fine then. Harry if you want to show your brother and sister their rooms, I would like to have a word with your parents, Sirius and Remus. Miss Granger, Miss Patil. If you would like to go back to your common room." They both nodded and all four stood up, Harry still carrying a now sleeping Lyca.

When they reached the gargoyle again they all stopped to speak to each to her briefly. Harry shifted Lyca over his left shoulder and smiled at Hermione and Padma sheepishly.

"You could speak English?" Hermione asked, hurt flashing over her face.

"Come on 'Mione it wasn't his fault. Don't worry Harry we understand. We will talk to you tomorrow, all of you come and sit with us in the morning and don't forget your Arithmancy essay." Padma said. Then she and Hermione walked back to the Ravenclaw common room,

bickering quietly. Harry watched them sniggering and then turned to face Delio.

"Shall we go then? Pea's getting a bit heavy." He said, referring to his little sister.

"Yep. Lead the way. God I can't believe we have found you. You have no idea what we have been going through. Then Johnno comes, all frantic with worry about his little cub and tells us you had been taken here."

"Yeah I can't believe Remus was the one who told him. It must have taken a lot, coz I think they see me as a sort of link to their past. You know my mum and dad."

"Yeah I can believe that. So is this it?"

"Yep. We changed the password to 'freedom' to annoy Dumbledore. I don't know if it has worked though." Harry said, walking through the entrance hole. Delio followed and looked around the room. Harry noticed two more doors around the room, which had also been enlarged as there were now seven doors leading to different rooms along the walls of the round living room.

"So which ones mine?"

"Dunno. Take you pick out of those two. Then I can take Lyca to the other one and we can talk."

"Okay. I take that one." He said, and then he walked over to the room on the left of Harry's, leaving the room on the other side for Lyca. Harry shuffled Lyca again and then took her into the room. He then placed her on the bed and tucked her in.

"Sal?"

"Yeah pea? You're in a room next to mine at Hogwarts. Mum says you can stay here for a while okay? And you will be eating breakfast and dinner and such in the Great Hall with all the other students here, Delio and me. Does that sound okay?"

"Yeah. Will you be teaching me again?" she asked sleepily.

"Yep. Me and Delio will continue your studies and you can attend Sirius' lessons if you are good, but only if you behave. Come on now. Time to go to bed for you. It has been a bit of a hectic day for you I bet."

"Yeah. Night night Sal." She said, falling asleep almost immediately.

"Night night Pea." Harry whispered and then he walked out of her room.

"She sleeping?"

"Yep. So, how was everyone really. You know when I was gone? You won't understand what I was going through here. They tied me up at first and then Dumbledore forced me here. They took nearly all of my weapons away and only let me keep my daggers.

"That's mean. So you had no choice whatsoever? That's a bit harsh isn't it?"

"Yeah."

"God Sal. It is so good to see that you are alive. I mean of course we knew you were, what with your orb still glowing and all, but about two weeks before you had to come back the orb started to glow bright red and vibrate. We knew then that something was wrong, but we decided to wait. You know just in case it was because you had irritated a centaur again."

"That was when I was taken here. I was so angry that I lost control and made the green flames surround me. I think I burnt Sirius, but at the time I didn't care. Del, I was terrified. I had no idea what they were going to do to me, and you know that when I get scared I revert into talking parseltongue. And well I saw how nervous they were of me, when I spoke it, so I just decided that if they were going to keep me here, I would make sure that they regretted it. It was quite funny when I handed all of my homework in in parseltongue."

"Then about three weeks ago I met Hermione and Padma. They were great and didn't judge me because I spoke parseltongue, which everyone else did, especially Ron Weasley. Gah! Well anyway these two actually wanted to get to know me. not the boy who lived. Me! so I decided to let them know that I could speak French. And we are really good friends now. I'll introduce you to them properly tomorrow."

"Cool. I'm glad that while you were here you still had friends. Do they know about your monthly problem? That's a point! How did you survive and you know, not *kill* yourself!"

"Sirius and Remus. Sirius is a dog animagus and the wolf inside of me sees Remus as the pack leader. So last month I was fine, though a bit bruised in the morning. I'm glad that you're here though, and that I am allowed outside again!"

"I'm glad we've found you. I think we should continue this story tomorrow though, I'm knackered now. See you in the morning." Delio said and then he walked back into his new room and closed the door behind him.

Harry waited for about half an hour more until Remus and Sirius both walked in, looking tired, but relieved.

"What did he want to say?"

"Nothing much. I think it was really just to make sure that he wasn't killed in his sleep tonight." Sirius said with a laugh.

"How are Delio and er... is it Lyca?"

"Yeah. They're fine. Bit tired but fine. Though I don't think Lyca is going to let me out of her sight ever again."

"I'm really happy that you found a family Harry. And if we knew we wouldn't have taken you away." Remus said, sadly. Sirius nodded, suddenly becoming more serious.

"I know. Look, Remus. Thank you for telling Johnno. And both of you thank you for accepting that I have a family."

"It's the least we both could've done. We forced you to stay here against your own free will and ignored what you wrote about your family."

"It's all water under the bridge. My family are here now and that's all that matters. I'm going to bed now. Night."

"Night." They both said, and watched him retreat into his room.

"We really stuffed this up moony. He was happy and we dragged him away from them. We are worse than Voldemort."

"No we're not. We thought we were doing what was best for him. come on Padfoot, neither of us were really sure what he meant by family."

"Yeah. Well I'm going to bed. We have lessons in the morning, with Gryffindor and Slytherin seventh years as well. We need all the sleep we can get." Sirius said with a lopsided smile. Remus nodded and they both went their separated ways into their rooms.

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The next morning all five awoke at around the same time. Well no that's a lie. Lyca woke at five in the morning and proceeded to wake the rest of the residents of the DADA living quarters by jumping on their beds, staring with Harry, who encouraged her, along with Delio to wake up Remus and Sirius. Starting with Remus. Who also encouraged her to wake up Sirius and even provided the bucket of ice cold water, bearing in mind of course that water and electric elementals are not a good combination at anytime, especially in the morning. And so it was with a loud shout followed by giggling and Lyca scurrying to hide behind Harry's legs, that everyone woke up the next morning.

"Shall we go down to breakfast and leave before Sirius has time to get his own back?" Remus asked, fearfully glancing at the door to Sirius' room.

"I agree with that. Come on." Harry said, picking Lyca up and walking out the room hurriedly, followed quickly by Remus and Delio.

The walk down to the Great Hall was fairly uneventful, if you ignored the fact that they were delayed by five minutes because Delio sneezed, made Lyca jump and caused lightning to strike the banister, causing it to be set on fire and Harry having to put it out. But besides that they made it to the Great Hall without any other disasters happening. Harry held Lyca's hand and chatted to Delio when he walked into the Great Hall and then sat down at the Ravenclaw table when he saw where Hermione and Padma were sitting.

"Hey Harry. Did you remember to bring your Arithmancy essay?"

"Yeah, though it is about two inches over, that shouldn't matter though. So, Padma, Hermione, this is Delio and Lyca. My brother and sister. Delio, Lyca, this is Hermione and Padma, they are my friends here."

"Hey. I'm Delio, as my brother here just said. I'll be looking after the little horror when Harry has lessons with you."

"Hey, I'm Hermione." Hermione smiled at Delio, and Harry raised an eyebrow at them, a plan forming in his mind.

"Why is everyone on the Ravenclaw table staring at us?" Delio asked, looking up and down the table. Lyca giggled and then stopped when she realised that everyone in the hall was looking at them.

"Er... I think it's because no one knew that Harry could talk English. Oh look! Post's here." Padma said, looking for anything to distract everyone in the hall. A large brown owl dropped a newspaper in front of Hermione, which she paid and then opened it and gasped.

"What?" Harry asked, leaning forward and grabbing the paper. He gasped as well when he saw the headline.

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***You-Know-Who Attacks Muggle Villages and Towns. Thousands Killed.***

*Yesterday at around nine at night, You-Know-Who's followers, Death Eaters attacked several different villages and small towns, all over*

*Britain at the same time. At this time, officials say that there are no survivors, muggle or wizard.*

*An insider to the ministry told TheDaily Prophet that ministry Aurors and officials went to as many villages as possible to oblivate any muggle survivors but all teams came back with the same story. 'There was no one left.'*

*Another group of Aurors went to the larger towns to see if they could help, and try to capture or stop the Death Eaters, but it seemed that the informant came to late and all help arrived five minutes too late. All of the Death Eaters had already left. Leaving the dark mark floating in the sky.*

*Officials are saying that the total fatalities in this disaster is over a hundred thousand. As was said before there were no survivors. The minister of magic has visited the Prime Minister, and it is now being said that it was terrorists. We at the Daily Prophet however want to know what the next attack is going to be and when. It is official; He-Who-Must-Not-Be-Named is back and in full force.*

***For a list of all the towns and villages involved turn to page 3***

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"Oh god. What are the towns Harry?"

"Er... oh god... I have to go, excuse me." Harry said, dropping the paper and running out of the hall. Sirius and Remus watched him and then both stood up and left the teachers table to follow him, soon to be copied by Delio and Lyca.

"Harry! What's wrong?" Sirius asked, having reached where Harry was sitting on the edge of the forest first.

"Did you see the places that were hit?"

"No, why?"

"Delio, three of them were villages on the edge of our forest."

"What? Oh god. What else?"

"No one else seems to have spotted the pattern, they were all villages or towns next to dark forests."

"What! How could he know? Why now?" Remus asked, sitting down heavily next to Harry.

"That's not all. Little Whinging was on the top of the list, being the largest town that was attacked. The Dursley's are dead. Dudley is an orphan."

"Why, wasn't he at home?"

"He goes to a boarding school in London. He wouldn't have been at home. I wonder what is going to happen to him now?"

"Do you really care?"

"It wasn't Dudley's fault what they did to me. He is the same age as me, so he didn't really know what they were doing."

"True. I wonder if he remembers you."

"He doesn't."

"How do you know?"

"I used to visit Byrne forest frequently, that being the place that Johnno lives. One year I visited Johnno when I was thirteen and bumped into my fat cousin

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### **flashback**

*Harry wandered through the first forest that he was truly welcomed, knowing every snake, tree and creature that was in it, and knowing the dangers, which didn't really apply to him now that the forest really had accepted him. right now he was just wandering through the forest, wanting to reacquaint himself with some of the new creatures that may have come to the forest.*

*He had been wandering for a while, greeting some of the creatures that remembered him, he had stumbled across a large black snake, that introduced himself as Silas and said that he was a southern something or other, the reason he was in the forest apparently was because a muggle from the town next to the forest had brought him over from America and had become scared by his, er... more unusual powers, so he had left him in the forest. Harry had liked the snake from the start and so decided to let him stay in his small haven for magical creatures in Harry's trunk.*

*When he had almost reached the edge of the forest he heard voices, they sounded young as well. Harry frowned, knowing that people only came in this forest when they were desperate, like himself, or dared. In which case, they would do damage to either themselves or his forest, and he couldn't let that happen.*

*He followed the voices and worked out that there were about five of them. It also seemed that the leader of the group was someone who Harry vaguely knew.*

*"Dudley Dursley." He hissed under his breath. The fat oaf was bound to hurt his forest and they were heading straight for the young niffler nest, he knew that the mother, having just given birth, would not be able to defend herself. Harry hurried up abit and then when he found the right time, jumped out of the trees in front of the group.*

*"What are you doing in this forest? You do not belong here." Harry asked, eyeing the five boys warily, remembering suddenly the games that his fat cousin used to play all those years ago.*

*"We came in for fire wood, not that it's any of you business. Why are you here?"*

*"I live here. You will not be taking any fire wood unless the forest willingly gives it over. It is not advised to stray to deep into this forest unless you are welcomed by it. The trees are telling me that you are not welcome." He said, listening to the creaks and groans being issued by the trees surrounding the group.*

*"You're a freak. What do you think you are? Tree hugging hippy?" Dudley said, making his brainless followers guffaw at his 'oh so intelligent wit.' Pfft yeah right, and Harry was a Hufflepuff.*

*"I am a boy who was abandoned in here a long time ago. I believe you have rumours and stories about this forest. If I were you, I would start to believe them." Harry said, stepping forward towards them threateningly. The group collectively gasped as Silas came into view over his shoulder and hissed threateningly. The final straw in the boys eyes was when Harry turned and replied. With a high pitched shriek Dudley was running back out of the forest, closely followed by the rest of his small gang.*

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### **end flashback**

"I followed them back to the estate to make sure that they reached home safely, I was quite amused when Dudley mentioned the 'strange wild boy' living in the forest to his parents. When he gave a description of me to them, Aunt Petunia went pale and fainted and Uncle Vernon bellowed at Dudley to go to his room. Quite comical—" Harry was interrupted by a large gonging noise coming from the castle. Lyca whimpered in fear and climbed onto Harry's lap, while Harry looked at Remus in confusion, having never heard anything like that before.

"That's Hogwarts defensive horn. It rings when the headmaster needs to make an announcement or when Hogwarts is under attack. Let us hope that it is the first of those two options." Sirius said, standing up and helping Remus and Harry to stand. Harry looked at Delio and he nodded and ran into the forest.

"Where's he going?" Remus asked Harry, who was now trying to calm Lyca down.

"Er... he's gone to warn the clan that Hogwarts may be under attack. I will send off a message if it isn't." Harry said, hugging Lyca closely to him and following Sirius as they made their way quickly up to the castle. He hurriedly glanced behind himself one last time as the doors closed with a loud bang.

"Come on, we should go to the teachers table. You as well Harry."

"Okay. It's gonna be okay Lyca. It will just be an announcement, and in any case, I won't let anyone harm you, and neither will Delio or dad." He whispered to a whimpering Lyca. She nodded and looked around her as the rest of the school sat down at their tables. Harry hurried the rest of the way to the teachers table and sat down, still hugging Lyca.

"Students! Teachers! I have an announcement to make. I realise that you will now be very worried, but be assured, Hogwarts is not under attack. I have changed the alarm slightly if it is. You will know if the time comes to defend the castle. However I do have an important announcement to make.

"For the last three years, since Voldemort's return, I have headed a secret organisation to stop Voldemort. I am now openly admitting to the Order of the Phoenix and may Voldemort begin to get worried!" Dumbledore said, his loud voice carrying easily through the unusually silent hall. At that announcement the whole hall erupted into cheers, though Harry noticed several of the students looked less than happy at the throughout of the downfall of Voldemort. And they were not just in Slytherin.

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## Chapter Eight - Run Away

*The weeping child could not be heard;*

*The weeping parents wept in vain;*

*They stripped him to his little shirt,*

*And bound him in an iron chain.*

Little Boy Lost - William Blake (Songs of Experience)

The last we saw of the occupants of Hogwarts, Dumbledore had just announced the elusive groups against Voldemort, The Order of the Phoenix.

Now Harry will have to tell his family the news. Will he be able to join the order? Does he want to join the order and will Dumbledore allow the light sides only weapon against Voldemort in this war leave Hogwarts to help his clan protected villages. We will now watch and find out and Dumbledore begins to make even more decisions to push the boy-who-lived further away

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Harry stood up soon after the announcement and walked out of the hall quickly, ignoring the whispers that were following. Lyca ran after him, trying to keep up with her older brothers large strides.

"Mr Potter! Please would you kindly tell me where you are going? This is an important announcement."

"I have to send out a warning. I will be back in a minute, come Lyca." He said, looking at the little girl. Dumbledore looked as though he was going to say something else, but one look from Harry soon shut him up and he sat back down, watching as Harry picked Lyca up and walked out of the Great Hall.

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Once Harry was out of the Great Hall he walked out of the doors of the entrance hall and walked down to the forest, Lyca still in his arms and moaning.

"Lyca, shut up. If you want to walk, just ask."

"I want to walk."

"Fine." Harry said, placing Lyca on the floor, and then walking off towards the forest at the same pace, making it difficult for Lyca to keep up, though she wasn't going to say anything when her big brother was in this mood. No one was *i that /i* stupid.

They finally reached the edge of the forest and waited, knowing that someone would be coming to speak to them in minute. They didn't have to wait long, Harry grinned when he saw Johnno and Antonio coming to them, still bickering.

"Hey! False alarm, no attack. Well yet anyway." Harry shouted at them, stopping them mid-argument.

"Right-o, are you two coming in to join the clan meeting?"

"Yep, come on Lyca." Harry said, holding his hand out for his little sister to hold.

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"This is an emergency meeting of the Elemental Elvin Clans of Great Britain. As everyone here knows, the villages surrounding our forest have been destroyed, killing everyone who was in them. However, the elders have all discussed that we will need to go back, people may have run into the forest for protection, if we go back now we may be able to find them, and help them to return to an almost normal way of life, we can even help them to rebuild their villages again, or maybe join all of the survivors together to create one large village. However, this creates a problem with our youngest son, Salazar." Harry looked up sharply at his name and frowned.

"Yes, Sal. We are going to have to leave you here, but we do not know if we should. I realised that if we try to take you with us, they

may retaliate, so have you any suggestions anyone?" Harry's father asked.

"Why do we not leave someone here to watch over him, they can have Delio or Lyca's room in the castle and can stay with him all the time?" Someone at the back asked.

"Yes, how would you feel about that Sal?"

"Er... I don't want to put anyone out."

"I'll stay with him, I mean I don't need to return to Little Whinging as I knew no one there and no one in their right minds would attack Werewolf colonies." Johnno said, placing a hand on Harry's shoulder.

"Right, the Johnno will stay and we will be leaving as soon as possible. I assume Salazar, that it wasn't an attack on the school."

"No, Dumbledore just wanted announce his bird group against Voldemort."

"Ah, well see if they will let you join, you will be able to see what Voldemort is up to then."

"Okay. Well I'll go back to the castle and tell them that you are leaving. No doubt they are looking for me. Johnno, are you coming with me?"

"Yep, kiddo. Er... where should I stay on Friday?"

"Er... well, have you bought the Wolfsbane with you?"

"Yeah, but I haven't got much left. I need you to make me some more kid."

"Okay and stop calling me kid. Actually that's another thing; don't tell anyone, not even the two I am staying with, that I can make Wolfsbane. I don't think it will go down well."

"Okay K-Sal."

"I'm just going to say goodbye to my family and then we can go back."

"Right-o kid, take your time, and don't worry about them back at the castle, they can't stop you doing anything."

"Yeah, thanks." Harry said with a small smile, he then turned and went over to his family, who were talking with each other.

"Sal! We were just going to come over and see you. We are so sorry to have to leave you, but you know that whenever you can, you can come to visit, and we will do the same whenever we can. Of course at Christmas we will come and see you. No matter what, Sal, you can always send us letters, in fact, we want you to send us a letter at the end of every week, just so we know you are okay."

"Fine. I will miss you, but at least I know that you know where I am now. I will try to get away from them as soon as I can, but to be honest I am surprised that they even let me in here. Though the fact that they don't actually know may have something to do with it."

"Hmm, Salazar, try at least to respect their wishes and get on with them. That is the only way that they are going to loosen up on all of these rules."

"Yeah yeah. Well anyway, I should be getting back, please take care of yourselves."

"Sal! We will be fine; you should be the one who takes care of himself. Come on, I have never met anyone who doesn't have to find trouble; they just have to stand and wait. I mean how many times in the last year, before you came here, had you had a brush in with old Mouldy Shorts himself?"

"Yeah, well, take care of yourselves anyway, I mean if it gets out that I am part of your family then you are all going to be bumped up on the hit list."

"Yes we know, take care of yourself Salazar, and start up your training again; I know you have stopped since you arrived here. Ask Dumbledore to return all of your weapons, and if he doesn't then make your own, you know you have the uncanny ability to make metal, and so you will sure as hell be able to make your own

weapons. Just no guns again, you know what happened the last time you tried to make a gun."

"How was I supposed to know that it would fire magically? It wasn't my fault!"

"You shot Antonio in the leg! And stop laughing Johnno, it doesn't help things." Julia said, Scowling at Johnno, then turning back to look at a scowling Harry. "We are going to be leaving now, so go back to the castle, and promise us that you will continue with your training and behave yourself."

"Yes mother. I'll go back with Johnno now and tell them that you have gone. See you when I see you. And Lyca be good for Delio in your lessons." He added, kneeling in front of the small child and hugging her, he then hugged everyone else in turn and then left the forest with Johnno trailing behind.

"This is going to suck."

"I still can't believe that you shot Antonio, why didn't you tell me!"

"Er... because you would have used it against him and then I would have never heard the end of it. Do you know what element Antonio controls?"

"Well judging by the red hair and eyes, fire?"

"Yep. And I only have control over my own fire, not any other elementals. I am a water elemental, meaning that I may be able to douse out his fire, but he can make it so hot that he evaporates my clouds before they can put the fire out. It damn well hurts!"

"Ouch! Well you know what your mum always tells you, never play with fire."

"Actually, seeing as Julia is the only motherly figure that I knew, she kinda encouraged us to play with fire, being able to control it and all."

"Yeah well, normal families are taught not to play with fire."

"How do you know this? I mean you are hardly normal."

"Why you little- actually you have a point, I mean both my parents were werewolves so once a month we would go and play in the big old mean forest in little whining. Then when the ministry found out that two werewolves had bred they came for us. I escaped, very much like yourself and have lived there ever since. Though I was sixteen at the time, so unlike you I had the means to survive."

"What! The ministry tried to kill you and your family? Why was I never told this story?"

"You never asked. I told you I was born a Werewolf, and you just accepted it, didn't say anything about my parents. In fact you never rejected anything about me, you just accepted who and what I was. That was one of the reasons I told you to go to the Werewolf colony if the ministry ever came near."

"Oh. Well I am really sorry to hear about your parents."

"Nah, don't worry about it, though if I ever see that Umbridge bitch ever again, I may bite her."

"Hehe, turn her into what she hates. Good one."

"Thank you. I know." Johnno laughed, happy to keep his charges mind off of his leaving family. He ruffled the hair on Harry's head and then ran back the rest of the way to the castle, Harry shouting obscenities behind him. When he reached the door, he stopped and waited for Harry, not wanting to go inside without him.

"Wanker. Don't ruffle my hair up again. You know I can set fire to your trousers and then soak the rest of your body with a click of my fingers, so don't mess with me Werewolf!" he said, smirking at the horrified look on Johnno's face.

"You wouldn't"

"Try me."

"Meany. Come on, I bet they're all panicking."

"Yeah, lets go and be shouted at for running away." Harry said, the smirk now gone and his eyes looking dead again. He pushed the door open and went straight to the Great Hall. When he threw the doors open and stepped inside, Johnno following behind, chuckling at the looks on the faces of the people sitting around a large round table in the middles of the hall, the house tables having been moved.

"Harry! We were just about to send groups out to look for you."

"Well I'm here now, so call off the search. I assume that this is the Order?" he asked, conjuring a chair up for himself and one for Johnno when prompted by a cough behind him. "I don't see why you couldn't have done one for yourself." He hissed at Johnno, making the Werewolf laugh.

"What? And make you miss out on giving a show."

"Hmm, well you pretty much ruined that by this little fiasco. Sit down Johnno and lets here the rest f the meeting." He said, with a pointed look at Dumbledore, who sighed and then nodded.

"Surely you can't be serious about letting this child join the order!" A large woman with bright red hair said angrily,

"I can assure you madam, that I have plenty of experience."

"Plus, along with Harry comes the Vampires, Werewolves and Elementals. The elves just won't because Harry turned their hair bright red for a month. They can hold grudges for a long time, can elves." Johnno added, shutting up straight after when Harry glared at him

"How can you be sure that the werewolves will join our fight?" Remus said, looking interested.

"Well Werewolf. I never said anything about joining your fight; I said they would join Harry's. and I can be sure because of what Harry has done for them." Johnno said, his anger beginning to show, and making Harry groan and bang his head down on the table.

"What has he done exactly?"

"Well, he has been adopted by the only elemental Elvin clan left in Great Britain, by the leaders of said clan no less. He had homes at all of the werewolf clan and lets not forget about Anne waiting at one of the werewolf's clan." he added with a smirk, making Harry groan again.

"Who's Anne?"

"What about the Vampires?"

"What things has he done?"

"Er...can I answer one question at a time? Anne is an old werewolf at one of the colonies and has a soft spot for our little Harry here, watching him like he is one of her own cubs, not being able to have children of her own. He has put wards around our villages, making it so that we know if any ministry official or anyone meaning us harm comes near the village, and I think it also 'teaches them a lesson' I believe is what he said when he put them up, though we never asked what.

"The Vampires all love Harry because of his morbid humour; he has also gotten rid of the rift between werewolves and vampires, pointing out that we are equally hated by the ministry and wizarding community and that if we hated each other then we have no one. He also has homes with five of the largest Vampire clans in Britain, France and Germany. So if you want to know why they will follow Harry to war, I will tell you, my kind, and those alike have all been treated like equals by the 'boy-who-lived' himself, he had no prejudice towards any of us and as mentioned before he joined all of our kind together. No one will follow he ministry or Voldemort to their deaths because they are not offering anything."

"Neither am I." Harry pointed out, though it came slightly muffled through his arms.

"Yeah, but if you win, we know how and what we will be treated like. In all honesty, every Werewolf, Vampire, goblin, centaur and magical creature out there would follow you to the death. They like you."

"Goblins? Centaurs? They don't fight for wizards." One Auror said, snidely.

"Er... yeah. There's your problem. Fight *for* wizards. Why the hell should they? What have you ever given them except abuse?" Johnno said, harshly, making the Auror blush in shame.

"Sit down J. You're scaring the poor little Auror."

"Don't threaten me again Werewolf. I can get you arrested straight away." The Auror said, recovering from his shame quickly.

At this statement, several things happened in succession. Remus jumped up and shouted at the Auror, pointing out that he was a werewolf as well, Johnno leapt across the table to grab the Auror, another Auror froze Johnno, Sirius held Remus back, whilst also yelling at the Auror, Dumbledore shouted trying to get order in the room, other members joined in the fighting and arguing and Harry groaned and shook his head. He realised that someone would have to get order in the room soon, or someone was going to get hurt. Harry frowned in concentration and put his hand in the air, making a phoenix of fire appear above the table and successfully shutting up the whole room quickly. Everyone looked at the phoenix and then looked at Dumbledore, who shook his head.

"I never did that."

"Then who did?" Remus asked, frowning. Johnno however knew and looked at Harry with a raised eyebrow.

"Always have to show off. I thought your signature symbol was a crow holding a snake in his claws."

"It is, but seeing as this is the Order of the Phoenix I decided to improvise. I think it looks quite good. And watch." He said, he pointed his other hand at the apparition and made the mouth open and water spout out of it.

"Show off. I could do that if I tried."

"Johnno, you aren't an elemental. You have no control over anything."

"I do!"

"Oh yeah sorry, you can talk to rabbits. How is that supposed to help anyone? I mean they only talk to you if you promise not to eat them, so you can't even hunt them. What are you going to do? Train them and then set them on everyone. I can see that side of the war winning."

"Well no one would expect it." Johnno said defensively.

"Yeah, but one good hex and the whole thing would collapse around you, both Voldemort (the order flinched at this, making Johnno snigger and Harry roll his eyes) and I can set a number of snakes on the rabbits, well I can anyway and mouldy shorts can set er... oh no I have Nagini don't I. okay, well it wouldn't work against me in any case. So... can I join your side of the war?" he asked with a smirk. Johnno grinned and then burst into laughter.

"Er... gentlemen? If you have quite finished, can we carry on with the meeting?"

"Oh sorry." Harry said, only noticed the members looking at them in morbid fascination around the table, all feuds forgotten in the midst of this rather bizarre argument about fighting rabbits.

"Right, well Harry I am afraid to say that most of the members do not think you are old enough to join. So I am going to have to ask you to leave, however Mr... er, well, Johnno, you can join, heaven knows we need more support from the werewolves." Throughout this small proposition Harry had steadily gotten angrier, only being noticed by Johnno, who was now sitting further away from Harry as possible. "Mr Potter! You must understand this is no war for a child."

"Oh god, so the wrong thing to say." Johnno muttered to the alarmed women in front of him, who hadn't noticed that Johnno had moved behind her.

"WHAT! A CHILD! I HAVE BEEN THROUGH MORE THAN MOST OF YOUR PETTY ORDER PUT TOGETHER! HAVE YOU TOLD THEM ABOUT THE PROPHECY? NO? I DIDN'T THINK SO! SHALL I? NO I'LL LET YOU DO THAT, ONCE I HAVE LEFT, AND I WOULDN'T WORRY ABOUT SPIES, THOUGH HE HAS THE DARK MARK BURNED ON HIS ARM, I WONDER WHY HE IS SITTING HERE (at this he looked pointedly at Snape), AND YET I'M NOT ALLOWED. BUT NO, DON'T WORRY ABOUT SPIES. VOLDEMORT ALREADY KNOWS WHAT THE PROPHECY SAYS. IN FACT HE WAS THE ONE TO TELL ME. WELL DUMBLEDORE! YOU HAVE LOST YOUR BEST WEAPON IN THIS WAR. GOODBYE!" Harry yelled, making many order members flinch and the rest to glare. Though the thing on all of their minds was "What Prophecy?" Once Harry had finished yelling he stood up and walked to the doors, turning around before leaving to glare at Dumbledore, then he glanced at the table, nodded and left as the table erupted into flames, banging the door behind him.

"I should have warned you about his temper. Have any of you tried to grab him yet?" Johnno asked, receiving many confused looks.

"I have and I don't think I will be doing it again." Sirius said, looking at his hands that had been burnt quite literally by his godson's fury.

"What happened?" one member asked, curiosity gaining the better of her.

"He became surrounded by bright green flames."

"Green? Wow he must have really been quite scared, what did you do? Normally when he's angry the flames are blood red." Johnno asked, frowning at Sirius' shamed face. "Oh, I get it, it was the day you found him and then forced him to come here. Well I thought I would warn you, the Vampire's are quite angry and no one thought to tell them where he is, we thought it would be funnier for them to find you. See it as a lesson." Johnno said, grinning at the horrified looks on the faces of everyone around the table.

"Shouldn't one of us see where he has gone? He might get hurt." Another woman at the table said, motherly instincts showing.

"Get hurt! Are you kidding, many of the creatures in the forest would protect him from you, never mind hurt him. Though he may get lost in this castle. But I think he would have run straight from the castle. If I were you I would accept that you have lost your saviour." Johnno said standing and leaving the hall, followed quickly by Remus and Sirius.

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Harry stormed out of the doors and onto the grounds, furious. How dare they treat him like a child? He had survived in some of the most dangerous forests in Europe, what had they done? He had faced Voldemort five times and survived each time, had any of them actually seen Voldemort? I don't think so. Well if they didn't want him to join their silly little resistance, then he would create his own. Harry smirked as his eyes fell on the forest; he looked behind him and then walked off into the forbidden forest, being missed by Sirius, Remus and Johnno by seconds.

Harry walked deep into the forest, wondering who to ask for allegiance with first, then an arrow shot through the air, missing his head by inches, and the answer to his questions was answered as he was surrounded by centaurs.

"Mars looks bright tonight." He said smirking at the centaurs faces.

"What do you want human?"

"Well Centaur, I would like to ask for your clan's allegiance in this upcoming war, for if you do not think it will affect you then you are to be greatly surprised. This war is going to affect every single being, magical or not. I would like to ask, therefore for your clans support in this.

"Now I don't ask you to fight, if you would prefer, then you can be around to help the injured, for those of you who do wish to fight, then I can supply you all with what the ministry has prevented you from getting. I have already provided them for the werewolves and vampires. I can get you wands." Harry said, eyes sparkling in malevolence, aimed at the ministry.

"How would you provide these for us human?"

"One, it's Harry, or Salazar, I prefer the latter and two, I can make them myself. Just provide a hair from your tail for your wand and I can make them from the wood in this forest. Just don't tell the ministry until I ask you to."

"We will need to run this by the whole clan and then elders of our clan. Come with us and you can tell us who we will be fighting with, and what we will get for winning this war." The leader of the group said. Harry nodded and followed the group of about eight centaurs; he counted now that he had a chance. The leader was the tallest of this group and had black hair and body. Harry heard the rest of the centaurs call him Bane.

The walk through the forest took almost two hours, until they reached a clearing where it seemed the whole clan lived. Harry could see many families of centaurs watching him, as he was lead to the edge of the clearing, where many more centaurs were gathering.

"This is the human that wishes for our allegiance. I have asked him to come and tell us what he can offer us." Bane said, walking into the centre of the group and leading Harry there, then he motioned for Harry to stand on a long dead tree stump and moved back to the group of centaurs that had brought him here.

"Well human. What is it that you can offer us?"

"Well, as I told the group that bought me here, my name is Harry, but I prefer to be called Salazar, Sal to my friends. I also told the group that bought me here that I can make wands for all of those that wish for one, I just need a tail hair for the centre of the wand.

"If we win this war, then I can only offer you what I offered the vampires and werewolves, equality. The magical community treats you all like animals, and things to own in the case of elves. But I see you all as equals. House elves have more power than most wizards and only do not fight them because of the curse set upon them hundreds of years ago, making them slaves for the wizarding world.

"To the centaurs I offer you the freedom to practice magic again, and the freedom to visit your families and friends in other clans around

Britain, Firenze, I know that Malcuchio would like to see you again. He was forever talking about you to me in our lessons.

"What humans have done to you is despicable and know one can justify it, but we can stop it. I only ask for you help in this war in return. For you to either fight or help teach people how to heal, and help the injured fighters in this war as well."

"Is that all?"

"Yes."

"Then we will think about it. Has anyone got a question to ask?" The eldest looking centaur asked, having all white hair and a long beard that made Dumbledore's look like a few chin hairs.

"Yes, how do you know Malcuchio?" a centaur asked, who Harry took as Firenze.

"I lived with his clan for a year whilst I was taught Divination. He helped me to get an 'O' in my NEWT, much to his surprise. He swore that I had no ability in the art at all. Though I think he was just bitter because I turned his hair bright pink." Harry added, making many of the younger centaurs snigger and the elder ones the grin, thinking about their old friend with bright pink hair.

"Well, if Malcuchio's clan sees you worthy enough to teach you then I see no problem with joining your allegiance. However we will not fight for anyone. We will only fight *with*you."

"I understand, and have already told the wizards at the castle that that is their problem, expecting you to fight for them and not with them, especially after what they have done to you."

"Well then Salazar, we accept your offer, when, may I ask, can you make our wands?"

"Well I can make them pretty quickly, I was quite slow at first, but I have made over three hundred now for most vampires and have bought quite a few for werewolves. I can now make about two a day. So I will make them for the elders first, if you wish for them, then work

my way down, until all of the children that are permitted to have them by their parents, do so."

"That is very well. I assume that first you will need to collect wood. Most of the trees that have wood suitable for wands is deeper in the forest and they are guarded by bowtruckles."

"Oh I have a deal with most bowtruckles. They seem to like me. so that won't be a problem. First however, I ask that I am allowed to continue my quest for allies in this forest, whilst making your wands. Also I would like to know an estimate of how many wands I will need to make."

"Well there is one hundred and forty-eight centaurs in this clan, and I know that forty of said number are children. Nine being too young for wands at under five years old. Some may not want a wand and so I would say one-hundred and thirty at least."

"Well at two a day that would mean it would take sixty-five days to make, which I think is too long. Hmm, I can try to teach people how to make wands. This will shorten the gap and also mean that in later years you will be able to make your own."

"That seems fair. I can let ten Centaurs learn the art of wand making and in return we can teach you how to hunt and archery if you need to."

"Well I am hopeless at archery, my strength having been sword fighting, so I will gladly take lessons, but I am pretty efficient in hunting, so I can help the groups whilst I am here."

"Okay then. Well may I ask who you are going to ask for allegiance with next?"

"Well I will stay here for a week to teach how to make wands, then I will go to the Unicorn herd, and ask for their assistance in healing as well. Then I am not sure."

"Very well. Each of us will give you a tail hair when asked for and will test your wands, though I am not sure if the standard wizarding wand will work."

"It should. But we will see. Is there anywhere that I can work?"

"Yes. Firenze will let you stay with him, and you will be able to work there. Firenze if you will take Salazar to your home and I will ask who would like to learn how to make wands. you should have a list by tonight." The elder said. Harry nodded his consent and then followed Firenze out of the group.

---

Harry had been missing from the castle for almost two weeks now and Sirius and Remus were slowly becoming frantic. Johnno had already stopped them from sending an owl to his family, asking them if he was with them, for he knew that Harry wasn't and it would create panic in their clan.

Johnno's words at the end of that eventful meaning had been proven true and whenever Hagrid had asked a centaur if they had seen Harry in the forest they would look at him sharply then gaze at the sky and tell him that 'mars was bright'. Which infuriated the large man no end.

Harry meanwhile had taught ten centaurs how to make wands and had already made half of the centaurs wands, and was now teaching them several defensive and offensive spells, whilst also promising them that he would give them a few books once he returned back to the wizarding world.

He had also managed to gain allegiance with the Unicorns, giving them protection that they had never received from any human before. He had also raised wards around both the Centaur and Unicorn settlements, like the ones around the Werewolf and Vampire settlements.

He also knew what was happening up at the castle, and found it quite funny that they had no control over him anymore. He wasn't sure whether he would tell them about his allies when he returned or not, but he did know that he was semi-prepared for the impending war.

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## Chapter Nine - Alliances

*When wolves and tigers howl for prey*

*They pitying stand and weep,*

*Seeking to drive their thirst away.*

Night - William Blake (Songs of Innocence)

The last we saw of Harry, he had managed to gain allegiance with the centaurs by giving them what the ministry had refused them because they were half-breeds and dubbed dangerous. Harry had given them all wands.

Now Harry needs to gain allegiance with the more dangerous creatures in this highly magical forest. If he gains it then it will soon become clear which side of the war will win...

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Harry wandered through the forest, searching for the entrance to the acromantula nest, that Valdes, the eldest elder (snigger) had said was called Aragog. Which Harry warily noticed meant danger in elfish. He had passed the tree that had grown with a hole in the middle, which Harry couldn't get his head around and so had proceeded to stare at it for a full fifteen minutes before a small voice in his mind told him that he was looking for something other than a weird tree and that he should be moving on. Which had lead him to where he was now. Lost.

Looking around he realised that he really did have no idea where he was, he also knew that Hagrid came to the spider frequently, and so if he didn't find the nest soon, there was every chance that Hagrid would find *him* instead. Which was unacceptable. Gah, damn his lack of a sense of direction.

He suddenly looked down as he heard a minute voice chuntering about lack of respect and being in the way. In amidst the various roots and leaves was a small brown snake that was staring at his foot, as if hoping that it would incinerate if it stared hard enough. Harry

grinned at the abuse the small snake was giving his foot and so moved it and knelt in front of the snake.

**SS** Hello. Er... can you help me please? **SS**

**SS** A speaker? I haven't ever had the pleasure of speaking to a human before, though my parents used to speak of great wizards being able to speak to snakes. That is in the past however and most of us had lost hope of ever meeting a speaker. Now I have the pleasure! **SS** Harry sniggered at the snake's enthusiasm and decided to interrupt it.

**SS** I was wondering if you could help me to find Aragog's lair? I seem to have become lost. **SS**

**SS** Of course, I would be delighted to, in fact I will lead you there, but then will you come with me to my nest? I would greatly appreciate it and I know many of the other snakes in the forest would as well. **SS**

**SS** Sure. I have a favour to ask of the snakes anyway. **SS** Harry replied, having an idea about the snakes' part in this war. He stood up and followed the snake, backtracking on most of his journey from the Weird Holey Tree (as Harry had affectionately called it) and turning left instead of right. Ah that was where he went wrong then. It wasn't long before he was lead to a large hole underneath a tree that had millions of small spiders leading inside. That'll be the nest then Harry thought, he then thanked the snake and walked down into the nest, hoping that the large spider had already eaten and wasn't hungry.

At the end of the tunnel, was what looked like large cave. He stepped into the middle of it, trying to ignore the nervous feeling he was getting in the pit of his stomach that he was going to be eaten. Of course this wasn't helped by the angry clicking of the spiders surrounding him. Finally he bit the bullet and decided to just speak out.

"Er... I have come to speak to Aragog. Can someone lead me to him?" he said, damning himself that his voice sounded to weak. He felt sure he was braver with the vampires, when it was almost certain that you would be eaten. He gulped loudly when he heard a deep

rumbling coming from deeper into the cave and he took a step back when a large spider appeared out of the depths of darkness. Harry studied the spider and noticed, with shock, that the spider was blind.

"I am Aragog. It has been a long time since a human has dared stray into our lair, and even longer since my children have tasted the flesh of a human. What is it that you want?" These statements did nothing to quell the queasy feeling Harry was feeling in his stomach...

"I have come from the centaurs, to ask the same that I asked them. I ask for your allegiance in this war. Sadly I have nothing to offer you for this allegiance, only to pledge my allegiance to you, if you so wish to have it." *and please don't eat me* he added in his mind.

"Allegiance? No one has ever asked for such a thing from Acromantulas. Tell me have you ever visited acromantulas before?"

"Yes. In the Black Forest of Germany I stayed with a nest of acromantulas, though I don't think I ever will again, to be honest it wasn't very comfortable. However I was assured that I would never be able to be harmed by another acromantula, hmm I had forgotten that part until now. Wonder why." He mumbled partly to himself.

"You say you stayed in the black forest? The acromantulas there are my cousins and if he has given you his blessing then I will respect that. As for the allegiance, what is it that you want from us?"

"I would just like for you to protect this forest. I have no doubt that some wizards will soon start to try to get to the forest to harm the residents of the castle. They will be wearing long black robes and white masks. Please if they come into the forest then will you either drive them away or well, kill them. Look at it this way, if you do decide to kill them, you will be able to eat them. Meaning that you and your children will be able to human flesh again to your hearts content as long as they are wearing white masks. They have to be wearing white masks though."

"I like your reasoning, I believe that my children will be happy and will understand when I say that I accept your terms. I look forward to speaking to you again human." Aragog said, making Harry sigh in relief inwardly. Harry smiled and then bowed to him, then he walked

out of the cave and through the tunnel rather quickly and hissed for the young snake to take him to his home.

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Meanwhile, back at the castle, everyone was beginning to really worry about Harry. He had been missing now for over a month and no one knew where he was, except that he was safe somewhere in the forest. Sadly that didn't mean anything to Sirius and Remus, who were running around the castle like headless chickens. The one good thing that had come out of this disappearance was that Johnno had been accepted by Hogwarts and had become fast friends with Remus and Sirius, repeatedly telling them that Harry was fine. Not that they believed him of course.

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"Where is he? Do you think he's alright? He could be lying in a ditch dying for all we know and we are just standing here doing nothing." Sirius said, pacing their small living room, whilst being watched by Remus and Johnno.

"He is fine. Silas asked Persephone and she told him that Harry was fine, he just needed to be alone for a while. You know he is used to his freedom and then when he comes here is treated as nothing but a child and a weapon by us all."

"It's Dumbledore that treats him like a weapon. Anyway I never wanted to cage him! I just wanted to make sure he would be safe."

"He was always safe with us you know. No one in any of the clans would have let anything happen to him. Ask McNair. Actually that would be impossible, considering."

"Considering what?"

"Well he's dead."

"What! Why?"

"He was a Death Eater. He tried to kidnap Harry when he was only nine. God knows how he found him, but he did, came really close to killing him in fact. Problem for McNair was that he had been staying with a Vampire family that were very protective of their children. To

cut a long and very gruesome story short the whole family fed on poor McNair and then he was buried somewhere in their forest.

"It was that incident that really led to Harry's training. Not magically, as I am sure he told you that it was my friend that took him to Knockturn Alley to get his wand. Once he received that he started to practising magic, I think he was eight, so it would have been about a year before the McNair incident.

"No, he was trained physically by the best in Vampire, Elf, Elemental and of course, Werewolf. We even trained him to use his wolf side to his advantage, as I am sure you have found out your self Mr Lupin. It is quite helpful at times. However, did you know if you use your ability to its strongest you can avoid any spell thrown at you. Many more do not even affect wolves, it is your human mind that lets them."

"What spells?"

"Too many to mention now, but the *impedimenta* jinx doesn't work on us, so we will never be slowed down, as well as a few more like that. If you train hard enough, the *Imperius* curse won't work, though that applies for everyone, but is easier for werewolves and Harry. Harry is also somehow, immune to the affects of the *Cruciatus* curse. And of course the whole wizarding world knows how he reflected and survived the Killing curse, *Avada Kedavra*. We haven't dared try and immunise him to that one though. Shame though really."

"Wow. That is pretty cool. So if I train enough, then I will be immune to many of those curses and more?"

"Yep. So like I said at the beginning of this tedious conversation, Harry will be fine in the forest. Another thing that I should point out is that the Elemental Elves have this orb for every one of their members of the clan and their children. Both Harry and I have one and it glows different colours depending on their mood. However it stops glowing if the person is dead and it erupts into either flames or that person element when in danger. Everyone will know if Harry is dead or in danger." Johnno finished, yawning to get his point across about the tedious conversation.

"So he is okay then. That is good. I just wish he would come back soon so that I can yell at him and then hug him. I never realised it until now, but I really need the kid." Sirius said, sitting down on one of the couches and putting his head into his hands.

"The kid has that effect on everyone. No matter the species or gender. Everyone feels the urge to either kill him or protect him. Thankfully it is only Voldemort's lackeys that want to kill him at the moment." Johnno added, seeing Sirius' panicked face. "Right, well I think I am going to turn in for the night now. See ya both tomorrow, and remember, Harry's fine." Johnno said, and then he walked out of the living room into his own.

---

Another week passed with no news until one Friday, Dumbledore rushed into the hall, during one of the meetings looking ecstatic.

"He's been found!"

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## Chapter Ten - Retrieval

*Terror the human form divine*

*And secrecy the human dress.*

A Divine Image - William Blake (Songs of Experience)

Harry is at this moment comfortable living in the forest. He is finally at home where most would be terrified, and all of the creatures of this forest welcome him and protect him as though he were their own.

Soon however, the wizards in charge at the castle are going to, once again, take all of this away from him and make him stay in the confounds of the castle. But we found out the last time they did this, Harry can be a dangerous creature when cornered. Sadly, as we also found out, this lesson was not learnt the last time. Maybe second time lucky.

---

Harry was sleeping with the Thestrals, having made alliance with all of the creatures and beings in the forest, that would be able to help him, and had decided that he would be going back to the Centaurs to see how they were coming along with their new wands, and maybe teach them a few more curses,

He had been offered to stay with the thestrals by them, when it had become dark in the forest, and even for Harry it was dangerous when it was dark. In fact most things in the forest were in danger at night. Except maybe the things that roamed the forest at night, and even they were in danger of each other, and so really no one was safe in the forest at night. Aaaanyway, the point was that Harry was offered to stay with the herd, until morning and so Harry took them up on the offer, not realising that Hagrid would come and visit at the wee hours of the morning.

"Arry! Is tha' you! Come on now, we're goin' to back to the castle. You've 'ad ev'ryone worried to death." Hagrid said to a sleepy Harry. He then grabbed him by the arm and picked him up, making sure that Harry wouldn't be able to escape and run away again. He then shot a

message into the sky to tell the castle that Harry had been found. He then dragged Harry back to the castle.

---

"Harry! Do you know how much we have all been worried!" Sirius said, practically running towards Harry and then engulfing him in a large bear hug.

"Not me! I knew he was fine! Don't drag me into your 'everyone was worried'. Not everyone! I told them to leave you alone! Please don't flame me when Sirius lets you breath." Johnno said, walking out of the doors slowly.

"Why couldn't you leave me alone? I was quite happy in the forest, I was at home again. But if I have to stay here, then you are all going to regret it. And I need to go back to the forest for a small amount of time to give something to someone." Harry said, glaring at all of them.

"No! you are not allowed to leave the castle again I am afraid you are going to have to go on house arrest again Mr Potter. If you can't respect our wishes, then we are going to have to treat you like the child you are acting like." Dumbledore said. Harry pushed Sirius away from him and glared at Dumbledore, he then stormed over to the castle, stopping by Dumbledore before going into the castle.

**SS** If you think that you have received your weapon, you are wrong old man. You have pushed me further away. **SS** he hissed, all of the venom he was feeling pushed into that small sentence so that everyone would know how he was feeling, and then walking past Dumbledore and the rest of the Order and walking into the castle. Not glancing back once.

"Well done Dumbledore. You have succeeded in pushing him away from us. And he has reverted back to speaking parseltongue. I hope you are happy old man." Johnno said, glaring at the man and then following Harry into the castle and leaving a very angry Dumbledore.

---

Harry walked, well it was more stormed up to his bedroom in the DADA professors quarters and slammed the door behind him. How dare Dumbledore treat him like that! He had to get those spell books

to the centaurs somehow, but if he gave them to one of the order members then Dumbledore would hear about it and that would bring more problems than Harry cared to even think about.

"Hey Harry! Are you okay? And don't even think of talking that stupid snake mumbo jumbo. We all know now that you can speak English. Of course I have known since you were six and have also helped the others teach you German and French, and we even tried Latin, what a joke that was. So are you going to speak English or parseltongue? Hmm?" Johnno said, catching up with Harry at the entrance to their rooms.

"Oh hey Johnno. Sorry about leaving you here with them. Were Sirius and Remus alright? They didn't blame you did they?" Harry asked, walking through the entrance and sitting in one of the couches and resting his head in his hands.

"Oh come on, you loved getting to live in a forest for a month. So what did you do?"

"I made alliances. Which reminds me, I need your help."

"What do you want me to do?" Johnno asked, narrowing his eyes.

"Well I was wondering if you could just give some books to the centaurs, tell them that Salazar sent you, they will understand and they will also not kill you. But I need for you not to tell anyone what the books were! You cannot tell anyone about this!"

"Okay, may I ask what they are?"

"They're spell books. I'm going to tell you something and I don't want you to interrupt. See the deal I made with the centaurs is that in return for their help in the upcoming war I would teach them spells and give them books."

"Yeah but how can they do the spells? I mean they don't have-. You made them wands didn't you."

"Well... yes. I don't see why they're not allowed wands! I made you a wand!"

"True. I see nothing wrong with you making them wands, but well, everyone else will see it differently."

"I know, which is why I am asking you" Harry stopped mid sentence and looked up, seeing a very shocked Remus and Sirius at the door.

"You made wands for werewolves and centaurs?" Remus asked, flabbergasted

"Er... maybe. Well... okay then, yes I did, but it isn't fair that they shouldn't have wands just because they're 'half-breeds'. I mean god! Do people realise that if Voldemort wins this war, then it won't just be half-breeds that can't have wands, it will be muggle-borns and half-bloods!" Harry said, standing up.

"We know that. Anyway, we have come here to tell you that Dumbledore wants to see you in his office. The password's puking pastilles." Sirius said, having what could only be described as a proud look in his eye when he heard his godson's exclamation.

"Hmm. Fine. Let's go see what he wants." Harry said, he walked to the portrait entrance and turned before walking out. "And Johnno, will you do that thing I asked while I'm gone please?" he asked, Johnno nodded and Harry smiled and then walked out of the room.

"Er... what thing did he ask you to do?"

"Well... I suppose I can tell you coz you know and all. Well, he has some books that he wants to give to the centaurs. Er... spell books." Johnno said, hoping that he wasn't getting Harry into more trouble than he was already in.

---

Harry walked through the halls of Hogwarts, ignoring the students that had woken up early, and walking through the short cuts to reach the headmasters office quickly to get this over with. Once he reached the gargoyle he said the password and then walked up the steps to the headmasters door and knocked. He walked into the office without waiting for an answer and sat down on the chair opposite and raised his eyebrow, waiting for the headmaster to start.

"Harry. I want you to tell me why you ran away into the forest. It wasn't a very responsible thing to do and if you want us to believe that you are mature enough to join the Order of the Phoenix--"

"Headmaster, I no longer want to join your Order. I have started my own side of the war and so I have no need for your Order. I have no problem, however in helping you when the war comes to Hogwarts, for, no matter what you do, headmaster, the war will come to the doors of Hogwarts and you had better hope that your students are prepared enough for such a day." Harry said, and then he stood up and walked to the door, however before he could walk out of the room Dumbledore spoke and stopped him.

"What are you intending to do Harry? Remember you do not want to upset me, I am the only thing that is stopping you from going to Azkaban for the crimes you committed when on the run."

"Fine, send me to Azkaban then. But what will you tell the wizarding community when Voldemort is ruling and their precious Saviour escapes and saves them. For I will kill Voldemort, but send me to Azkaban old man, and you will soon become next on the list. You have a weak defence against Voldemort; I on the other hand have a chance at winning. Do not ruin the chance of ending this misery." Harry said angrily. He opened the door and then turned around again. "And do not expect me to speak to you again. I will speak English to five people only. You have lost your saviour, you lost him on the eve of Halloween, in 1981. Goodbye." And with that Harry walked out of Dumbledore's office, slamming the door behind him.

---

Harry stormed through the halls of Hogwarts, furious. Students ran away from the man who seemed to be surrounded by angry red flames. Not that Harry cared who he hurt or scared, he was too angry with Dumbledore to even notice the pink haired woman who seemed to be walking straight for him, having not noticed him herself.

"Oomph. Watch were your going!" someone yelled at him, he frowned and then shook his head to clear it and looked down to see one of the Aurors that had caught him lying on the floor.

"You!"

"Me. Me what? Oh." She said, having taken a glimpse at the person she had just walked into. She blushed and then looked away, her hair also turning bright red. "Sorry about that. I couldn't just let you wander the streets, you're just a kid."

"I lost the status of kid when I was six. You know, when I ran away. What are you doing here? Dumbledore bring you in to watch me to make sure that I don't run away again?"

"No! I'm part of the order I'll have you know." She said, standing up proudly then staggering and knocking a suit of armour down.

"You? Dear god, they really are scraping the barrel if they have asked you to join." He said, helping her to put the armour back to where it originally was.

"Hmph. At least I was allowed to join. I don't see you in meetings."

"I think you will find that for the last month I wasn't here, I was in the forest. And anyway, I no longer want to join Dumbledore's merry little Bird Club. I will not permit myself to join the losing side." He said, walking away.

"WAIT! WHAT DO YOU MEAN 'LOSING SIDE'? ARE YOU GOING TO JOIN *HIM*" she shouted after him, Harry turned around and laughed, then turned his back on her again and disappeared round a corner. The Auror, more commonly known as Tonks, watched him go and then ran to Dumbledore's office and ran past the gargoyle, before banging on the door frantically, to be let in.

"Nymphadora, what seems to be the problem?"

"Er... you know Harry Potter. Well I think he may have joined You-Know-Who."

"And what makes you think that?"

"Well I bumped into him in the corridors and well to cut a long story short, when I mentioned The Order, he said that he wouldn't join the 'losing side'"

"Ah, well rest assured he hasn't joined Voldemort, he wouldn't want our young charge for one thing, and another is something that he said to me before meeting you. He told me that he had created another side to this war, and that he had no problem helping me when the war reaches these walls. He was right when he said that the war would come to Hogwarts. I can feel it, and so can anyone connected to this castle. The ghosts are beginning to get restless. We are one of the next targets for Voldemort, and I am afraid that he has a way into this castle that no one, except maybe our young charge, can change."

"What's that?"

"I am not sure whether it is true at the moment, so I will not tell you in case it leaks and causes a panic, but rest assured, we will be prepared for when the time comes."

---

Two days passed since Harry had been found, and he had reverted to speaking in parseltongue to all but five people, Sirius, Remus, Hermione, Padma and Johnno. Johnno had arrived back from a meeting with the centaurs the day before, reporting that the centaurs were disgusted with the treatment of their honorary foal. This announcement made Harry smile, though not as much as when, almost an hour later at dinner, Hagrid arrived in the hall looking slightly battered. Dumbledore stood up from his seat and quickly walked to where Hagrid had stopped, which just happened to be almost right next to where Harry was sitting with Hermione and Padma.

"Hagrid, what happened? I am assuming, from the state of you that the meeting with the centaurs didn't go well." Dumbledore muttered. This made Harry stop eating and listen in closely.

"No, they don't trust us. They said that our treatment of our foals is disgusting. They said that they didn't trust us not to lock them up. I don't know what has happened to make them so hostile." Hagrid said, making Harry laugh and then hastily turn it into a cough when Dumbledore looked at him. He smiled innocently back, which made Dumbledore frown.

"Mr Potter! I would like to see you in my office please. Sirius, Remus, you both being his guardians whilst he is here will have to come as well please." He said. Harry stood up and rolled his eyes, but followed Dumbledore to his office all the same. Sirius and Remus both arrived in the office a little after them, both having confused looks on their faces.

"Dumbledore, what is all this about? Harry hasn't done anything. Yet anyway." Sirius said, sitting next to Harry. Remus nodded his agreement and then stood behind Harry and placed his hands on Harry's shoulders.

"Harry, what have you done to the centaurs?" Dumbledore asked, the irritating twinkle no longer evident in his eyes. Remus and Sirius both stared between Harry and Dumbledore in confusion, wondering what on earth the old coot was accusing Harry of this time.

Before Harry could reply however the door was flung open and Johnno walked in, looking furious.

"I believe that Harry is under my protection whilst his family is not here headmaster. I do not appreciate you trying to get him to admit to anything without my presence." Johnno said angrily, walking over to the seat on the other side of Harry (which Harry had just conjured) and sitting down heavily, scowling at Dumbledore.

"Chill Johnno. He just wanted to know what I had done to the centaurs. I was just about to tell him that I hadn't *done* anything to them when you came barging into the room like a bull in a china shop."

"Yes well. I don't care that Sirius and Remus are in here, I am who your family chose to watch over you, not them."

"Yeah yeah." Harry said in a bored voice. "Well if that is all headmaster then can I go?"

"No. when you were in the forest, something happened with the creatures in there, centaurs especially. They have never attacked Hagrid and have always been on relatively good terms with him. What have you said to them to make them hurt him?"

"They have joined my side of the war professor." He said simply. Harry then stood up and left the room in utter silence.

"Well that went well." Sirius said, making Remus and Johnno nod.

---

"Order! Order! I have called this emergency meeting of the Order of the Phoenix because I have found out some news from our young Mr Potter. I don't know whether to view it as good news or bad news." Dumbledore announced later that night to the whole Order.

"What has he said? What do you mean by good or bad news? What has he done?"

"The Centaurs have joined the war." Dumbledore said simply. This short sentence made the whole room buzz with conversation from the members, who all seemed to want to be heard at the same time.

"Shut up! Listen to the man before interrupting him."

"Albus, they haven't joined You-Know-who have they?"

"No."

"So they have joined us? Does that mean Hagrid was successful?"

"No. They have joined Harry's side of the war. You may have noticed that we are missing three members. Johnno, Remus and Sirius have all left the order to join Harry. Without the Werewolf we have no hope in this war. We can only hope that Harry does not turn against us when he has won."

"That is if he does win. He is only a child after all." The woman who first opposed Harry's membership in the order.

"Oh I have no doubt that he will win. And he is no child Molly. He has been living in dark forests in Great Britain, Germany and France. I have also had the pleasure to meet his family."

"Who are they?"

"Are they well known?"

"Are they dark?"

"Are they human?"

"You have hit it right there Kingsley. They are not even human."

"What are they then?" the very same Auror asked

"The are the leaders of the Elemental Elvin Clan. They are elemental elves."

"I thought they were just a myth." An older witch, Emmaline (sp?) Vance asked.

"As did I. but it would seem not. They are very protective of him as well. These however are not like House elves or even wood elves. They are not peace loving and seem very aggressive when threatened. It is safe to say that Harry's side of the war has the most chance to win."

"How did he get the centaurs to join?"

"That is what I would like to know also, but I am afraid Harry refuses to say."

"Have Sirius and Remus left us then?"

"Yes. They quit last night when Harry was found and told me that they would be joining Harry in whatever he decided to do in this war. Harry has also told me that he will not join the Order. I offered him a place thinking that if he joined then Black and the two werewolves would join. Bringing all of their kind with them."

"Dumbledore, have you spoken to the minister yet?"

"No. Minister Weasley has only just got into office and so he will be very busy at the moment. I have left him alone at the moment. If anything important comes up then I will talk to him. well I think this

meeting is over for the night. If anything else important comes up then tell me and I will call for another meeting as soon as possible."

---

Arthur Weasley, also known as Minister for Magic, walked up the path to the entrance of Hogwarts angrily. Holding a letter in his hand and muttering furiously to himself. He opened the doors and then walked straight into the Great Hall, where everyone was eating their dinner.

"Dumbledore! What is this about you finding and keeping Harry Potter here?" he asked furiously waving the letter in the air and walking up the middle aisle.

"Minister Weasley. How nice to see you here. If you would just like to wait then I will come with you to my office." Dumbledore said, trying to pacify the angry minister.

"Don't try to pull that Dumbledore! I respect you and your wishes but if the saviour of the wizarding world has been found then I and every other witch and wizard has the right to know. I had to find out from my children!"

"I am no one's Saviour Minister." Harry said, having enough of being spoken about when he was in the room. The minister looked at him and opened his mouth, doing a first class impression of a startled fish.

"Mr Potter. Where have you been for the last nine years? We had searches for you but never found you. Why did you leave your family, it as a very dangerous thing to do!"

"Dangerous for whom? Me? or the wizarding population?" Harry asked, picking up Persephone (I bet you thought I had forgotten about her) and walking around the table to stand in front of the minister.

"Why dangerous for you boy. You could have been killed by rogue Death Eaters or run into a Werewolf in a forest!" this last statement made Harry burst into laughter. "Would you mind telling me what you find so funny about what I have just pointed out?"

"Well for one, I have been kidnapped by Voldemort (everyone in the hall flinched violently) himself no less than three times in the last year, though I believe the third time he just wanted me to return his pet snake, and as for werewolves. Who do you think I have been living with? Certainly no six year old can live in a forest on their own."

"W... well, er... what... how... how did you...?"

"How did I survive Voldemort? Oh come now, he's not that bad. Sure, he's ugly as sin, but he's not all that bad if you can keep him occupied enough to not curse you to hell and back. In fact the first time he 'kidnapped' me so to speak he apologised for killing my family, saying that it had to be done. Of course that was because he believed the Prophecy in the first place. Personally I think it is a load of bull, and when I told him that he agreed." He said, making the hall gasp and the minister stutter. This was too much for Dumbledore who had stood up during this speech and was now standing next to Harry and looking between the two.

"What do you mean Harry? You told me that you would kill him. Have you joined Voldemort (more flinching)? He can not give you anything Harry. Have you joined his side in this war?"

"Wouldn't you like to know sir. And as for our small meeting yesterday, how do you know that I was telling the truth?" and with that statement Harry left a very silent Great Hall.

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## Chapter Eleven - A Dream

*Once a dream did weave a shade*

*O'er my angel-guarded bed,*

A Dream - William Blake (Songs of Innocence)

The last that we saw of our hero, and the wizarding worlds fallen saviour, he had announced to a very astonished and upset Great Hall, including the minister for magic, that he was in fact on speaking terms with Voldemort. What does this mean for the future of the wizarding world? Or was he lying?

If we watch now we will find out as he is just about to have a short meeting with Sirius, Remus and Johnno and a very long and tedious meeting with the Headmaster and Minister. We will also find out what Voldemort has been thinking since Harry was found and taken to Hogwarts. Exactly who is fighting for which side?

---

"Harry you realise that because of what you said, you are going to be constantly watched by Dumbledore and you will also have to have a meeting with him and the minister to convince them that you were joking." Remus said, sitting down next to a very relaxed looking Harry.

"Yes Remus. I know. But you do realise right, that no matter how many times I have met Voldemort, he has always let me go. Even Voldemort realises that I don't belong in this war! He realises that I belong in the forests! How is it that an evil man like him can comprehend that but the almighty Albus Dumbledore can't?"

"Harry, how old were you when you first met Voldemort?" Sirius asked. Remus looked up at this and even Johnno's back straightened slightly.

"Ah, that answer will have to wait a minute Sirius. I believe that the headmaster is wanting a meeting with me in his office. If you come along, who knows, that question might come up again. If not of course, one of you three can always ask it."

"Are you going to speak in English Harry? Or are you going to be difficult and speak in parseltongue?" Johnno asked offhandedly.

"English."

"Good. Well shall we go then?"

---

"Ah Mr Potter. I was about to send Mr Weasley (Ron not the minister) here to fetch you, I wondered if you would kindly answer some questions and get rid of any queries that we might have after your little sketch." Dumbledore said, once Harry and co. had arrived at the office. Harry raised an eyebrow at the word sketch and then scowled. Clearly the headmaster did completely believe what Harry had said in the Great Hall. Oh well, he would soon have to remedy that.

"Well I did take divination with the Centaurs and with Mars looking so bright, I just assumed that you wanted to have a meeting with me so that we could all make sure of our allegiances. And maybe I could recruit a few more people for Death Eaters. Though they would have to have a liking for the Cruciatus curse. Though old Voldie is getting better at keeping his temper under raps. Good for him." Harry said, he noticed that Sirius and Remus were trying very hard not to laugh and Johnno wasn't bothering at all, and was, at present time, leaning against the chair in front of him, gasping for air. The same couldn't be said for Ron, the minister and Dumbledore. The first two were white and the latter was shaking with fury. At least that damned twinkle had gone.

"Yes well. If you would like to answer a few questions. Under Veritaserum a think. Just to be sure." Harry nodded, ignoring the protests coming from Sirius and Remus and the quiet chuckling from Johnno.

"Headmaster! I forbid you from giving Veritaserum to a minor! I am his legal guardian and he will not be given it!" Sirius said, standing up and knocking his chair over in the process.

"Sirius, sit down. I will take his Veritaserum. The sooner this is over with the better." Harry said, waving his wand and making Sirius' chair stand back up.

"Good good. Severus if you would just administer the serum." Dumbledore said, addressing Snape, who no one had noticed and making both Weasley's jump.

"Sevvie! How good to see you again. Is this the famed truth serum that everyone loves to talk about! Severus! You never told me that you could make it! Of course, being a Potions Master, I could have guessed. Well administer away!" Harry said cheerfully, making said potions master scowl.

"Shut up Potter. I have to give you the real stuff because it is more than my life worth to give you false serum in front of both Dumbledore and Weasley." Snape muttered in Harry's ear, dropping three drops of the potion into his mouth.

"S'fine. Immune remember." Harry muttered back, feeling the effects of said potion coming into effect. Soon his head felt like it was foggy and his eyes drooped

Snape had to give brownie points to the boy. He was either very good at acting or he was just immune to the truth side of the potion and not the drowsy part. He smirked darkly and then turned back around and resumed his place in the shadows. Hoping to all gods that he was telling the truth and he was immune. Of course, if he wasn't immune then he wouldn't have been able to say he was under the effects. So that small sentence proved that he was. He hoped.

"Right well, shall we get started then?" the minister asked, smiling briefly at Dumbledore. (assume that the minister as asking all questions unless stated)

"Yeah sure." Harry answered, making sure not to grin. He noticed that Snape was finding it slightly difficult to keep a straight face also.

"Yes well. Mr Potter, would you mind telling us who you fight for in this war?"

"Myself."

"And what are you fighting for?"

"Myself."

"No I mean. Dumbledore! You know what I mean! Ask him!"

"What the minister means Harry, is, what are your beliefs in this war?"

"Freedom."

"So you are fighting for the light?"

"No."

"The dark then?"

"No"

"Who then you silly boy!"

"The Grey."

"Do you believe that blood type makes you more magical."

"No, I am A positive but Voldemort is O negative. Doesn't make either of us more powerful than the other."

"That isn't what I mean! Fine! What do you believe about purity of blood?"

"It is rubbish."

"So you are against Voldemort's views?"

"No."

"Wha- but you just said it was rubbish!" Ron said, jumping into the questioning.

"..." well what could he say to that? He was under truth serum after all. Inwardly he chuckled at all of the answers he was giving, and he noticed that Sirius and Remus were both trying not the laugh next to

him. Johnno wasn't even trying again and was currently sitting on the floor, having fallen off of his seat.

"What Mr Weasley means, Harry, is that Voldemort believes in purity of blood, so if you do not then surely you disagree with him." Dumbledore said, that damned twinkle in his eye returning!

"He doesn't believe in purity of blood."

"Yes he does! This is what the whole war is about!"

"No he doesn't. He knows that purity of blood has nothing to do with how magical a person is. He is a half-blood, as is Dumbledore. Two of the most powerful wizards alive today." Harry said, realising a bit too late that there was no question answered. Ah well.

"Mr Potter. What is this war being fought for?" *bit of a loaded question.* Harry thought to himself. If he answered the truth then they would assume that he was fighting for Voldemort.

"I don't know." That would have to do.

"Are you fighting for Voldemort?"

"No."

"Harry, when did you first meet Voldemort?" Remus asked, stopping the minister before he asked another pointless question.

"When I was seven."

"What! How did you survive! You wouldn't have known any magic! Or had a wand!" Ron shouted, making Harry frown slightly.

"Mr Potter has had a wand since he was eight. But I do agree with Mr Weasley on this. How did you survive?" Dumbledore asked, frowning and leaning forward

"He helped me to find the Werewolf colony. It was winter and I had had to leave Johnno because it wasn't safe anymore. One of

Voldemort's followers found me near death in another forest. He took me to him."

"What happened then?" Sirius asked eagerly. Johnno had also stopped laughing and was now listening intently.

"When I arrived at wherever he was hiding I was unconscious. He helped me to regain my health and then left me at the nearest colony. Telling me that I would always be safe with him."

"He didn't kill you or even try?"

"No. I was only seven minister. I would not have survived even if he had tried. I was also hypothermic when he found me. I was helpless."

"Merlin! He never killed the wizarding worlds saviour."

"When did he learn of the Prophecy?" Dumbledore asked, looking pensive,

"I don't know."

"When did you learn of the prophecy?" Dumbledore asked, trying to think when Voldemort could have possibly learnt of the prophecy

"Voldemort told me when I was ten."

"Was this the second time that you had met him?" The minister asked, curiosity getting the better of him.

"No."

"Was this before or after you found your family?" Dumbledore asked, taking control back of the questioning.

"After."

"How many times have you met Voldemort?"

"I have lost count."

"Does he kidnap you?"

"No."

"So you visit him?"

"Yes."

"So you *are* fighting for him."

"Minister. I made that truth serum myself. If he says that he isn't fighting for Voldemort then he isn't. And before you even say it, I think from the answers to the questions that you are asking, he isn't immune to it."

"Fine fine. Now, Mr Potter. Can you tell me the names of any Death Eaters?" Snape snapped to attention quickly at this question and prayed quickly that Harry truly was immune and if not that he found some way not to answer completely truthfully.

"No." Snape let out a small sigh and noticed that Harry's eyes flickered over him for a second and then went back to looking unfocused.

"What! Why not! Surely you must have learnt of some of their names!"

"I cannot tell you their names."

"Ah. I see the problem. Mr Potter. Please tell us the names of some death eaters."

"Rodolphus and Rabastan Lestrange."

"We know about them. Are they anymore?"

"Yes. There are currently over a thousand Death Eaters that the Ministry knows of. There are also several thousand more that you don't know of."

"What I meant was please tell us the names of more."

"Bellatrix Lestrange. She's a bitch though." Sirius couldn't help it at that and let out a loud bark like laugh.

"Yes we know about her as well. Will you tell us the names of more Death Eaters please."

"No."

"I think, Minister that this line of questioning is becoming fruitless. May I suggest you ask some different questions or let me administer the antidote so I can get back to marking homework. Some of us have a job that we need to get back to." Snape said, seeing where this was all going. He was slowly finding it more difficult to keep a straight face and he would not laugh in front of these people.

"Yes yes professor. Fine, I have no more questions, do you Headmaster?"

"Yes, just a few more. Harry, would you tell me what you offered the Centaurs in order for them to join your fight?" This question brought gasps from the two that didn't know.

"No."

"What do you mean no?"

"I will not tell you."

"Fine. Mr Potter. Please tell me what you gave to Centaurs!"

"Wands." Silence followed this statement.

"What! That is illegal! Mr Potter I am arresting you for giving Wands to half-breeds and breaking the law! You will stay under house arrest at Hogwarts until you can have a proper trial. Dumbledore, I trust that you will keep him inside of the castle."

"Yes minister. I will set the necessary charms again whilst Mr Potter stays in his rooms with Mr Black and Mr Lupin." Dumbledore said, suddenly looking his age.

"Good, well Mr Potter, you will soon be seeing Azkaban for a long time. Especially along with all of the things that you had done when we were still searching for you. I think murder being at the top of the

list. Oh dear Mr Potter, I think you will be staying in Azkaban for a very long time."

"Well Severus. If you please administer the antidote to Mr Potter please. Thank you." He said as Snape nodded and then dropped the antidote into Harry's mouth.

"Well Professor, Minister. Looks like you have lost your saviour. Well I am getting tired. Remus, Johnno, Sirius. Shall we leave?" he said, and then he turned around and walked out fo the office. Sirius, Johnno, Remus and Snape, all following quickly.

---

"Well Professor Snape, if you would like to join us all in our quarters and we can talk for a bit. If you haven't got anything else to do that is."

"No I have nothing better to do. Shall we go?" Snape said and so all five of them walked to the quarters to speak before they went to sleep.

---

"I have called this emergency meeting of the Order of the Phoenix to discuss some very important matters. Tonight there was a meeting with the minister and Harry Potter in my office. we questioned him under Veritaserum and several answers were given that make it seem that he is in fact working for Voldemort, even though he said he wasn't. He was able to name Death Eaters." This announcement was met with several very angry questions and everyone muttering to themselves about their fallen hero.

"Enough! That is not all. I am afraid to say that he also answered under Veritaserum what he had given to the Centaurs in order for their allegiance in this war. He told us that he had given them all wands. Sadly, because this confession was given under Veritaserum and in front of the minister, he has been convicted and will be sent to Azkaban as soon as the trial date has been set."

---

"Harry, what are you going to do? I mean you can't survive in Azkaban. How are you going to fight this war when you are in there?" Sirius asked, looking worried.

"I am going to have to go to Azkaban. But that doesn't mean I am going to stay there."

"What? Escape Azkaban? But I only managed that because I was an animagus. And what about full moons?"

"I never said I would escape. I have people that won't be very happy that I was locked up in Azkaban. They will get me out. Which is why I have invited Professor Snape here to join us. Will you please tell him what has happened tonight. Then return and act as though nothing has happened. I believe that there is going to be a raid tonight, but since I had to take that damned Veritaserum, I can't block it. Please tell him so, see what he can do. Well that is all that needs to happen. Oh except. Sirius Remus. You are going to have to leave once I have escaped from Azkaban. They won't believe that you had nothing to do with it. Johnno will take you to my fathers clan and you will be safe there. I will come for you there. Right, well I think that should be all. I am going to go to bed now. See you in the morning." He said, and then stood up and walked into his bedroom, leaving a stunned Sirius, Remus and Snape. Johnno was chuckling to himself.

"Well that was different. I have got to go, I need to go and tell him what Harry has told me. I shall see you when I see you." Snape said, standing up. Everyone said their goodbyes to him and he left the three of them to talk alone.

"What do you think is going to happen now? I mean, it was obvious that he had some sort of immunity to the Veritaserum, but some of the answers that he gave made him sound like a Death Eater."

"He did say that he wasn't working for Voldemort."

"For. That is the clue. He said that he was working for himself. He never said who he was working with and no one thought to ask that either. Johnno, you know something about this."

"Yes, Remus. You're right I do know something, in fact I know everything, but I think that Harry will have to answer those questions, not me. I will tell you one thing though before I go to bed. Harry is definitely not who he says he is. Neither is his family."

---

Harry walked through the corridors and walked into a girls bathroom. He hissed something in parseltongue at the sinks and then stood back as the sink he was facing sank into the floor to reveal a large tunnel. He stepped into the tunnel and slid down it.

At the bottom he walked slowly through various tunnels until he reached a large circular door with five metal snakes on it. He hissed something else again and then walked through the know open entrance. Inside was a large open cave with a statue at the end. Harry walked up the centre of the cave and stood in front of the statue. This time after he hissed something the mouth of the statue opened and a large Basilisk came through the opening and stared at Harry.

Suddenly the Basilisk and chamber was gone and Harry was standing in front of a house. All around him people were screaming. Harry smirked and then walked into the house...

---

Sirius was abruptly woken from his sleep by loud yelling. He shot out of his bed and ran into the common room, throwing on his robes. He looked around, wondering where the yelling was coming from and noticed that both Johnno and Remus had also been woken. The yelling therefore was coming from Harry's bedroom.

All three of them stood still for a moment staring at each other and then suddenly ran into Harry's room. Harry was lying on his bed and was writhing around, still yelling, but the yells coming quieter and less so. When Sirius reached his side, he placed a hand on Harry's shoulder and then jumped back as Harry suddenly sat up in his bed.

"Harry! What's wrong? What happened?"

"Did you get a vision? I assume that there was nothing he could do." Johnno said sympathetically.

"Yeah. I need to get away from everyone. I need to go somewhere where no one will be able to follow me."

"Harry. There is no place like this in Hogwarts. Dumbledore can go everywhere in this castle."

"No. no there is one place that only one person can go to." Harry said suddenly. He then jumped up and quickly got dressed, grabbing a green cloak from the back of a chair and throwing it over his shoulders. He then ran out of the room with the other three following quickly behind.

---

Harry knew that they were following him, but he didn't care. He just needed to get there. He knew that this was the only place in the whole castle that he would be able to go without anyone being able to follow.

He ran into the girls bathroom, ignoring the wails that were coming from one of the cubicles and then hissed the password at the sink. This was where he had watched Tom Riddle open the entrance to the Chamber of Secrets and if the password was in Parseltongue then no one except himself and Tom Riddle would be able to get in there.

He stepped back as the entrance opened and then heard the gasp coming from the three that had just arrived in the bathroom.

"Harry. Is that the-"

"Chamber of Secrets. Yes."

"But there is a huge monster down there. It isn't safe. You can't honestly be telling me that you are going down there."

"Sirius. Where is the Gryffindor in you? Come on, this is the only place that Dumbledore can't follow. And he is going to arrive in here in just under five minutes. I don't have the time to argue with you." And with that he jumped into the tunnel. Sirius, Remus and Johnno all stared at where Harry had been for a second and then all shrugged and followed him one by one.

Harry was right however. Just after the three had left and the chamber was closing, Dumbledore arrived in the bathroom just in

time to watch the entrance close. He closed his eyes and then angrily turned around to look at Professor McGonagall who had followed him

"There is no way that we will be able to follow him down there. It only opens for the Heir of Slytherin. I am not him." he said, finally accepting to fate. With that he walked slowly back out of the bathroom, Professor McGonagall following him.

---

We will leave them all now. Leave Albus Dumbledore to think about how badly his decisions have gone so far. Leave Minerva McGonagall to wonder if she is on the right side of the war, following Albus Dumbledore blindly into battle. Leave Sirius and Remus as they desperately try to convince Harry to turn back and leave each of those mentioned above to wonder.

Exactly who is Harry Potter?

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## Chapter Twelve - The Chamber of Secrets

*The gates of this chapel were shut,  
And 'Thou shalt not' writ over the door;*

The Garden Of Love - William Blake (Songs of Experience)

We now find two very desperate Hogwarts Professors trying their hardest to convince Harry not to go into the main chamber and one Werewolf sniggering at their efforts. As you can most probably tell, they're not working.

If we watch for a while longer we may well be witness to the event that could sway the war, but for which side. No one knows.

---

"Harry please can we just go back? It's not safe down here." Remus said, grabbing Harry's wrist, whilst Sirius was glaring at Johnno, who at present moment was staring around him and occasionally glancing back at the two begging Marauders and sniggering.

"No. I have to go meet with her! She must know who I am!" Harry said, pulling his wrist free from Remus' grip. He then started to walk forward but stopped as though thinking for a second and turned back around.

"Actually. If you are so desperate to follow me down here. I should give you some advice. If you here anything er... large moving, close your eyes."

"Oh great. Something that is big and can kill with their eyes. What kind of monster can do that?" Johnno asked, not noticing the slightly pale looking Remus and Sirius, who both glanced at each other and then walked forward, following Harry.

"Shh. We're almost there." Harry said, stopping in front of a circular metal door with five snakes on it.

**SS** Open **SS** he hissed, making the other three shudder.

"You know no matter how long I here him doing that, it doesn't make it any less creepy."

"Okay, so you really might want to be quiet now. You don't want to wake it up before I have a chance to summon it now do you. It has been sleeping for almost fifty years. I am thinking if it is rudely awoken, it might be a wee bit grumpy." Harry said, before stepping into the main chamber. The others nodded and then cautiously followed him.

Harry walked down the centre of the chamber and stopped to stand directly before the large statue of Salazar Slytherin. He bowed his head briefly to his ancestor before he spoke again.

**SS** Speak to me, Slytherin, Greatest of the Hogwarts four. **SS**

Sirius, Remus and Johnno all jumped back as the mouth of the statue opened and a muffled rumbling came from deep inside.

"Er... what do you think it is?"

"A basilisk." Remus said quietly. Johnno looked at him in shock and then subconsciously all three took another step backwards.

When the snake appeared, it was larger than any of them had ever imagined. Not that any of them actually sat their thinking *hmm I wonder how a large a basilisk can actually grow. I really want to know.*

**SS** Who daesss wake me? **SS**

Just as Harry was about to answer something happened. Something washed over him and through the whole chamber and then stopped.

"What just happened?" he asked, turning around to look at a stunned Sirius, Remus and Johnno. "Er... did you not close your eyes when I asked you to?"

"Wha-? Oh right, yeah. Wow. Did you see that? I mean you glowed green!" Remus said, shaking his head.

"What? Why did I glow green? What the hell just happened?"

**SS** You have been recognised for what you are. Welcome to the Chamber of Secrets. Salazar, Heir of Slytherin. **SS**

"Well that's weird."

"What's weird? What did it say?"

"First it is in fact a he. And second, he told me that the chamber has recognised me for who I am. The heir of Slytherin. I can tell you this so did not happen Tom."

"Er... who's Tom?"

"Tom Marvolo Riddle."

"Again. Who?" Johnno asked. Harry sighed and wrote with his wand above his head,

TOM MARVOLO RIDDLE

Then he waved his wand once and the letters rearranged themselves to form:

I AM LORD VOLDEMORT

"Does that answer your question?"

"Yeah. Bit fancy for an all dark lord, ain't it?" Johnno asked looking at the name and making Harry snigger.

"Yeah, you tell him that. Sure it would go down a storm." Harry said, still sniggering.

"Er... so you're telling me that we are in the chamber of secrets. Voldemort was actually called something really muggle and the chamber recognises you? I think I need to sit down."

"Careful Padfoot. You don't want to upset the large snake that is staring at us in a rather threatening manner. Harry, please can you make it stop."

"Huh? Oh oh yeah sure. Sorry."

**SS** These are friendssss. They will not harm you and so will you please not harm them? I would also like to speak to you later, but for now you are welcome to go into the forest to hunt, but make sure you don't kill any centaurs, unicorns or acromantulas please. **SS** Harry hissed. The large snake nodded and then moved away from them and exited the chamber through one of the many entrances surrounding them.

"For now you should be safe, but don't wander around down here without me. I can't promise your safety that way." Harry said, turning round to face the other three that came own with him.

"Riight. So what are we going to do down here?" Sirius said, moving forward, towards his godson once again.

"Right now? I have so far down what I came down here to do. Proclaim myself rightful heir to Slytherin to the basilisk, which really needs a name. Though as it turns out, I didn't have to as the chamber recognised me. Now we can search the chamber. After all it has to be called the chamber of secrets for a reason." Harry said with a smile and then walked off towards the mouth of the statue.

"Er... I don't think there will be anything up there besides lots of snake skins." Remus said, walking over to where Harry was standing.

"You're mot probably right. Shall we see what's behind the statue?"

"Er... sure. You know the snake statues and engravings on the walls may be passwords."

"Hey you might be onto something there Remmy!"

"Please, Remus or Moony but not Remmy!"

"Fine. Well Moony. You came up with the idea. Why don't you find the one you want to try first?"

"Okaaay. How about the over there." Remus said, pointing a large engraving of a snake on the wall to the right of the statue.

"Right. Come on then." Harry said, and then led them all to the engraving and hissed at it. To all four of their surprise the wall slid to the side, showing a dark tunnel. "Well let's head for the light at the end of the tunnel." Harry said sniggering.

"You know kid; your jokes get worse every time I see you."

"What have I said about calling me Kid? I am not a goat!"

"Could've fooled me."

"Do you want me to tell Anne what you said?"

"Wha-! No! I was joking! Hehe! You now me. Please don't tell Anne!"

"What's wrong with Anne?" Sirius whispered to Johnno.

"She wants an excuse to skin me alive. All because I accidentally ate her pet cat."

"You ate her pet cat? Why?"

"He was hungry and on the full moon when he came to visit me, he mistook the cat for a rabbit. Though I must say, it did look like a rabbit."

"Thank you!"

"You're welcome."

"Er... I think you have to do the hissy thing again to open this wall." Johnno said, as they came to a dead end. Harry nodded and hissed again, the wall slid away to show...

"Oh my god! This is Slytherins personal library! Oh god! Think of the books! Oh this is like my dream!"

"Er... Remus, you do realise that most if not all of these books will be about dark arts." Harry said. Trying not to disappoint the man too much.

"Oh. Well that doesn't matter. I mean surely some have to be light. Ooh! We might find his diaries!"

"Yeah, they'll definitely be written in parseltongue. But I will be able to translate it, so you never know; there might be something about the wards at Hogwarts and things."

"Yeah. I was thinking more along the lines of finding out what really happened to make him leave and whether or not he really did hate Muggleborns." Remus said, wandering over to one of the shelves.

"Actually I thought that maybe we could find some more secret rooms and passageways that we could put on the map." Sirius countered, bouncing along on his heels.

"Er... what map? I haven't heard mention of any map." Harry asked, frowning, whilst also looking at the books on the shelves.

"It's the marauders map. Though admittedly we don't know where it is. It was a really good map though; it showed the Hogwarts grounds and all of the people on them!"

"Cool."

"So Kid, what did good old Salazar name the Basilisk?" Johnno asked, grabbing a book and sitting in one of the chairs.

"Oh er... it is... erm..."

"Don't you know?" Remus said, the conversation now grabbing his attention

"Yes!" Harry said indignantly.

"So what is it then?" Sirius asked placing a book he had found in his lap to look at his flustered godson.

"He is called..." Harry muttered something under his breath that no one caught,

"Sorry Kid, but we didn't quite hear that."

"Yeah it can't be that bad. Maybe it is something significant or snake like. I mean it was Salazar Slytherin that came up with it."

"Er... yeah maybe. Fine look he is called Basil."

"Basil? As in Basil the Basilisk?" Remus said, whilst Sirius and Johnno were on the floors in hysterics.

"What? I never named him! Hmph. Blame bloody Slytherin."

"Er... look as funny as Basil the Basilisk is I think we should get back up to the castle. I mean opening the Chamber of Secrets is going to be put on your record against you, even though you didn't open it with intent to kill anyone."

"Who says I never opened it with intent to kill anyone? I certainly didn't."

"Okay. Well do you think you could pretend that you didn't open it with intent of murder please?"

"Fine fine. Well let's go back up then. I'm sure I can come back down here when I get out. Though I would have to say that I really wouldn't go into the forbidden forest for a while. I really wouldn't go down well with Basil." Harry said grabbing a book in parseltongue and then leading the way back out of the library. The others followed, occasionally glancing around the chamber for any other weird and dangerous creatures.

---

When they walked into the Great Hall that evening they walked into silence. Everyone stopped what they were doing and stared at Harry as he shrugged and then went to sit next to Hermione and Padma.

"Is what everyone is saying true?"

"What is everyone saying?"

"That you are going to be sent to Azkaban for murder." Padma said, leaning over to talk quietly.

"Oh that! Yeah it's true. I have no idea when I am going to be arrested though." Harry said cheerfully. It seemed his question was to be answered very quickly as he had just picked up a chicken leg when the doors to the Great Hall burst open and the Minister walked in with several Aurors. "Well the man certainly likes to make an entrance. That is the second time he has done that in as many days." Harry said, taking a bite out of his chicken leg.

"Harry James Potter. I hereby-

"Salazar." Harry interrupted.

"What?"

"My name is Harry James Salazar Potter. You missed out the Salazar."

"What? Oh very well. Harry James *Salazar* Potter. I hereby arrest you-

"Yeah let's go." He said, grabbing another chicken leg before standing up and walking over to the Minister. The minister looked at him, flustered for a minute then signalled for the Aurors to arrest Harry. They then dragged him out of the hall, without Harry making much of a fuss; in fact he seemed to be enjoying himself.

Once the doors to the closed the Great Hall erupted into gossip and whispers, though if anyone had bothered to look around they would have seen two very depressed looking school girls and four nervous looking Professors. All four nervous because the full moon was only in four days time.

---

And so, the wizarding world's hero is led off to the very epitome of hell on earth that is Azkaban and at the same time, every chance of the light winning the war is shattered by just one move. The imprisonment of Harry Potter. The Boy Who Lived. Their Saviour. Their Weapon.

Not Anymore.

## Chapter Thirteen – The Trials of Life

*Man is born free but is everywhere in chains*

Rousseau

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We are now following a couple of stragglers running through the corridors of the department of mysteries, making their way towards courtroom ten, they and we are, or course, running a little bit late for the most waited for and publicly watched trial of Harry Potter. If we hurry we might catch the beginning of the questioning.

---

"If everyone would please be quiet then we can begin with the questioning!" Minister Weasley was slowly becoming more and more flustered as everyone in the courtroom was still gossiping and muttering amongst themselves.

Dumbledore sighed and rolled his eyes, then he stood up and yelled, "QUIET!" Silence immediately descended upon the courtroom

"Thank you Dumbledore. Now will you please bring in the prisoner." He said in an overly pompous voice.

Two dementors walked in, dragging between them an unconscious Harry Potter, they unceremoniously dumped him on a chair and then moved away as the chains crossed over Harry's limp body and kept him in place.

"Someone *Enervate* him and we can get started." He said, and then sat back down as an Auror moved forward and enervated him. The crowd in the courtroom began to mutter amongst themselves again as once Harry had regained consciousness he struggled against the bonds. The gossiping and mutterings of the reporters to their 'quick-quills' all said the same thing, all were talking about their fallen saviour, who in point of fact was never their saviour to begin with.

"Mr Potter, please, for the benefit of the Court, state your full name."

"Harry James Salazar Potter." He said sarcastically, glaring at the Minister.

“Right, well, tell us what you gave to the Cen-“

“Hem hem.” Everyone turned to see the source of the interruption and rolled their eyes as they saw that it was the ex-senior undersecretary, Delores Umbridge. Remus and Sirius restrained Johnno as he stood up to try and throttle the woman whilst everyone else was looking at her expectantly. She smiled at them and then turned to face Harry unblinkingly.

“The accused is immune to Veritaserum.” She said in a sickly sweet high-pitched voice. Harry glared at her and then spat on the ground in her direction.

“Bitch.”

“Er... right, I believe that a Professor Filius Flitwick is present today. If you would like to place a few truth charms around Mr Potter and then we can continue again.” He said, smiling at the small Hogwarts professor.

The small wizard walked quickly from his seat to where Harry was sitting, watching him and then after a few minutes of complicated wand movements and muttered incantations he turned around, smiled at the minister and pronounced that he had finished.

“Thank you. Right then. As I was saying before I was interrupted, Mr Potter can you please tell the court what you supplied the Centaurs of the Forbidden Forest with.”

“Wands.” Harry said dully, all traces of sarcasm gone and in its place a dull monotonous tone.

“Thank you. And can you please tell the court who else you have supplied wands to.”

“The vampire and werewolf clans of Britain.” The court again erupted into cries of outrage and also if you listened closely slight fear.

“Were you aware that such an action was illegal.”

“Yes.”

“Why then.”

“I believed it to be unfair. In the upcoming war all sides need something to defend themselves.”

“And in this war, what side to your loyalties lie? With us on the light?”

“No.”

“No? Then with the Dark Lord?”

“No.”

“Again no? So you do not agree with the Dark Lords beliefs on Blood.”

“No.”

“Please tell me, Mr Potter, how many times have you been in the presence of said Dark Lord?”

“Once.”

“Once? But two days ago you said that you had met him countless times! I will ask again, How many times have you been in the presence of You-Know-Who!”

“I have lost count. I was on my way back to his base when you captured me.”

“So his base is near to where our Aurors found you?”

“No.”

“Then tell us where his base is!”

“No I will not. I cannot.”

“Er... Minister, would it be prudent for me to ask a few questions.” Dumbledore enquired gently. The minister turned to face him and then smiled and nodded.

“Mr Potter, Do you loyalties lie with Voldemort?” the whole court flinched at this but Dumbledore ignored it and stared at Harry.

“Yes.”

“Why?”

“He gave me a family.”

“Mr Potter! Have you used any Dark Magic?” Weasley asked, taking back control of the questioning.

“Not necessarily.”

“What do you mean?”

“There is no Dark and Light magic, only the intentions of the caster. Tell me minister, if someone were to use *Wingardium Leviosa* to levitate a child off the edge of a cliff or a tall building, would that wizard still be considered a light wizard just because they used a light charm? What about if a wizard used *Avada Kedavra* to end the suffering of a terminally ill person. Would they be considered Dark and evil? I think not. Therefore no light or dark magic.” Harry said, his voice eerily carrying through the silent court. Everyone stared at him in shock and then seemed to gather their wits about them and began to mutter again. The minister however ignored this statement and went about the questioning in a different way.

“Have you ever used an Unforgivable?”

“Yes.”

“Which ones?”

“All of them.”

“Thank you and ca-“

“Minister, how exactly is this helping the case against him? I mean I know it is illegal to use Unforgivables but that was not the charge against him.” An unknown witch tentatively pointed out. Minister

Weasley nodded and sighed, then took a different strategy to the questioning.

“You have been accused of killing seven Muggle Government workers and ten Ministry workers. How do you plead?”

“Guilty.” Dead silence followed this admittance and Remus and Sirius watched on in horror. However it was too much for Remus and he stood up and stared at Harry.

“Why?” he rasped, trying not to let the betrayal he felt show.

“I had to.”

“But why? What had they done?”

“They were corrupt. The Muggles all knew about the wizarding world and were becoming a liability. Four of the wizards were too corrupt to work in the ministry without ruining everything that we had worked for and the rest were defects. The Dark Order is for life. They knew that.”

“How old were you?”

“Ten.”

“Why would you do that at ten?”

“Family.” Was the simple reply. Remus nodded in defeat and then sat back down.

“So you did this for the Dark Lord?”

“No.”

“Then who?”

“Voldemort.”

“But he is the dark lord.”

“No, not so much anymore.”

“What do you mean? We are fighting against a Dark Lord, We are fighting against Voldemort.”

“You are fighting against the wrong side. There are three sides to this war. You are fighting the one wide that could help you. Voldemort is no longer your enemy. There is a new Dark Lord.”

“W-w-what? How? Why? What is his name?”

“I do not know.”

“Who are you family, Harry?” Dumbledore asked gently.

“I can’t see how this is relevant to the trial Minister! If you are not going to ask relevant questions then I am going to have to see that you let him go or charge him!” Johnno snarled, seeing where the questioning was going and not liking it.

“And who are you in relation to the accused?”

“I am Johnno and I am Harry’s appointed guardian whilst his family is away and I forbid you to ask irrelevant questions to my charge without mine or his godfathers permission.” The minister smirked at this revelation and realised he could use it to his advantage to find out what they were hiding.

“I hereby ask for Johnno... er... what is you last name?”

“Moore.”

“I hereby call Johnno Moore to the stand.” He called. Once again the court erupted into muttering as everyone watched Johnno roll his eyes and then walk over to the identical chair to Harry’s that had just been conjured. Once he sat down, the chains moved the restrain him and then an Auror moved forward and dropped three drops of Veritaserum into his mouth then moved away again.

“Please state you name and status to the court.” Dumbledore asked vindictively.

“Johnno Moore, Werewolf.” Gasps ran through the courtroom and Minister Weasley had to clear his throat to gain attention again.

“Mr Moore, what is your relation to Mr Potter?”

“Guardian appointed by his father.”

“And who is his Godfather?”

“Antonio.”

“Does Antonio go by another name?”

“Yes.”

“What?” Johnno fought against the Veritaserum but inevitably lost and had to answer.

“Tom Marvolo Riddle.”

“Wh-“

“Let me Minister.” Dumbledore said gently

“Right you are.”

“What other names does Mr Riddle go by?”

“He-Who-Must-Not-Be-Named, Dark Lord, You-Know-Who and Voldemort.” The silence that descended on the courtroom was deafening as everyone stared at the two wizards.

“Mr Potter, What is you fathers name?”

“Ferdinand.”

“What else does he go by?” Harry struggled against the bonds and the charms like Johnno and was lasting longer than Johnno, until suddenly he stopped struggling and slumped forward against his bonds.

“Someone *Enervate* him, we haven’t got time for this.” The minister said lazily. An Auror nodded and then ran over to Harry and quickly muttered to charm and walked away again. Harry gained consciousness again and then looked up and glared at the minister, staring directly in his eye.

“Right, er.. Mr Potter, if you would like to answer the question.”

“Screw you!” Harry spat, shocking the courtroom.

“W-w-what! Filius! Please set the charms again!” Weasley sputtered. Professor Flitwick nodded and then ran over to Harry again and for the second time during that trial he applied the Charms and ran back to his seat.

“Mr Potter! What is the name of you father?”

“Ferdinand.”

“What is his second name?” The minister asked, avoiding the question that seemed to allow Harry to shake off the charm.

“I don’t know.”

“What is your mothers name?”

“I have no mother, only my birth mother, her name was Lily Marie Evans-Potter.”

“But, who was the woman with your family?” Dumbledore asked, confused.

“A follower, she came in order for us to give off the impression of a loving family. I live only with my father.”

“Who were your siblings?”

“Delio and Cariola are my best friends. Lyca is my students.”

“Are they Elf Elementals?”

“Yes.”

“Is your father an elf elemental?”

“No only an elemental.”

“So you are not an elf?”

“No.”

“And you do not have your fathers blood so to speak.”

“Yes I do. The magical infusion of our blood occurred when he magically adopted me.”

“What names does your father go by?” Harry again struggled against answering, however Flitwick saw this and began to strengthen the charms surrounding him. Eventually Harry gave up and answered.

“He goes by many names. Mainly Ferdinand or Rodolphus Lestrange.”

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## Chapter Fourteen – The Prisoner of Azkaban

*An their sun does never shine,  
And their fields are bleak and bare,  
And their ways are filled with thorns,  
It is eternal winter there.*

Holy Thursday – William Blake (Songs of Experience)

We left the courtroom last time when Harry announced to the occupants of said courtroom who his father was. Now we are going to go back and see the reactions of those in the courtroom and will also find out the sentence of Harry.

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“He goes by many names, mainly Ferdinand and Rodolphus Lestrange.”

The silence in the courtroom was deafening. Well what could you say to that? Sirius was staring at Harry in shock whereas Remus seemed to have given up and was now shaking his head in despair.

“H-Harry, what about Bella?” Sirius asked, dreading the answer.

“No one knows where Bellatrix Lestrange is. She and Rodolphus have divorced.”

“Why did she not stay with Voldemort? Everyone knows she was his favourite Death Eater.” Dumbledore asked curiously.

“Once he came back, he found out what she had done to the Longbottom's. He tortured her until she escaped one night. If she returns she will be killed. No one should be tortured to insanity. Uncle Ant would have killed them had he been there. He was not however.”

Again no one knew what to say to this. For most if not all of some of their lives they had been told that Voldemort was a heartless monster who would have killed you if you had not joined his side, but here was

this boy, no young man telling the court and in effect whole wizarding world that he wasn't as bad as everyone thought him to be. What should they do with this information? It was already decided in the ministers and Dumbledore's head that Harry's 'father' and 'godfather's' real names would not be printed in the newspapers. It would create mass panics. They would lose the war. But then, what and who were they fighting against?

"Harry James Salazar Potter. I charge you with first-degree murder of ten individuals, magical and Muggle. Collaborating with known Death Eaters, and worst of all, collaborating with You-Know-Who himself. Therefore, I sentence you to life imprisonment in Azkaban."

The court erupted into a mixture of sobs from those who realised how truly screwed they were, cries of rage from those who either believed he should be kissed or those who didn't think he should have been convicted in the first place and cheers from those who just plain agreed with the conviction.

"Johnno Moore, I charge you of collaborating with known Death Eaters, running from those sent to dispose of you and collaborating with You-Know-Who. Faced with these charges I sentence you also to life imprisonment in Azkaban along with Mr Potter. Guards, please administer the antidote to Mr Moore and Filius if you would please drop the charms."

Once these actions had been carried out, Johnno looked ashen-faced and Harry seemed to be in shock. Who was going to get his family now? With Johnno in prison then no one would be able to get the message across. Unless...

**SS** Silas! Tell Remus to go to my father! Please! I need him to get my father! We will die in Azkaban! Please do this for me and consider your debt repaid! **SS** Harry hissed loudly, creating a small panic in the room amongst those who didn't know he spoke Parsel. Harry then felt the presence of the dementors coming into the room and so it wasn't long before I heard the pleas of his parents and more. Not long after he collapsed, to be dragged out of the courtroom. Leaving a grave looking headmaster, a devastated Sirius Black and a concentrating Remus Lupin.

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“Remus, where are we going? I know Harry said that we had to leave but that was before we heard all of that. And anyway, he will never escape Azkaban. He hasn’t got an animagus for one and well Azkaban is warded against that now because of me.”

“Sirius, come on. Silas has told me something.”

“What?”

“You know at the end of the trial, Harry started hissing something. Well he was asking Silas to ask me to get him help. Silas said he sounded desperate and said that he wouldn’t survive in Azkaban for long. You saw the effect that the dementors had on him! We have to help him.”

“Fine, but if Voldemort kills us on sight, then I am going to kick your ghost butt from here to Timbuktu.”

“Yes Sirius, of course. Though I don’t think Rodolphus will let him kill us if he thinks we have information. Come on.”

“Er... Remus, we have no idea where they live.”

“Ah. You have a point there. Er... who would know?”

“Oh god.”

“What?”

“Snivellus. We are going to have to ask for help from Snivellus. This day just keeps getting worse.”

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“Lupin, Black. What can I do for you on this depressing day.”

“Why is it depressing for you? Well besides the obvious, but I didn’t think you cared about Harry.” Remus asked curiously.

“As hard as it may be for you to consider but I am in the inner circle of the Dark Order. Everyone loves Harry as though he were their own

son or nephew. We respect him and we watched over him when he was growing up. He may not know it but there was always at least one Death Eater following him when he went on his travels. Though the Death Eater that was watching over him when he was captured may not have warm and fuzzy feelings for Harry anymore. In fact I don't think he is alive. Well, he may wish he is dead if he is alive." Severus trailed off and only a polite cough from Remus brought him back from his musings.

"Anyway, with the sentence today, my lord is going to be furious and will take it out on anyone who is near him, Rodolphus is going to go on a killing spree and my lord will condone it and maybe join him. Gentlemen. Following today's foolish judgement and sentence of Harry Potter, Lord Voldemort is going to come back with vengeance and will be stronger than ever. The new Dark Lord will seem like a teddy bear compared to him and anyone who gets in his way will be killed." Severus said, sighing and sitting heavily in his chair. Remus and Sirius both looked at him in shock and then at each other.

"Severus. You know when Harry hissed something?"

"Yes. Sadly though his Godfather was not there to understand it, and so I have no idea what he begged. Though I do know what desperation in Parsel sounds like."

"I understood what he said."

"What? How?"

"I bonded with a snake, I can understand Parsel when it is spoken from him, he translated it for me. You were right when you said that it was desperation. He said that he will die if no one gets him out and asked Silas to ask me to get help. Severus, You are the only one who knows where the forest is."

"What? Why didn't you tell me sooner? We have to go and tell them!"

"Er... first I think we should have a little fun in the name of my Godson."

"What are you suggesting Black?"

“I think that...”

---

The door to the Headmasters office crashed open as a very pale Severus Snape ran in. Dumbledore looked up in shock as the Minister fell off his seat and then quickly stood up and tried to regain his composure and dignity.

“Severus? What is wrong?”

“Sir. The Dark Lord is furious with the imprisonment of his Godson! He is going to hit a different town and city for each hour that he is in there. Starting with London! Nothing will get in his way until he has killed every single person, Muggle and magical! He has returned sir!”

“What do you mean returned? He never really left did he? I mean I know that Mr Potter said all that nonsense about a new Dark Lord being on the rise but that was exactly what it was, nonsense.”

“Minister if you believe that it was indeed nonsense then you are not going to survive this war for much longer! You have already made one of the largest mistakes in your short career by convicting Harry.”

“Well... what would you have done? He was a murderer!”

“He will die in Azkaban! He is the only one who can end this war!”

“Yes we all know what the prophecy said Severus, but Harry will not willingly kill his Godfather from what I can gather.”

“It only said Dark Lord sir.” Severus said before he turned and ran out of the room in a swirl of black robes.

---

Harry had been unconscious now for almost a day and Johnno was beginning to worry. He knew that the dementors effected Harry, hell that was the reason that Voldemort hadn't actively seeked allegiance with them, but he never realised it was this bad. He feared that if no one came to get them out soon then they would both die. Harry would slowly die in his sleep and it was a known fact that no werewolf

survived in Azkaban past the second full moon. The first one was now tomorrow.

A groaning coming from Harry interrupted Johnno's thoughts.

"Harry! Come on Kiddo! Wake up! Please!"

"Wha-? S'appened?" Harry asked, in a drunken manner.

"Come on Harry, wake up a bit more. We're in Azkaban, I don't know what you here when you collapse but it can't be good. You passed out when the dementors brought us in here and never woke up. It's been nearly a whole day! At least I think it has, we have had three meals sent our way and the last one was a couple of hours ago so in my calculations that is a day."

"I hear victims. My Parents pleas to *him*. The pleas of children to his followers, begging them to leave him alone. And I hear my uncle on the day that he beat to unconsciousness. Worst of all I remember when I was captured and he marked me as his equal."

"God Kid. You've had it rough. But don't worry about it now. Antonio and your father will get us out of here. Severus will get help."

"True. Shit, Johnno, what about Nagini? I mean Antonio made her stay with me at all times to make sure I was safe! And Perse! God they are alone! In Hogwarts! I hope they don't kill anyone."

"Do you really care if they do?"

"Not really no. I don't suppose I do anymore. My supposed protectors put sent me to live with the Dursley's, kept me caged in Hogwarts when they found me, dragged me away from my family and then sent me here. What have they ever done for me?"

"I know Kid. I know. Hey remember when you used to come hunting with me on full moons, you know before you changed."

"Yeah it was fun. Though I never used to appreciate the wolf like laughter that used to come when I tried to capture that rabbit to eat.

How did I know that mother rabbits were quite vicious?" Harry said with a small smile.

"Well it was funny watching you being chased by a very angry rabbit. I've never seen you so scared. Wasn't that the night that you found out you could speak to snakes?"

"I don't know I think so. Can't remember how it came about. Just that the snake wanted to keep me as her son. That was kinda creepy actually."

"Tell me about it. You freaked and started to cry. I had to herd you back to the cabin and sleep on the bottom of your bed to keep you calm."

"Hey, Johnno, what time is it?"

"Well I have no idea but looking out of our teeny weeny window I can see that the sun is beginning to set. Maybe your father will come for us tonight."

"I don't think they will come at all J. I mean how are they going to—" Harry never finished his sentence however as a loud bang came from above them and shouts were heard.

"We can only hope that that is your godfather and not the other Dark Lord."

"Tell me about it. If it is the latter then we are screwed."

'Yup. Well we are going to find out soon. I can hear them coming down the stairs." As soon as he said that, voices were heard in the stairway. Though neither of them recognised who they belonged to. Harry stood up to walk over to the door and swore when he saw who it was.

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## Chapter fifteen – Breakouts and heart-to-hearts

*The little boy lost in the lonely fen,*

*Led by the wand’ring light,*

*Began to cry, but God ever nigh*

*Appeared like his father white.*

The Little Boy Found – William Blake (Songs of Innocence)

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We left Johnno and Harry in Cell 9L3 in the notorious Azkaban. When we had left they had just received a visitor.

Now Harry is string at the visitor in shock. Whether it is joyous shock of fearful shock, we will just have to go and see.

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“Fuck”

“What? Is it bad? Is it *him*?”

“No it’s worse.”

“How is it worse?”

“Well for both of us it is worse.”

“Why? Who is it?”

“Antonio (here Johnno cursed so colourfully that a sailor would have been proud) and Anna (which then made Johnno give up on the cursing to laugh hysterically.)” Harry said morosely.

“Oh Good. Do you think this is our sides way of punishing us? I mean I understand why Antonio had to come, he is one of the most powerful wizards but couldn’t he have maybe let Delio or Cariola come for us.”

“Nope, this is definitely our punishment.” Harry said as he backed away from the door and went to sit by Johnno.

“You just had to give them wands and then tell everyone! I mean what were you thinking? And you! Well let me tell you Antonio is furious with you letting him get arrested. The worst of it is you had to get arrested with him! We had to rely on Severus and those other two idiots.” Anna yelled at them. Leaving them both thoroughly cowed.

“An-“

“Oh don’t you Anna me! Do you know how worried I was little kinder! In mean my own heir was arrested! Arrested! And put in here! I know how the dementors affect you and until the change that won’t stop!”

“Yeah but-“

“No! No buts! I know you are of age now but you will not be hanging around with any more goody goody wizards! You will not be traipsing around gods knows where without another guard and no Godson and heir of the great Annalesca of the Magorian Vampire Clan will be arrested and shoved in here without their persecutor paying dearly!” Anna finished, ignoring the feeble protests of Harry.

“Anna! Why have you just performed the ancient Vampire war promise. And without me!” Someone standing just out of sight of Harry whined.

“Antonio! I thought evil dark lords didn’t whinge.” Johnno said teasingly.

“That, Johnno, was not a whinge. It was a whine.” Antonio finished quietly, making Johnno grin broadly and Harry snort, trying to keep in his laughter.

“Johnno leave Antonio alone. Antonio don’t kill the people we are here to rescue. Thank you.” Anna said darkly. Antonio and Johnno nodded and then Harry and Johnno walked out of the cell and into freedom! (a/n sorry bit of a braveheart moment there)

Harry brushed down his prison robes with his hands, changing them into slightly fancy Death Eaters robes and then conjured a gold Death Eaters mask.

“Salazar! I am so happy that you are safe. I have had a word with the dementors and they are willing to set up a sort of wall around your mind so that they don’t affect you. It seems they are desperate to join our side of the war and not the other two’s side.” Antonio said, bringing the young man into a large bear hug.

“Er... okay then. What will I have top do? Oh hey! How is Lyca?”

“She is fine. We had to keep news of your incarceration away from her for obvious reasons but Delio has been helping her with her studies and she electrocuted David the other day. Put him out for a good two days. It made her parents so proud. And me in fact! She is going to make a grand Death Eater.”

“Hmm indeed she will. But hopefully this stupid war will have finished by the time she is old enough.”

“True. Though Anna’s call on war against all those who have wronged you and therefore her Clan could last for a while. I mean of course it will just be part of this war, but she did have to choose the stronger side to pick war with.” Antonio said, beginning to rant.

“Yeah. So... Dementors?”

“Oh right yeah. From what I can gather they will just protect you mind and that should take a few seconds. I’ll go and get the Dementor Lord shall I? Then we can go and join the fun!”

“Yeah. Hurry up. I want to kick some Auror ass. Hey! Do I have to wear this mask? I want to show them who there mysterious Death Eater really is. Your heir, honestly.” He sniggered. Ducking when Antonio went to cuff him on the side of his head.

“And what is wrong with being my heir?”

“I can’t be everyone’s heir! I mean Gryffindor’s, Slytherin’s, Ravenclaw’s, Anna’s, Ferdinand’s, Johnno’s (then again that doesn’t

say much)." He said, ducking another blow aimed at his head, this time from Johnno, "And Venici's! the list never ends! And when they die, their power gets passed on! I will implode with all the magical energy centred on me! It's a good job that the founders magical energy came at different times or I really would have imploded. Specially as the damned wizards of the so called light had captured me by the time I reached my seventeenth birthday."

"Yes, okay then you have a point. But I still could have had you as my heir."

"Nah, Delio is a good choice. Will make us more like family." Harry said thoughtfully. "Anyway, go get the dementors and then I can seek my own revenge on those who arrested me and sent to this hell hole."

"Of course. But don't strain yourself. I don't want Anna on my ass." He whispered, making Anna hmpf indignantly. He then walked off up the steps quickly, leaving Anna, Harry and Johnno to let out the other prisoners on their level.

"I didn't know you were Ravenclaw's heir." Johnno stated, opening the door for a prisoner.

"Yeah she married Godric Gryffindor, so I mean it only makes sense." Harry said, eyes glittering in humour as he opened the door for another prisoner.

"Hmph, yeah well I didn't know that. So what, did Salazar marry Helga? Would that make you Hufflepuff's heir as well?"

"No he didn't marry Helga. I think that she preferred the fairer sex and so she had no heir. Her line just died."

"Oh. That's actually kinda sad." Anna said, joining in with the conversation as she handed white masks to the people they had just released.

"Yep. Well then we just have to wait now before Antonio comes with the Dementor Lord. So, is my dad up there?"

“Oh yes, he and Rabastan are showing the younger Aurors why exactly they were feared among some of the older Aurors who remembered fighting them. It was quite bloody up there when they got into the swing of things.”

“Cool. I hope they leave some for me.”

“Oh don’t worry, Dumbledore’s Bird Club will be here in a few seconds. We let a young Auror go for help. It wouldn’t be as much fun without them. Though I think we may need back up from the rest of my Clan soon. We would ask the werewolves, but what with the full moon the day after tomorrow I am betting you are all feeling pretty crappy.”

“Yep. I think I need a pepper up potion. Ooh I think Ant is coming back.”

“Yeah I can here him speaking, er.... Rattling something to some one.”

“He is speaking to the Dementor Lord. It is actually a cool language, but it does murder on your throat, I never really learnt it well enough to speak to a Dementor.”

“Salazar! Come here a second and then we can go back.” Antonio shouted, standing at the foot of the staircase next to a very regal looking Dementor. This Dementor was wearing black like normal dementors but placed on its head was a delicate circlet of silver and its robes seemed to be made of shadows instead of any material. Harry mused that it most probably was.

“Right.” Harry said, walking over to his godfather. Immediately the distant screams began to echo in his head. The begging and pleading of victims of the past were reheard. Harry could feel himself slowly loosing consciousness and then it stopped. It stopped so suddenly that it made him dizzy for a few seconds. It was then that Harry realised he could perfectly understand what his godfather was saying to the Dementor Lord.

§ *Thank you, my lord. It is very much appreciated.* § Antonio said, bowing slightly to the Dementor Lord.

§*It is nothing. Our kind can sense that this young wizard will become important in our future. We would not wish his memories on anyone that important.*§

§*Indeed. Well, would you care to join us in this glorious fight?*§

§*We would be honoured. Well Little Prince. I will speak with you soon enough.*§ The Dementor said, tilting his head slightly.

§*That we shall. But for now we shall go and join the fight for the dark.*§ Harry replied, shocking everyone in the room by replying.

“I thought he said he couldn’t speak that language.” Johnno muttered to Anna. Anna just shrugged and stared at Harry.

“Come on you two. Don’t want to miss the fight now do we? Oh and here Johnno.” Antonio said, throwing a vial of pepper-up potion into Johnno’s hands and handing one to Harry as well. Johnno and Harry both downed the contents of the vial and then all five of them made their way into the thick of the fight.

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At the entrance of the prison there was a vicious fight going on. Just as Harry and co. arrived on the scene Dumbledore and his Bird Club arrived as well. Harry smirked and then pulled his gold mask over his face, getting an idea. He nodded to Antonio, who was now in his Voldemort look and walked over to where Dumbledore was standing. The rest of the order watching him wearily.

“Ah Dumbledore and the Order of the Phoenix. How pleasant that you have arrived.” Harry welcomed them mockingly bowing to them. The fight in the background seemingly unimportant to him.

“Er... sir, that’s the Death Eater who everyone says is You-Know-Who’s heir.” Someone whispered to Dumbledore. The old man looked up and narrowed his eyes at the newcomer at this piece of news.

“How old are you, you sound young.”

“Not that it is any of your business but I am seventeen.”

“Where did you go to school?”

“I was home-schooled by Voldemort himself.”

“You are young. Why do you fight?”

“Normally it is for the rights of my future people. Tonight it is revenge.”

“Future people?”

“I am not Voldemort’s heir. I am heir to Annalesca, leader of the Magorian Vampire Clan.” He said proudly.

“So you are a vampire.”

“No not yet. I am not yet of age to become a vampire. My father would not allow it.” Harry said shrugging, truly showing his age for the first time that night.

“You are a child. You should not be fighting in a war that does not concern you.” Tonks said, bravely stepping forward to stand next to Dumbledore.

“Were you not listening when I said tonight I am out for revenge? This is my war and the war of my people. Did you not feel the call for war by Annalesca herself?” he asked curiously.

“Indeed I did. Was that because of you then? But why? What have we done to you to incur revenge of the most notorious Vampire Clan in Europe?” Dumbledore asked in his infuriatingly calm and soothing voice. Harry smirked at this and reached forward to pull his mask off. However he made sure that the hood of his cloak created a shadow over his face.

“Do you truly want to know? Then look into my eyes and tell me that you did me no wrong.” Harry said and with that he pulled his hood down and stared defiantly into Dumbledore’s eyes. Ignoring the gasps of the rest of the Order. It was then that Anna decided to come over.

“Salazar. Introduce me to your er... friends.”

“Anna, this is the Order of the Phoenix. The people who kept me locked up in Hogwarts and then sent me here. Dumbledore, lackeys, this is Annalesca, my godmother.” Harry said, smirking at the looks on their faces.

“Harry. What would your father say?” a woman who he didn’t know the name of asked him.

“My father? Ask him yourself. I will fetch him whilst Anna keeps you company. Don’t kill any of them just yet Anna. They’re mine.” He added quietly. She nodded and then turned to face them with a wicked gleam in her eyes whilst Harry ran off into the fight to find his father.

“So then, how many of you have children?” Anna asked, grinning and running her tongue over her elongated fangs.

---

Harry cursed his way through Aurors to where he saw his father standing back to back with his uncle. He swore under his breath as he saw that they were cornered and out-numbered. Quickly shoving on his mask he surrounded his body in black flames and walked calmly through the crowd of sadistic Aurors.

The curses and hexes aimed at the two Lestrange brothers slowly became less and less as the screams of pain of those who had been burnt or set on fire by Harry walking past them distracted the other Aurors.

Harry dodged and blocked the curses sent his way and them shot water at those on his left and balls of fire at those on his right. Soon enough the rest of the Aurors saw a loosing battle and left them to join the rest of the fight.

“Dad! Uncle ‘Stan! Are you okay?” Harry asked, running over to his father and uncle.

“Yeah fine. Don’t know how long we would have lasted though if you hadn’t have turned up. Has Dumbledore arrived yet?” Rodolphus

asked his son, drawing him into a big bear hug quickly before letting go and looking at his seriously.

“Yeah that’s actually why I’m here. I left them with Anna. Are either of you hurt?”

“Not really. Nothing serious was thrown our way except a really weak cruciatus curse. Must have been the casters first one. It was weaker than your first try and you were ten!” Rabastan said cheerfully.

“Right.” Harry said slowly, still disturbed by his uncles cheerful demeanour. “Well are you both going to come? I would suggest putting on your masks, it is more fun watching their faces. They wanted to know what my dad would think of me joining Voldemort. I said I would go fetch him. I don’t think they have quite thought through what I admitted to in the trial and so I think they may be expecting either Ferdinand the elf lord or James Potter. Either way their reaction will be funny.”

“Ooh hey, I want to come as well!” Rabastan said, quickly walking behind them both, cursing the odd Auror on the way.

---

The Order of the Phoenix were becoming increasingly worried as time passed slowly, waiting for Harry to return whilst helplessly watching their side be killed mercilessly by the dark. The worst was when the dementors decided to join in and start sucking the souls out of their fighters, friends and family. It was true when someone said that it is supposed to be the worst thing anyone can be witness to.

What seemed like hours later, Harry cheerfully bounced back over to them, out of the crowd fighting in the background with two other death eaters.

“This is my father and uncle.” Harry said, coming to a stop next to a bored looking Anna.

“Can I go and feed now? I mean you don’t need me and I will be able to tell if you are in danger.”

“Yeah sure. I just wanted to show them that my father is actually very proud of some of my decisions of late.” Harry said, turning to face the order as he said that.

“You lie. James Potter is dead and he didn’t have any brothers or sisters.” Another person pompously said behind Dumbledore, who was now looking very old and was watching the Lestrange brothers warily. It seemed he remembered the trial.

“Oh this isn’t James Potter. But this is the only father I have known. He adopted me. Do none of you remember the trial of a few days ago or were you not there.”

“We weren’t there. So why don’t you get them to remove their masks and we can see what Death Eater adopted the Saviour of the wizarding world. I bet they aren’t much of a worry anyway. I could take on any death eater.” A red head in the crowd said. Harry raised an eyebrow at who he recognised to be Ron Weasley. Harry removed his mask once again and looked at Dumbledore with false hurt in his eyes.

“Oh now see, you said I was too young to join the order but here is a sad deluded little seventh year who thinks he can take on any death eater. I bet he hasn’t even felt a cruciatus curse. Well I can certainly change that. So Ron, did no one ever tell you stories of the first war? You know the one I supposedly stopped.” Harry asked, stepping forward and looking directly at Ron, who pompously puffed out his chest and stepped out of the crowd to stand in front of Harry. Ron was taller than Harry but Harry was by no means worried. He had helped Sirius in DADA and so knew what his weakness was. Spiders. And oh how he couldn’t wait for the time he could introduce Aragog to the fight.

“I’m not afraid of traitors to the light.”

“How am I a traitor to something that I never pledged allegiance to in the first place?”

“You are a traitor to the light! You told me everything about your family at Hogwarts.” Someone else said, moving to the front and behind Ron.

“Are you quite sure I told you everything Granger? I mean I may not be able to tell if someone is pretending to be my friend but I can speak to snakes. Interesting creatures snakes. They can smell deceit with their tongues a mile off. So tell me Granger what exactly did I tell you about my family?” Harry asked, hiding what he truly felt about being betrayed by who he thought were his first human, wizarding friends his own age. Form now on he would stick with elves and vampires. At least you knew where you stood with them. Admittedly most of them saw you as dinner, but at least you knew that!

“Leave her out of this! This is between you and me Potter. So why don’t you tell us about your father? I noticed that he hasn’t come to help you yet? Maybe he doesn’t really care. Or he is just a weak, low Death Eater who You-Know-Who doesn’t even notice.” Ron shouted, shoving Harry slightly. Rabastan discreetly held onto Rodolphus’ robes and shook his head as the older brother tried to move forward to kill his son’s tormentor.

“Tell me Ron, what do you know about the first war?”

“It’s not important.”

“Okay, let me rephrase it, What do you know about Voldemort’s inner circle.”

“They were evil and got what they deserved.”

“All of them? I mean Lucius Malfoy certainly didn’t go to Azkaban and most of the inner circle was broken out of Azkaban several years ago.”

“Yeah well.” Ron said uncertainly, occasionally throwing glances over Harry’s shoulder at a struggling death eater. The other death eater was holding the firsts robes and they were both now muttering furiously, the first death eater still trying to get his brother to let go of his robes. It was actually quite funny though no one else saw the comedy of it given the situation one of their own was now facing.

“Harry. Leave Ron alone. It is not his fault your revenge is not aimed at him, it is for me.”

“Oh no old man. I have a hell of a lot of revenge, that is plenty enough to go around this group twice!” Harry spat, slowly losing control of his emotions.

§ *You must keep control of you emotions little prince.* § The Dementor Lord rattled, gliding over from a victim to place a rotten hand on Harry’s shoulder. Ron looked up at the horror and started to whimper slowly, realising now the seriousness of threatening Harry was.

§ *I'm okay now, thank you Lord. Though I will want to speak with you later to find out why you called me little prince.* §

§ *Indeed you will. Until then be watchful of your emotions.* § the Dementor Lord said, before tilting his head at Harry and gliding back to the thick of the fight behind them.

“Oh cool! Sal can speak the language of the Dementors! That is sweet! I mean it took you ages to just learn how to say hello and now you can have a conversation with the Dementor Lord himself!” Rabastan said excitedly, letting go of a stunned Rodolphus and walking forward to stand next to an amused Harry. The order members who remembered Rabastan’s voice from the first war were now pale and Mrs Weasley was now hurrying through the crowd the try and get her youngest son back.

“Well it would seem that some of them remember your voice uncle Stan so what do you say to you and dad showing them who you really are and showing Ronniekins exactly who he has threatened to er... ‘take down’ was it.” Harry said, grinning maliciously at a now shaking Ron. “Well Ron, say hello to the weak lesser Death Eaters that you are so certain that you could kill. Though I seriously doubt you would be able to kill a fly. Oh and just a hint. Remember back to the very worst of the stories your parents told you about the first war. You know the ones that kept you awake at night, fearful that they would be coming to get you next.” Harry added cheerfully, winking at Ron as he stepped back and stood in between Rabastan and Rodolphus.

“W-w-what are you talking about Potter?”

“Ladies and Gentlemen, Boys and Girls. I give to you my Uncle, Rabastan Lestrange and my Father, Rodolphus Lestrange. You will have to excuse my uncle sense of humour, it does get a bit morbid at times.” He added, as the two mystery Death Eaters took off their masks and glared at a sobbing Ron in Rodolphus’ case or smiled and waved at the pale and shaking members of the Order in Rabastan’s case. The latter making Harry snigger.

“So, Sal. How long have you been able to speak to the Dementors?”

“Oh since Antonio came to fetch me. They put a mental barrier in my head to protect it and I received the ability to understand and speak to the Dementors in return. It is cool, but for some reason the Dementor Lord keeps calling me Little Prince. That is irritating.” Harry said, turning to raise an eyebrow at Dumbledore as he gasped.

“Little Prince?”

“Yeah. Oh god don’t tell me I am someone else’s heir as well. I can’t take this. I wasn’t joking when I said I would most probably explode with all the Magical energy being passed down to me.” Harry whined. Making the two brothers snigger.

“Well it just seems that you keep getting more and more powerful every year!” Rabastan said cheerfully smacking Harry on the back.

Harry nodded on exasperation and then looked back at a now semi shocked, semi horrified Order of the Phoenix.

“So now you know who your saviour has been looked after by for the last seven years. Oh I wasn’t lying about that by the way.”

“One of the only things he wasn’t lying about.” Rabastan muttered, yelping as he ducked a curse that Harry shot in his direction.

“Shut up Uncle Stan. How am I supposed to have respect and fear from them if you keep interrupting? Hmph.” Harry said, crossing his arms over his chest and sulking. Rabastan looked at his feet in shame whilst Rodolphus sniggered and then stopped when Rabastan glared at him.

“Harry. Surely you can’t be happy here. You must be under the *imperius* curse or something.” Dumbledore said, the members of the Order nodding their agreement. Harry rolled his eyes and then looked at his father for help. Rodolphus shrugged his shoulders and then they both turned to look at a still shamed Rabastan.

“I have no idea how to get it into their heads that you aren’t being forced into this.”

“Hmm. Dumbledore, surely you don’t believe that. I know for a fact that Johnno has told you that I was taught by Vampires and werewolves before I was adopted and then by elves. I can throw off the pain of the *Cruciatus* curse, though Antonio’s stings just a wee bit.”

“Just a bit.” Rabastan muttered sarcastically, ducking another curse from Harry.

“Thanks for that, anyway. You are all testament to the time I survived the killing curse, so we don’t have to go into that and as for the *imperius* curse I was able to throw that off when I was seven.”

“No one can throw off You-Know-Who’s *imperius* curse, ‘specially not a weakling like you! I bet you haven’t even met him!” Ron hissed, suddenly getting a burst of bravery (or stupidity).

“And I suppose you have? You, the one mollycoddled by his mother, I bet you have come face to face with A-Voldemort ooh at least once a week right? No? was I wrong? Well I can change that.” Harry said viciously.

“Oh and how are you going to do that? Just because you have the Lestrange brothers behind you, most probably pretending to be family, doesn’t mean they can protect you from V-V-Voldemort.”

“Ooh, your bravery is astounding, just about on par with your stupidity. You said his name, so what. Anyway, Let’s do something that Dumbledore no doubt hid from you all.” Harry said glaring at said headmaster and then glancing over his shoulder at his father and uncle. They both nodded and then stood a step closer.

“Want me to go and get My Lord?” Rabastan said, glancing up at a now suddenly very nervous headmaster, whether he was nervous about the fact Voldemort was coming or that Ron was still very much in the firing line wasn’t quite clear. Ah well.

“Sure. I’d say bring the Dementor Lord as well, but they have already seen him. Anna might want to come. Dad, why don’t you go fetch Anna and Johnno?” Harry said, still not entirely leaving his back open to the Order.

“Er... okay. Just so you know, I don’t completely feel safe leaving you alone with these. Judging by their Aurors, I don’t think they would have a problem with twenty of them against the one of you.”

“Well you had better hurry up then. Don’t worry anyway. The Dementor Lord did something so he can tell when I am stressed or whatever, and Antonio is sort of connected to me. Then again so is the other dark lord. Ah well. ‘bout time I learnt his name.”

“Hmm. Okay then. Oh and just to warn you, if any harm befalls him, then oh dear, you really know where to get enemies.”

“Go!” Harry said, glaring at his family. They both nodded and then reluctantly turned away.

“So! Now you don’t have your stupid family backing you up, are you as brave as you say?” Ron spat, stepping further forward. Harry was about to step forward to meet him, when he realised what a stupid mistake he had just made, and what an even more stupid mistake the Order were going to do.

“I’m sorry my boy, but this is the only way.” Dumbledore said from behind him before everything went black.

---

Harry woke up hours later to a splitting headache. He looked around him and then tried to move. He was in a room that was lit only by a candle by the wall in front of him. He looked down and saw that he was tied to a chair. Covering himself in black flames that had green edges, he found out that the rope and chair were both charmed against fire, magical or normal.

“Bollocks.”

“Glad to see you are finally awake.” A voice said from behind him. Harry turned his head so fast he nearly gave himself a crick in the neck.

“Who’s there?”

“Ah just another member of the Order. You are back at Hogwarts. See, for some reason Dumbledore seems to believe that you are important and that we need you. I don’t agree, but who am I to disagree with Dumbledore?” the person said, taking a step closer to Harry. Harry narrowed his eyes, recognising the voice.

“Who are you? What’s your name?”

“That is none of your business.”

“Well you have made one hell of a mistake.”

“And why would that be?”

“You’ll see.” Harry said, inclining his head towards the direction of the voice.

“Yeah, like you can do anything.”

“You weren’t at the trial were you.”

“No.”

“Ah so you missed some very interesting information about me.”

“Yeah, like what?” the voice asked snidely.”

“Like Antonio is my Godfather.”

“And who’s Antonio? Another stupid death eater?”

“Oh no. You might recognise his other names.”

“Like what?”

“Tom Marvolo Riddle?”

“He was a head boy here years ago. What’s so special about him.”

“Dumbledore, you really should tell your members more about their enemy! No wonder you are losing!” Harry shouted, knowing that the headmaster would be watching this.

“Shut up. He tells us everything.”

*“The one with the power to vanquish the dark lord approaches... born to those who have thrice defied him, born as the seventh month dies... and the dark lord will mark him as his equal, but he will have the power the dark lord knows not... and either must die at the hand of the other for neither can live whilst the other survives... the one with the power to vanquish the dark lord will be born as the seventh month dies.* I think that is about right. You might have to tweak it a bit to actually understand the mumbo-jumbo that these quacks come up with but... you get the hint. Kill or be killed for me Ronniekins.” He said, turning and looking straight at where he last heard Ron breathing.

“You lie.”

“Oh and I bet he hasn’t told you the best. Antonio is also known as Lord Voldemort. My Godfather is gonna be one hell of a pissed off Dark Lord, and my Godmother. Well, that’s another matter. Oh and Dumbledore! My parents knew who the prophecy was really talking about, as did you. You manipulated them and made them hide from Voldemort, even though you knew that his attacks had ceased. Even though you knew that my parents hadn’t thrice defied him, they had the other Dark Lord but not him. Shame Peter Pettigrew’s dead. He would have been able to tell you the Dark Lords name.” Harry mused, then shifted again in his seat to get comfortable.

“Shut up! You think you are so special coz of this prophecy.”

“Oh yeah, real special. Let me tell you something about me Ron. You know about heirs and magical energy being passed down to them right?”

“Yeah.” Ron said slowly, unsure as to where this is going.

“Well you having like fifty older brothers will never experience it, but at your coming of age, you will inherit these powers. I am heir to about six people. Every year since I was eleven I have come into these powers. They have had to be staggered to every other year until I was sixteen then it was every year because the overload of power would have killed me.”

“Shame.”

“You don’t understand. You have no idea who I am heir to. Let me tell you just two shall I?”

“Like I care.”

“Gryffindor and Slytherin.”

“Wha-“

“Oh yeah and Dumbledore, say goodbye to your school.” Harry said, before he covered himself in black flames and started to hiss.

**SS I**, Heir of Salazar Slytherin, do hereby release the monster of the chamber to finish the job once started! Cleanse this school of all dirty blood. Whether it Pureblood or Muggleborn! Kill the enemy! **SS**

“W-w-what have you just done?” Ron asked as the door to the room slammed open and it was flooded with light as the rest of the order came in, white in fear.

“Harry! What did you do?” Dumbledore asked, pale as any of the other members. Harry smirked and turned to face him.

“Enemies of the Heir, beware.” He said, smirking darkly.

## Chapter sixteen – Enemies of the Heir, Beware.

*Earth raised up her head*

*From the darkness dread and drear*

*Her light fled-*

*Stony! Dread! –*

*And her locks covered with grey despair.*

Earths Answer – William Blake (Songs of Experience)

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“Enemies of the Heir, Beware.” Harry smirked, then closed his eyes and flared up the flames around him.

“What does he mean Dumbledore?”

“It means that the school is in danger. We will have to secure rooms for the children.”

“Why?”

“I believe that Mr Potter here has-“

“Come now Dumbledore. The children in this castle are perfectly safe. Members of your order however...” Harry trailed off, leaving the ending open for them to interpret, though it was clear the meaning.

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Sirius paced his godson’s room in the forest, muttering furiously about homicidal, maniacal Dark Lords getting what they deserve. Remus watched him, chuckling under his breath at his best friends antics.

“Sirius, I’m sure everything is okay. I bet Harry just wanted to fight along with them.”

“Remus! I’ve been in Azkaban! It isn’t a very nice place!”

“Yes, but he does have Voldemort on his side. And Johnno is with him. They’ll be back any minute now!” Remus said, standing up from the seat at Harry’s desk and walking over to the window. He gazed out of it, looking at the surrounding trees and houses. Watching the elfin children running around, smiling and laughing, acting as though they didn’t have a care in the world. But if you looked close enough you could see the adults watching their children. There were also guards on the edges of the village and at the only entrances to the village. Also if anyone walked just out of the forest, you would see that the surrounding villages to this forest were abandoned. The occupants of said villages either dead or living amongst the elves. In this part of Britain there was no longer a divide between magical and non-magical people, the Muggles were no longer in the dark about the magical world and the wizards who hid in this forest had a new ally in the war.

“Remus! They have been gone for almost nine hours! I knew we should have gone with them!”

“We can’t go anywhere at the moment. As soon as Harry is let out of Azkaban, then we will become some of the most wanted wizards in Britain! People will know that we had something to do with it and we will be hunted down.”

“So! Who cares! I’ve already spent two years hiding and only recently gained my freedom! I don’t care anymore as long as I don’t lose my godson again! And your theory is bull! We should have gone because we no longer have anything to lose!” Sirius shouted, looking out of the window at children that Remus was watching. Suddenly he noticed Lyca running up to a guard and then nodding, she looked in the direction of Harry’s hut and then pointed it out to the elf. The elf then nodded and told her something. Sirius watched as the reactions of the small child changed drastically from cheerful and bubbly to hysterically crying and sobbing.

“Remus, something’s happened.”

“What makes you say that?”

“Lyca is crying. That girl never cries unless something has happened to Harry.” Sirius said, not taking his eyes off of the child.

“Come on, we have to go.” Remus said, grabbing Sirius by the arm and dragging him down the steps of the hut and over to where the guards were.

“What’s wrong? What’s happened?” Sirius said, running over to the guard. However before the guard even had a chance to answer a cursing Rodolphus Lestrange appeared just on the outside of the gate.

“Bastard! Utter backstabbing wanker! I will rip his throat out the next time I see him! How dare he! Leader of the light my arse! Where’s Antonio!” Rodolphus said walking through the gate. He stopped where he was when he noticed that Sirius and Remus standing watching him. He dropped his gaze and suddenly, whatever adrenalin he was running off, left him and he collapsed on the floor with silent tears running down his face.

“Come on, let’s get you to your room.” Rabastan said, pulling his brothers arm over his shoulder and heaving him to his feet. Remus and Sirius rushed forward to help him and they took him to Harry’s hut and placed him in Harry’s bed once they made it to his room.

“I’m sorry. I failed him again.” Rodolphus said quietly before collapsing into a well needed sleep.

“What happened?”

“We went to get Antonio and Anna for some reason, on Harry’s orders and when we got back the whole order had gone as well as Harry. When we asked what had happened, a Death Eater told us that they tried to get to Harry, but he had been surrounded and then stunned from behind by Dumbledore. The Leader of the Light attacked when Harry’s back was turned. Then they all apparated away or took Portkeys. They took Harry.” Rabastan said, shaking his head and then glancing at the door to Harry’s bedroom.

“Is Severus still at Hogwarts?”

“Yes, why?”

“He isn’t suspected?”

“No, Dumbledore trusts him too much.”

“Good, then maybe he can help Harry. Harry will be fine, he’s resourceful and whilst he was there he was gaining Allies.” Sirius said, sitting on a chair heavily. Suddenly Remus jumped up from his seat near the door and looked at Sirius and Rabastan, who were both looking at him expectantly.

“The Chamber of Secrets! Basil won’t let anything happen the his master. And if I know Harry, then he will re-open the chamber, and this time he will accomplish what his Godfather failed.”

---

“Dumbledore! What does he mean? What has he done?” A hysterical woman asked, watching Harry.

“Harry has opened the Chamber of Secrets.”

“But that is a myth!” Flitwick said, though it was clear by the tone of his voice that he was uncertain.

“Nope, not a myth, quite a nice place actually. And come now Minerva, you knew it was already open anyway; don’t tell me that you never told your fellow work mates and order members that you saw it opened. And don’t pretend that you never because I know you follow Dumbledore blindly everywhere. In fact you all do.”

“What are you talking about Potter? Dumbledore, this child is obviously delusional.” Snape spat, eyes glinting malevolently, though who it was towards only he knew.

“Severus, I am afraid it is correct, the chamber has indeed been opened and Minerva and myself were there when it closed behind Mr Potter. However, the myths do not tell what kind of monster is down there.”

“Oh come on! Most of you are teachers, Aurors and some are even Unspeakables. Are you telling me that, by powers of deduction, you can’t even take a guess at what is down there? I’ll give you a clue shall i? What was Salazar famous for?”

“Dear Lord. What is down there? It is a serpent isn’t it?”

“Indeed it is, sorry, I don’t know your name.”

“Charles Edwards.”

“Ooh Muggle name. Let me guess, hmm. Knows history of Salazar obviously was a Ravenclaw and is an Unspeakable. Hmm Half Blood.” Harry said, watching the unspeakable squirm. “Father was a Muggle. Mother was a witch, but was she a pureblood or not?”

“No, she was a muggleborn.”

“Ooh! You’re not really even a half-blood then are you? More a quarter blood. Of course, none of this matters to me, but if you cross Voldemort, it may just be best to lie. Then again he can normally spot a lie a mile off. But if you are a pureblood or somewhat near to a pureblood and on the wrong side then at least he will just kill you. Miss Granger on the other hand will be tortured for about oooh, you said you have no magical relatives right? Well that is grounds for about three days torture then you will either die from the injuries or will just be dumped near Hogwarts without chance of survival. Trust me, you won’t survive. Our potions will make sure of that. Best make sure that you aren’t captured Miss Granger.”

“That is enough Mr Potter! You have got to stop the monster!”

“It’s not a monster! It is a he and he has feelings just like the rest of us! If you are prejudiced towards all magical creatures Dark or Light then how are you going to win a war that it about equality! Voldemort has realised this, which is why he has alliances with every magical creature, dark or light in Britain.”

“You still haven’t told us what kind of creature this thing is?” Ron spat.

“I will tell you something if you answer my question honestly. What have you done with my trunk?”

“It is still in the DADA professors quarters. No one can touch it for some reason. Is there anything else you wish to know, or will you tell us what the creature is?”

“I feel empty, tell me what you did to Persephone.”

“Ah. See the thing is, we did not know if she would be hostile. You have to understand that the children of this school were in danger.”

What did you do to Persephone?” Harry ground out slowly. The other members of the order that knew what had happened, all gulped and looked uncomfortable, all except Ron.

“Ha! That evil monster? She was vicious and deserved what happened to her.”

“What did you do?”

“I set fire to her.” As Ron said this, every one in the room had to duck down quickly as the flames surrounding Harry flared viciously and licked the walls surrounding them, only just missing there heads as they ducked. Once the flames had dissipated everyone stood up slowly and looked at the chair that Harry was once sitting in. though now it was empty.

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Sirius and Remus jumped as someone apparated into the living room right next to Rabastan, who didn't look very shocked in the least.

“We haven't found anything, but we do have Azkaban. We won Azkaban, but we lost my Godson. Damn Dumbledore.” The red eyed, snake-like man hissed, making the windows of the hut shatter.

“Calm down ‘Tony.’” A voice from the doorway said, everyone turned to see Johnno standing in at the door with Anna standing behind him, both looking very depressed.

“At least we know where he is this time I suppose. I will call a meeting soon so that Severus can brief us on how he is doing. I haven't heard from Nagini either, but I haven't felt any negativity through our bond so I am hoping that she is ok-“ Antonio stopped suddenly and dropped onto his knees, just as the door to the bedroom slammed open and Rodolphus walked in looking pale and holding a blue glowing sphere.

“Something’s happened to Harry. He is distressed. Antonio, what’s happened?” Rodolphus said darkly, walking over to Antonio and kneeling down beside him.

“They killed his bonded.”

“WHAT! How dare they! Did they not realise they were bonded? When did it happen?”

“The dementors effected him more than normal. He didn’t come round until about half an hour before you arrived. It must have happened whilst he was unconscious.”

“That would explain the weird mood he was in. He seemed less attached then normal. Antonio, what happens when a bonded is killed?” Anna asked, stepping into the room

“Unless the other half of the bond is able to grieve then the person will turn into what I was. Harry is stronger than me, more powerful than anyone. Hell he is set to become a vampire in a year’s time! Remember what it was like in the first war? You know when there was actually two Dark Lords, but everyone pinned it on me? Well I was like that because Dumbledore had killed my bonded.

“On that Halloween where I supposedly killed the Potters I was in Romania, a year later I found Nagini which helped me. Harry is alone, unless Basil can help him through it. The fact that they did it when he wasn’t there is worse and will be harder for him, but they have basically just locked themselves and about five hundred children in a castle with a very hostile Basilisk and one up and coming Dark Lord, worse than Voldemort and Grindelwald together. Do you understand what will happen if we don’t get him out of there soon? Never mind the light side losing, we will all die!” By the end of this speech the whole room was in an oppressive silence. Antonio was standing up and his eyes were all red, but the rest of the glamour had fallen. Rodolphus was still kneeling on the floor with his head in his hands and the rest were slowly processing what was about to happen to the only thing that these seven people had in common.

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## Chapter Seventeen – Harry Potter! This is Your Life

*To Mercy, Pity, Peace and Love*

*All pray in their distress,*

*And to these virtues of delight*

*Return their thankfulness*

The Divine Image – William Blake (Songs of Innocence)

“Right, we will have to split up to find Mr Potter. Once you do, stun him but if he seems too hostile or he is hissing, then get as far away as possible, but tell us where he was. We need to find him before anyone is killed.” Dumbledore said once they had gotten over the shock of the message written out in flames on the wall.

“Dumbledore, what do you think was wrong?”

“I believe we may have killed Mr Potter’s bonded. The snake was obviously more than a pet.” Dumbledore sighed, though not telling them what would now be the consequence of killing another’s bonded.

Everyone in the room nodded in understanding and then slowly one by one they left the room, with the message.

*You burned Persephone! Now I will return the favour.*

*One by one.*

---

*A small wraith like child ran through the forest sobbing, looking at him he looked to be about seven years old. The child was running blindly through the forest, occasionally glancing backwards. Shoulder-length jet-black hair whipping over his face with the wind. Suddenly the child fell in a small ditch and hugging his knees to his chest started to sob.*

*As night came, so did the snow and the small child slowly fell asleep in a very dangerous place, the gentle snow covering him almost immediately.*

.....

*Harry, for that was the small boys name, woke days later whimpering. He was hot, too hot. He just wanted it to end. He didn't understand what was wrong with him. He had never felt this bad when he had lived with Johnno or the evil ones. He was in fact Hypothermic, and extremely ill.*

*“Shh little one. We will not hurt you.” A gentle voice soothed him. Harry whimpered again but then relaxed as a cool hand was placed on his cheek. Soon he fell into a fitful sleep again.*

.....

**SS** *Where am I?* **SS** *the small child hissed, making the one watching over him look up in shock. The child was a Parselmouth. Harry Potter could speak the ancient language of Slytherin,*

**SS** *You are safe. You have been ill for a while now. You should be getting better now. Can you tell me you name?* **SS** *Of course he knew the childs name, he knew just by looking at the scar, but he had to know what the child was doing in the middle of a hostile forest in the middle of winter.*

**SS** *Harry. I do not know my last name. sorry sir.* **SS** *The thin boy opened his eyes slowly and looked at the man leaning over him, taking his temperature.*

**SS** *There is no need to call me sir. You may call me V-Tom, just Tom.*  
**SS** *The man, Tom, said with a kind smile.*

**SS** *Thank you for helping me. I have to go now though. The bad people will come! They can't take me back!* **SS** *Harry was now beginning to panic. What if this man was one of the bad people! What if he was just pretending to be nice! He couldn't go back there! He wouldn't live! He may have only been seven but he knew he would die if he returned.*

**SS** *Who are the bad people Harry?* **SS** *Tom asked, frowning as the child was clearly distressed.*

**SS** I don't know! Johnno said they were from a ministry? **SS**

**SS** The Ministry of Magic? **SS** Tom asked, though more to himself.

**SS** Yes. **SS**

**SS** Is that why you were in the forest? You were running away? **SS**

**SS** Yes. They would take me back! **SS**

**SS** Take you back where? **SS**

**SS** To the Dursley's, but I can't go back! They will kill me! Uncle Vernon will kill me! **SS** The child whimpered, looking at Tom with eyes wide with fear. Tom frowned in anger at Muggles who would hurt a child. Memories of his own childhood flashed through his mind and his frown deepened.

**SS** Do you know where you were going to go? **SS**

**SS** Yes. Johnno said to head for the nearest Werewolf colony. But I got lost! He said I would be safe with the werewolves. **SS** Again Tom frowned, however this time in confusion. Who was Johnno? And why did he think a child would be safe with werewolves. Unless...

**SS** Harry, do you change into a wolf sometimes? **SS**

**SS** Yesss, but Johnno didn't know why. He said I wasn't a werewolf, I didn't smell the same. He is a werewolf. That is why he said I would be safe. Please, will you take me there? **SS**

**SS** Yes, I will take you to the colony that you seemed to be heading for in the morning. Now however you need to sleep, or you will not be well enough to go. **SS** Tom said with a smile. The child smiled back at him sleepily before falling asleep against him.

...

Harry held on to Tom's hand tightly as he was led in the forest towards where he was told the colony was. He glanced down at his new clothes and wrinkled his nose as the wool from his new scarf

*tickled hi nose. Tom had insisted in making him wear several layers of woolly clothes making it almost impossible for him to move, but at least he was warm as Tom had insisted when he had moaned and practically thrown a hissy fit at the uncomfortable newww of said layers*

*He was pulled out of his musings quite suddenly as he stumbled for the forth time. He glanced up and smiled sheepishly at Tom who rolled his eyes and smirked back at the small child. He then sighed and then leant down to pick him up.*

*“We are nearly there Harry.” Tom said, discovering that morning that the child could talk English perfectly and only reverted to Parseltongue when scared.*

*“Are you going to stay with me?”*

*“No, I’m afraid I have other things that I need to do. But you know how to get to me. I gave you that little bronze coin. Remember?”*

*“Yes, you said that all I had to do was wish to see you and it would take me to you, but to only do it in a real emergency.” The small child recited, having been drilled into his head that morning.*

*“Good, now even though that is only for emergencies, when you decide that you are old enough to move on, then I want you to visit me at least once a year, hear me? You will know how to find me when the time comes.” Tom said, placing the child on the ground again as he walked into the small village in the middle of the forest. It had several wards on it that Tom could recognise to send Wizards and Muggles away and also to keep the werewolves in. However he could enter a) because of Harry, and b) because he was a powerful wizard anyway.*

*“Who are you? What are you doing here? You are no Werewolf!” someone shouted, running towards them to stop them.*

*“My name is of no concern, however this child needs to stay here until at least summer. He was recommended to come here by someone called Johnno.” Tom said, still holding Harry’s hand.*

*“Johnno? We know him well, he would not have sent anyone who would endanger us. Well the child may stay, but it is not safe for you.”*

*“His name is Harry, he is not a werewolf, but something else. Help him to understand what he is and please look after him. Oh and another thing, if any Ministry people come, then send him away again, but give him directions, he should be safe alone, but he can get lost easily.” Tome said in a low voice. He then knelt down and faced Harry. “Harry, I am going now, these people will be able to help you when you change. I know it is painful, but they are somewhat like you and so will be able to understand better. Please be good and stay safe and remember what I said about the coin. Only in emergencies.” He said, and with that he hugged the child quickly and then walked back out of the village and disappeared with a quiet ‘pop’.*

---

Ronald Weasely and Hermione Granger walked through the corridors of Hogwarts quietly, looking for Harry, though only because they had to. Ron was still disgruntled about having to search for him, feeling much better to just leave him to be eaten by the ‘dirty great snake’.

“Ron, what is that glowing?” Hermione asked quietly, pointing to a bright blue light coming from the girls toilets.

“Dunno, do you think we should go check it out?”

“Er... I dunno. Maybe. Come on then.” Hermione said quietly, and then slowly opened the door into the toilets and gasped.

Lying on the floor was Harry, bright blue light surrounding his body, which was lying in a heap in front of the sinks.

“Come on, we should take him to the infirmary and then fetch Dumbledore.”

“Yeah sure.”

---

*Harry grinned up at Max, one of the werewolves at the colony and Johnno’s best friend. Harry had lost all childish innocence whilst at the colony (A/N - Not in that way people. Harry is quite safe from*

*people like them thank you.) and was now travelling through the forest. Today however was his birthday and he had arranged to meet up with Max in some pub called the Leaky Cauldron.*

*“Hey Kid. So then, are you ready for your first visit to Diagon Alley?”*

*“Sure. Don’t know what I would need here though?”*

*“A wand Harry.”*

*“A wand? I don’t need a wand remember. Why would I need a wand to make fire?”*

*“No, you can do other stuff with a wand. But do me a favour and wear this around your forehead.” He said, handing him a red bandanna.*

*“Sure.” Harry said slowly, tying the bandanna around his head and effectively hiding the scar.*

*“Right! Now we are ready to go?”*

*“Yup.”*

*“Good, follow me.” He said with a smirk and then led the small child out of the back of the pub and then, tapping a brick on the wall, stood back to watch the face of his young charge for the day. Harry’s face lit up into a bright smile when he saw the busy street.*

*“Wow.”*

*“Wow indeed. Well then Harry, let’s go get your wand. Come with me. I know just the place.” He said and then he took Harry’s hand and led him through the crowds and then turned into a very dark and empty alley. This alley was completely different to the one that they had just left, but for some reason Harry felt more at home and if possible, safer here than he did in the other street.*

*“This is Knockturn Alley. You will be safe down here because of what you are but most stay away. The shop we should go to is just at the end there, and then we can go into the pub for something to drink and eat. Then I will have to leave you, but I will give you some galleons to*

*buy a few books. The best place for them is Borgin and Burkes. Tell them that max sent you and whoever is there will take you to the books that iset aside. Those galleons are for other books that you might want.” Harry nodded and then glanced around the shops in curiosty. He saw the shop that Max had recommended as they passed and made a mental note of where it was. Soon he was led into a dark musty shop full with lots of long cardboard boxes.*

*“Ah, Max! you have come with the er... special person you were talking about earlier?” an old man with violet eyes said, stepping from behind a shelf. Max nodded and Harry smiled up at the man.*

*“Yup. Ray, this is Harry. He needs a wand.”*

*“Right, well you have come to just the right place. Which is your wand arm?”*

*“I’m ambidextrous if that is what you mean.”*

*“Indeed it is. Well try this wand. Willow and runespoor scale. Very good for charms.” He said, handing Harry a wand. Harry waved it and then watched in morbid fascination as the lamp behind the man shattered.*

*“Nope, not the one. Hmm. A difficult customer? My favourite. Well, try this one. Oak and veela hair.” Harry again took the wand and waved it. This time the desk was turned into a large cobra, a large, hostile cobra. The man quickly changed it back and grabbed the wand out of his hand.*

*“Definitely not. Hmm. Okay then, maybe this one? Holly and vampire blood.” Harry waved the wand and watched as a whole shelf of boxes collapsed into one large dusty heap.*

*Several wands and one almost completely destroyed shop later and the man handed Harry another wand. As soon as he touched the wand he knew it was the right one. He felt a wave of warmth run though him and sparks of green and gold shot out the end.*

*“Well, that is Holly and Phoenix feather. But it is no ordinary phoeix. It is the feather of a black phoenix. These are the darker breed of*

*phoenix and their song brings fear and sorrow into the hearts of all that hear it. That wand is particularly good at the Dark Arts.” He said, cheerily. He then asked for the price (eight galleons) and smiled as the two left his shop.*

.....

*Harry smiled as he walked back out of the shop. He had been given the books that Max had set aside for him and then found a very interesting one, that Mr Borgin claimed was not in a language he understood. Harry on the other hand could read it perfectly and so had decided to buy it. It helped matters that the book seemed to be about the darkest of magic and so swayed the decision even more. So now Harry had his bags full with books and had now decided to return to his forest to read the books. He had also bought a trunk with one compartment to keep his books in and at the moment had been shrunk to hang at his neck on a chain. Mr Borgin had shown him how to do that.*

*Yes all in all it had been a very productive birthday and Harry couldn’t wait to return back to the forest so that he could read and begin to learn magic besides pyrokinesis.*

---

“We just found him like this in moaning myrtles bathroom sir. He was also glowing the same colour as well.” Hermione said as she walked back into the infirmary with Dumbledore and the rest of the order following.

“Do you know what is wrong with him Poppy?” Dumbledore asked the mediwitch as he stepped up to the side of the bed.

“No, but occasionally he will say something. So far though he has only mumbled something that I didn’t quite catch. Something about someone called Max or Mark or something like that.”

“Well if he wakes up or says something else, please contact one of us. In fact, Kingsley, please stay here as well, just in case he does wake up and he is hostile.”

---

*Harry was lying in a bed of leaves in a hut which seemed to be in a tree when he woke up, he frowned, remembering that he had fallen asleep on the floor of a forest, and not a bed. Where was he? He looked around the room and saw that to the right of his makeshift bed was a medium sized stone basin, next to which was a small beaker made of the same stone as the basin. He sat up in his bed and then swung his legs over the side and walked over to the basin. When he saw his reflection in the water he gasped. His hair was still messy and maybe a bit longer than the last time he had saw it, but now, as well as being jet-black he had silver and green streaks and at the front, just in front of his face was a dark red streak which kept falling into his eyes. He filled his cup with the water from the basin and was about to take a drink from it when he heard voices coming from the ground below his tree. Human voices.*

*“We found him at the base of the tree Ferdinand. I believe he is the heir. The one that our Lord was talking about. He told us that he hadn’t visited for over a year, which apparently is unusual and was worried. When I found this boy, I immediately thought of the heir, so I brought him here.”*

*“Okay Castruchio. I will go in and talk to him. If he is indeed the boy that our Lord talks about then I will let him stay here. We will also have to contact Lord Voldemort to tell him that he is safe. Maybe he can make friends.”*

*“Yes. My son, Delio will be delighted to have someone his own age around.”*

*“Yes. Well I will go talk to him then.” Harry placed the cup back down next to the basin and turned around as he heard the voice become louder. A man walked in with jet-black hair that was red underneath and he also had red eyes, that reminded him of Tom. That was a point. He hadn’t been to visit Tom yet. Oops. He thought, nibbling his lip. He would just have to do that when he left here.*

*“So little one. Would you like to tell me what your name is and why we found you unconscious at our borders.”*

*“Er... heh. I was kinda drawn here. I don’t know why. But well... yeah. Oh and my name is Harry Potter.” He said, with a sheepish smile. The man frowned and then smiled back brightly.*

*“Well you are certainly welcome here Harry! We have been searching for you! The one you call Tom was worried.”*

*“Oh you know Tom! That’s good. I didn’t mean to worry him, but I was distracted by this forest and also I was almost caught by the Ministry again. Heh.” He added sheepishly.*

*“Okay then. Well why don’t you freshen up and then I can introduce you to everyone.” The man said kindly, indicating to the fresh clothes at the foot of his bed, he then left Harry alone in the room to his thoughts.*

.....

*“Well Harry, do you have any questions?”*

*“Yes. Why does everyone call you Ferdinand?”*

*“Ah, that is because it is the name I was given by my mother. She was an Elemental Elf and was once the leader of this clan. That is why both myself and my brother can control the elements but we are not elves.”*

*“Oh. Well may I be called Salazar. Seeing as that is my heritage.”*

*“Of course. Tom will be happy.”*

*“Yup. I think I will go visit him later in the year.”*

*“Yes. You will not be able to leave here until you can control your elemental ability.” He said with a kind smile.*

.....

*A month later and Salazar, as he was know know had become very close to the two brothers. Who had told him were called Rodolphus and Rabastan by others. He had become so close that he had come*

*to see Rodolphus as his father, this was strange in such a short time, but the elves welcomed it for their lord and so it was made official.*

*On the twenty-fourth of June, 1990, Harry was adopted magically by Rodolphus Ferdinand Lestrange. However Harry kept his birth name, most of the time.*

*He had also become very close friends with two other elves. Cariola, who was two years older than Salazar and Delio, who was the same age and only a week older.*

---

“Sir, we think that he is remembering his past. He occasionally mumbles something as though he is talking to someone. I heard him ask to be called Salazar and also talk about visiting someone called Tom.” Kingsley said when Dumbledore came to visit a couple of hours later.

“So he has not woken yet?”

“No sir. Has anything come up about the chamber yet?”

“No, it is my belief that he was heading the the chamber when he collapsed. I note that he is no longer glowing. Maybe that means he will soon be waking.”

“Maybe sir. Maybe.”

---

“What have we done wrong?”

“You should know that the Dark Order is for life! You have changed sides and endangered our side. You cannot be allowed to live.”

“B-b-but we didn’t mean to.”

“Oh what? Did you just accidentally tell them all of our secrets? You must die before you tell them anything else! They cannot find out about myself or our Lord’s heir!” Harry shouted before freezing the three wizards with a powerful charms and then with a wave of his hand, setting the whole room on fire. He smirked as he saw the fear

*in their eyes and then walked out of the room. Three down, seven to go.*

.....

*“You shouldn’t have snooped into business that was of no concern to you.”*

*“No concern to us? Six people mysteriously disappear and then turn up tortured to death in of no concern to us? They were our own people!”*

*“But you have uncovered something very dangerous and in the wrong hands, more people than just you and those other six people will die if this comes out. Now be a good martyr and go quietly.” He said and then yelled something. The Muggle watched in horror as a bright green light shot from the small child’s hands, ending his life effectively.*

.....

*“Salazar! You should not have done it! We could have sent someone else to kill them! You might have been caught! You are only ten years old, you should not be killing people.”*

*“But Tom! I was trying to help you. They would have endangered you and everything that you have worked for! I couldn’t let them!”*

*“You shouldn’t have been listening in on conversations that don’t concern you!” The man, known as Lord Voldemort, most feared wizard, yelled. Where most would have sobbed, or at least begged for their lives, the small child, Salazar, just glared at him defiantly.*

*“I did what had to be done. I will not apologise. Besides, if you didn’t want me to kill anyone, why did you teach me the Unforgivables?”*

*“You used the unforgiveable curses?”*

*“Yeah it was cool! I used wandless Avada Kedavra. It was amazing!”*

*“Wandless? Really? Wow. You are more powerful than even I imagined. However that does not let you off the hook. You are in big trouble because of what you have just done.”*

*“I did it for you! Come on Tom! Cut me some slack! You would have just ordered someone else to kill them!”*

*“Yes, but that is what Death Eaters are for. Not ten year old boys who should learn how to enjoy their childhood, not learn how to kill. I taught you the unforgivable curses so that you would be safe if you came across any danger.”*

*“I know. Look, I’m sorry okay? I thought you would be happy.”*

*“I am in a way, but I’m more upset that you had to kill at such a young age. I know you have seen death. I could not protect you from that, but I thought that I could at least protect you from becoming a murderer until at least maybe a bit older.”*

*“Well what should I do now?” Suddenly realising the severity if the situation.*

*“Now? Well the ministry will be looking for the murderer as will the Muggle government. You would be safer to go abroad for a while. I will organise it so that someone wakes you to Germany. I know of a vampire clan there. The Magorian Clan. You will be safe there.”*

*“Fine. But know this. I will kill again if anyone ever threatens the welfare of my family.” He said defiantly. Tom nodded and smiled sadly.*

*“Yes. Well, you will stay here for a few days and then you will leave for Germany. Maybe you could travel around there for a while. Visit all the dark forest there.”*

*“Fine.” Salazar grumbled. Knowing when he was fighting a losing battle.*

*“Good. Right, well go to your room and pack some robes. I will send someone to you when it is time to leave. And Sal. Be safe.”*

---

"He really did kill those people. I wasn't sure if it was true!" Kingsley said, looking at the young man unconscious on the bed.

"I had no doubt that that was the case Kingsley." Dumbledore said sadly, looking down at the wizarding worlds fallen hero.

---

*"People of the Magorian Clan! Today is a joyous day! I have decided upon an heir for the head of this clan when my time comes."* A tall, deathly pale woman shouted to the crowd of equally pale people. They were infact Vampires and the woman was Annalesca, leader of the Magorian Clan. Most influential Clan of Germany. As she announced this, the members if her clan all cheered, glad that their beloved leader had finally decided upon someone suitable to be her heir.

*As she stepped aside, everyone gasped as they saw a boy of twelve or thirteen standing behind her. This of course is not unusual, as vampires were not yet banned from breeding in Europe, the unusual thing, was that this child was not a Vampire. He was a mortal.*

*"My people. You all know Salazar Lestrange! He had often visited us and first met us three years ago. I have been training him in vampire magic and although he is not yet a vampire, he can still manage some of the most complex of spells. This mortal child is worthy to be my heir!" She shouted. The crowd watched the boy as he smiled at them and then burst into load cheers and shouts. He had been accepted.*

---

"What do you suppose he is remembering now?" Tonks asked. Harry had now been unconscious for almost twelve hours and by know it had become common knowledge through the Order that he was reliving his memories and that he sometimes mumbled things. Therefore it was only natural that everyone would want to come and see if they could help piece together clues about his past. In fact by now people were having competitons to see who could come up with the most imaginative scenario going by the mutterings of the

unconscious wizard. Of course none were quite as spectacular as the truth.

---

**SS** *There is no need to call me sir. You may call me Tom. SS*

*"No, I'm afraid I have other things that I need to do. But you know how to get to me. I gave you that little bronze coin. Remember?"*

*"You should not have had to kill at ten."*

*"Yes, you said that all I had to do was wish to see you and it would take me to you, but to only do it in a real emergency."*

*"My name is Harry."*

*"Please be good and stay safe and remember what I said about the coin. Only in emergencies."*

*"Holly and Phoenix feather."*

*"Only in emergencies."*

---

*"He is moving around. Well I would actually say more like thrashing. Do you think he is about to wake up?"*

*"I don-"*

*"TOM!" Harry sat up straight, yelling, but before the Order could get over their shock Harry disappeared.*

## Chapter Eighteen – And so it begins....(again)

*They strike the ear of night,  
Make weep the eyes of day;  
They make mad the roaring winds,  
And with the tempests play.*

Mad Song – William Blake (Poetical Sketches)

And so, it seems that Harry Potter had finally managed to thwart Dumbledore's manipulative plans, though if he considers in hindsight that this is going to increase hostilities between the groups (pfft, anyone could have deduced that) which in turn was going to make it almost impossible to do a manner of things, specifically, let basil kill everyone that was mean to him and get his trunk back.

However, with his return back to his family, which was inevitably where he was going to end up, (trust me I'm the narrator, I know these things) he would find that his grieving period for Persephone would be increasingly quicker and easier. The fact that his godfather had already been through the same process and so knew what he was going through would also help, however I am getting ahead of myself (ah fault of being a narrator, read ahead in the script, ooh can't wait for that to happen! Sorry on with the actual story) as I was saying, I am getting ahead of myself,

We will now catch up with Mr Potter wherever he has ended up. Which with Mr Potter's infallible luck, will most probably be with his family.

---

“TOM!” Harry yelled, then he felt the recognisable tug behind his navel and the hospital wing surroundings faded into his cool greens of his living room at his home in the elf village. Strange

“Harry! How did you get here? Are you okay? What happened? Did they hurt you?” Rodolphus said, being uncharacteristically fussy and over-protective.

“m’fine.” Was all that Harry managed to say, gazing round the room at the people there. In hindsight, he found it rather odd that seconds ago he had managed to yell out his Godfathers given name and now he could barely string together two words comprehensibly. Obviously this day was just going to get stranger.

“Come on, sit down.”

“I am.” He said, head beginning to clear. In fact, considering it had been him who had been in some sort of coma for the past day, he was slightly more aware of what he was saying. At least more aware than Rabastan, who obviously hadn’t realised that Harry was indeed sitting down already. Then again this was a completely normal thing of Rabastan’s so....

“Oh, right yeah. Well wanna tell us how you got here?”

“Dunno.s’thinking, no remembering and then whoosh I’m here.” He said disjointedly, though still his speech was becoming more coherent.

“I know why. Do you still have that Knut I gave you when I left you with the other werewolves?” Antonio, also known as Tom Riddle, or Lord Violdemort if you really wanted to get fenikity, asked curiously.

“Yeah, I keep it on a chain round my neck all the time. Why? Oooh!” he said slowly coming to the realisation of what the hell he was doing in his living room when seconds before he was in the hospital wing of Hogwarts.

“Yup. I gave Sal a knut when I first met him, you know so that I would know he was safe. All he had to do was think of me and he would activate a portkey that would take him directly to me. Antonio explained to everyone. The rest of them just nodded, but Johnno frowned thoughtfully.

“Why didn’t it work the first time you were taken?”

“I wasn’t thinking about Tom. I knew that Dumbledore was a master occlumense and so I had to hide who I knew and Tom was the main person to hide his knowledge of.”

“Ah, well we are all very relieved that you are here. You had your poor father in stitches.” Antonio said with a smirk as he watched Rodolphus fussing over Harry once it looked as though everyone had finished with the explanations.

“Yup. Okay dad! You can stop now! For gods sake I am fine! You weren’t this bad the first time I was taken!”

“Yes but then they didn’t know your true colours!”

“They suspected. Oh damn!” Harry exclaimed suddenly remembering something.

“What?” Rodolphus asked in concern as everyone else in the room all took a step nearer.

“I collapsed before I could properly open the chamber and sic Basil onto everyone in Hogwarts. Now really though, Basil?”

“It wasn’t me who named him! He is over a thousand years old you know! Slytherin named him, so you should really just take it up with him!”

“Well I would except one problem.”

“Whats that?” Rabastan asked, being the slow one.

“He’s been dead for a quite a few years now. And I have no sudden urges to die just so I can pick a bone with a dead founder with bad taste in pet names.”

“Oh come on, it’s not that bad a name.”

“Basil the basilisk?” Harry asked blandly.

“Could you think of anything better?”

“Plenty of names spring to mind.”

“Like what?’

“Oh I don’t know, salacious. Seems a nice name to hiss out. Anyway, anything is better than Basil.”

“BUBBLES!” Anne shouted suddenly, making everyone in the room jump and then stare at her strangely.

“Okaaaay, maybe not every name is better than Basil.” Harry muttered under his breath, making Anne glare at him and then hmph and cross her arms over her chest sulkily.

“Right well! Now that Harry is back, I say we plan our next attack!” Antonio announced, making everyone in the room groan at his cheerful disposition.

---

Everyone in the hospital wing stared in shock as the person they had all been watching over disappeared in a flash of emerald green light.

“W-what happened?”

“I do believe that Harry managed to escape by a specialised portkey or something. The word he shouted out must have been the trigger word.”

“Did anyone catch what he shouted?”

“Yeah, it was ‘Tom’. Tom? Who’s Tom Dumbledore?” Ron asked in confusion, his anger at seeing the prisoner disappear slowly as it was taken over by the confusion and slight curiosity.

“So if we find out who this Tom is, then we will be able to ask him if he knows where Harry went? This should be so easy!” Tonks said, in one of her ever present moments of hyperactiveness.

Everyone looked at Dumbledore, who at that moment was starting to look everyone of his hundred and fifty three years of age. He stared at Tonks gravely before sighing and answering the question on everyone’s mind.

“The Tom that I believe young Mr Potter was referring to is Tom Marvolo Riddle. Also known as Lord Voldemort, and more recently

Antonio. This does indeed create problems for us as it will be impossible to find out Harry's current location from Tom. He is Harry's Godfather and sworn enemy to the Order of the Phoenix. He will no more tell us where Harry is then decide that he doesn't like being evil and would prefer to be a tooth-fairy."

"Well if he did do that then there would be a hell of a lot of awkward questions flying around, specially if he donned a pink tutu."

"Snape, you have one hell of a messed up mind!" The auror Shacklebolt exclaimed, glaring at the greasy haired git cough sorry, Potions Professor.

"Back to the point at hand. I believe that we have lost Mr Potter for good this time." Dumbleodre said gravely, and then he turned and left everyone staring at his back in the hospital wing.

---

"Er... Sir. I believe we have a problem!" A small witch by the name of Emmeline Vance stated as she ran into the Headmasters office the next day.

"And what would the problem be Miss Vance?"

"Er... well it seems that You-Know-Who is quite angry after the kidnap of his Godson and so he has retaliated and is now attacking Hogsmeade. We don't think that the new Dark Lord has joined in the fight... yet."

"Yet?"

"Yes we are all pretty certain that he will eventually join in the fight. The main problem is however that well, Harry and You-Know-Who aren't at the battle scene. In fact they are missing completely and no one can remember which way they went. But everyone knows that they were there for the beginning of the battle."

"And where do you believe they are going?"

"I- i- i- well I think that what I mean is, I believe that there might er... be a er... entrance into the school. You know... through the Chamber of Secrets."

"Yes I believe that too. I am afraid there is nothing else we can do, we will have to lock all of the children into the common rooms, hopefully the monster will not be able to get in there. All Muggleborn children will be our priority. They are the ones most at risk." Dumbledore stated, rising from his chair and sweeping past Vance to leave the office. Emmeline Vance quickly spun around and followed, reaching the bottom of the staircase just as Dumbledores Magically enhanced Voice rang out through the halls of Hogwarts.

---

"So, we go into the chamber, have a chat with Basil, tell him who he can and cannot eat/petrify/etc... and then you go back to the main battle while I do what again?"

"Oh for the love of God Sal! You go and grab that bitch who betrayed you. We will show her the meaning of pain."

"But we aren't going to kill her?"

"No."

"Er... Why are we not going to kill her again?"

"We will leave her mangled body on the lawns of Hogwarts just as Severus tells us that everyone has given up hope for her, of course we will be able to do some permanent damage." Tom stopped, listening to the voice of the current Headmaster echoing through the chambers.

"WILL ALL STUDENTS PLEASE MAKE THEIR WAY BACK TO THEIR COMMON ROOMS IMMEDIATELY AND WILL ALL TEACHERS, PREFECTS AND THE HEAD BOY AND GIRL PLEASE COME TO MY OFFICE. THANK YOU."

"Well it looks like we will be expected." Harry said with a smirk, Tom nodded, grinning evilly before they both turned to face the giant statue that they had walked up to and began to hiss in unison.

---

"What do you think has happened?" Hermione asked as she and Padma quickly made their way up to the Headmasters office.

"I don't know. I just can't believe what everyone is saying about Harry! I mean he seemed so nice!" the ravenclaw exclaimed. Hermione looked at her friend and frowned. She knew that Padma had no idea what Hermione had done, nor did she know that Hermione was in the Order. Hermione also knew that Padma wouldn't have agreed with any of it. From now on she would have to keep an eye on her.

"It is true Padma. I saw it all."

"How?"

"What?"

"How did you see it all? I mena the only people allowed in the courtroom were the Order of the Phoenix and as far as I know, you are not a member." Padma said, eyes narrowing, she suddenly stopped and Hermione turned around to find Padma's wand pointed at her throat.

"Loook, Padma, I am sorry for this but Stu-"

"I wouldn't do that fi I were you." A cold harsh voice whispered as Hermione felt the persons wand jab into her back and the cold harsh metal of a knife press against her throat.

"Who-?" Padma's question died in her throat as the stranger moved forward, roughly pushing Hermione to step into the light. Padma looked into the shocking green eyes of Harry Potter and smiled.

"Hey Padma. How have you been?" Harry asked in a cheerful voice, seeming to completely forget the fact that he was holding a knife to the throat of another person.

"Er... fine. And you?" Padma asked, feeling it only polite to carry to cversation on, though inside unsure as to thank Harry and join his

side of the ever present war, or stall and hope someone would pass them and save them.

“Good. You know, Azkaban, kidnapping, family. Pretty boring really.”

“Yeah?” Padma asked in mock shock, still battling internally, however just as she had come to a decision, the choice was taken out of her grasp as they heard the voice of Ron Weasley calling for Hermione and Padma.

“Look, I have to go know, and I’m taking this bitch with me. You can either stay here and pray that Basil finds you worthy of living or you can come with me and well... I don’t know, join the war I suppose, or just stay in the elven village. But please if you do stay, don’t try and interfere with whatever is about to happen and stay true to what you believe. Also if you do stay, screaming really loudly and calling after Hermione would be a really cool thing to do. You know, make her absense even more known. So whats your decision?”

“I made my mind up a few minutes ago,” Padma whispered hurriedly, Rons footsteps becoming louder. “I’m coming with you, teach me everything you know and let me fight in this war. I have never followed Dumbledore and I believe that he is becoming wary of me.”

Harry nodded and then grabbed her hand and they both disappeared into the shadows, taking a struggling Hermione with them.

Sadly Ron was only quick enough to see Harry drag Hermione away as he turned the corner. Ron watched in dispair and then quickly ran off to tell Dumbledore that Hermione had been taken. Of course that would only happen if he got there before Basil found him, because Basil had been locked in the Cahmber for over fifty years and he was becoming restless for human flesh again.

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**Okaaay, well that's it for this chapter. I am really sorry that it has been a while since I last updated but things have been pretty hectic with starting Uni. I can't promise when the next chapter will be up, but I have started writing it already.**

I hope you all liked this chapter and that everyone who reviewed to ask about where Padma's loyalties lie, they have finally been answered, (though knowing me I have already said where they lay and have tooootally contradicted myself. Meh) Oh and to that certain reviewer who did want me to kill off Hermione. Well I'm not going to kill her. Maim her yes, but kill her no. the same can't be said for most of the other characters on the light side.

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## Reviews

## Chapter Nineteen – The Art of War

*The energy, call'd Evil, is alone from the body, &*

*That reason, call'd Good, is alone from the soul.*

The Voice of the Devil – William Blake (The marriage of Heaven and Hell)

Harry lead, well dragged, Hermione through the secret passages and finally into the main chamber of the Chamber of Secrets. He hissed a welcome to Tom (who was in his Voldemort guise), who hissed a welcome back, and questioned about the extra who was standing behind him. Harry grinned ferally as he felt Hermione shudder in disgust and fear at the sight of his Godfather and then let her go, binding her in ropes with a wave of his wand and leaving her on the floor.

“Padma is here because she never knew what Hermione was playing at. She wishes to join our fight and believes that Dumbledore has everything coming to him.”

“And more.” Padma piped in, making Tom chuckle and then change back to look normal. Harry grinned and then motioned for Padma to stand next to him.

“So then, are we heading straight back to base or what?”

“I am going to go back and join in the battle, you will take these to ladies to base and then return. Tell the elves to make Padma comfortable but to do what thye want with Granger as long as she is alive, sane and relatively conscious when we return.” Tom said with an evil smirk, making Hermione give out a muffled wail and try to escape.

“You can shuffle all you like but you won't be able to escape. Not unless you are a secret Parselmouth that no one knew about. Oh yeah, did you set the Basilisk loose?”

“Yup, with the distinct orders to eat, maim and kill everyone who opposes us both. So quite a few enemies and prospective enemies

will be killed without us having to lift a finger. Oh yes I also told him to leave Dumbledore and the rest of the teachers well alone. They were for us, plus I wouldn't put it past Dumbledore to try and kill Basil. I mean not that he would be able to but you never know."

"Yeah I know what you mean. Well I will take these two back. Have fun and leave me a few Aurors and whatever the NDL is calling his followers for me to maim and kill!" Harry said, then he leant down, grabbed the back of Hermione's robes and dragged her out of the chamber, Padma following closely behind.

Tom watched them go and smirked. Maybe things were going as planned after all.

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The odd trio arrived moments later in the middle of a forest. To the two girls, they couldn't see why they would be there and both frowned. Harry on the other hand let out a sigh of contentment and then proceeded to drag Hermione through the trees and eventually they passed a guarded gate and entered a small village. The sight of said village was enough to make both Hermione and Padma to gasp in awe and Harry to smirk.

"Ah so, Hermione I notice that you seem to have relaxed a bit. I ma guessing that is because you have noticed that we now reside with Elves." Harry said, gesturing around him. Both girls were now speechless with awe as the magical beings carried on with their lives, ignoring the strange people accompanying their leaders son.

"We-were are we?" Hermione managed to stutter out.

"Ah, well for me, I am home. Padma, she is in a very nice little Elvin village, you on the other hand well how do I put this. You are here to be tortured." Harry said bluntly, making Hermione gasp in horror and then for some reason relax when she saw the elves.

"Er... Hermione, no, sorry, now I know you like to think you know everything about everything, but you don't know everything about elves. See, I am betting from you relaxed posture that you believe that elves are peace loving people. Well see that's where you're wrong.

“The elves in this village are elemental elves. Now, do you know anything about elementals? Yes, I see you do know a bit about elementals. Good. Well in that case you will know that elementals are slightly er.. temperamental. Especially well... no all are temperamental.

“Good well that’s elementals out of the way, see elves on the other hand are generally peace-loving gentle people. However, and this is the key point that most people don’t know about elves is that they are fiercely protective of their family, and in a village this small, everyone is family.

“Okay do you see where I’m going with this? Good.” He said, when Hermione whimpered, and looked around fearfully. “right, okay, lets finish this small lecture today shall we? Yes I believe it would be in all of our interests. I for one am becoming anxious to join my father and godfather in this mini battle. Righto then, where was I , oh yes, protective. Right well you have captured and betrayed me. Now normally that wouldn’t call for torture, no that would just be death maybe. But see I am the heir to this clan. You prevented me from seeing my clan for quite a while. Hermione I know you are in the Order. You are going to get what you deserve.” And with that lasting statement her roughly grabbed the terrified girl by the hair and dragged her to where two elves were standing and threw her at their feet.

“I will put her in a cell shall I sir?” one of the elves, an earth elemental judging by the green hair.

“Yup. You do that Joaquin. Right then Padma, what would you like to do? You can either stay here with the other elves, or you can come with me.”

“Er... I would like to join this war. So can I go with you?”

“Yup, first though we need to change what you are wearing.” Harry said, and then he waved his wand and changed Padma’s robes into something similar to the death eaters robes, complete with hood and mask.

“Er... I don’t really want to be a deatheater.”

“Yeah I know. I’m gonna change that, but just a second. Okay, now tell me what colour flames you would like?”

“...pardon?”

“Flames, Padma. Flames. You need to be distinguishable, so that my people know not to kill you. So what colour flames would you like?”

“Black?”

“Righto. Black it is, hang on.” And with that her mask turned black and delicate black flames were licking the bottom of her robes. “right they will ensure that the elementals will know you are on their side. The mask will be for the death eaters and the flames will also help you by setting fire to well anyone that goes near to you.”

“Right.”

“You didn’t actually want black did you?” Harry asked smirking as his robes were changed to match Padma’s except with emerald green flames and a gold mask.

“Er.. well no. I was considering asking for pink but then I didn’t think you would be very impressed.”

“Er.. no. somehow I don’t think many people would have taken you seriously if you had pink flames. We are gonna stick with the black flames I think. Right before we go, kill all wearing the horrible garish red robes. Er... oh the deatheaters are pretty easy to pick out. The elementals will have their own element surrounding them, like the flames on our robes. Voldemort, again is pretty much easy to pick out. I mean how many people do you know that have pasty white skin, are bold and have bright red eyes. Oh and the NDL, he always wears red and gold robes, with a gold mask, like the phantom of the opera kind of mask. Oh and he believes he is the heir of Gryffindor.” Harry said, before smiling warmly at the now nervous girl and then grabbed her arm and then they disappeared in a flash of gold and green flames.

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They arrived on the edge of a fierce battle. People wearing black robes were being surrounded in flames or their hair was whipping around them as if caught in a storm.

“Right, you curse the bejesus out of everyone that comes your way. I’m going up to old gryffie boy there. In fact I believe that Voldie boy is up there as well. Have fun now.” He said, giving both their flames an extra burst of power before leaving her. Padma quickly dodged a stray hex and then hexed the person back. She may have been from a predominantly light family but she was a Ravenclaw and so she knew her fair share of dark arts, which she showed the person on the other end of her wand.

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Harry walked through the fighting groups dodging the odd curse and sending his fair share back before he saw his godfather and the NDL fighting.

“So then, still believe you are the heir of Gryffindor?”

“Of course I am! My name is Terrence Gryphon, who else would have that name and not be the heir!” the NDL, now known as Terrence, said, dodging the curse sent his way from Voldemort.

“Er... no, you’re not the heir.” Voldemort said, sending another hex at him, neither noticing that Harry had now reached them and was standing to the right of them, watching both.

“Oh? And who is?”

“Well I am actually.” Harry said, deciding that that was as good a place to interrupt as any.

“Who are you?”

“Ah, well me? I’m the rightful heir of Gryffindor.” He said and with that he took off his mask and hood and what appeared to be a glamour faded away leaving someone completely different in their place.

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## Chapter Twenty – And you are....?

“Ah, well me? I’m the rightful heir of Gryffindor.” He said and with that he took off his mask and hood and what appeared to be a glamour faded away leaving someone completely different in their place.

Standing where Salazar used to be standing, was a completely different man. No longer was there a boy, barely reaching 5'6", with messy black and red hair. No, standing in his place was a man, almost six foot one. His hair no longer had streaks, it was still jet-black but now faded to blood red at the tips and grew to reach his shoulders. His eyes seemed to glow an eery Avada Kedavra green, his pupils were slits and his ears tapered to a point. His face was no longer slightly rounded, still holding the look of James Potter, it was narrow and had become deathly pale.

In effect, there was a completely different person standing there, next to one of the most evil men of the century and some other schmo who pretended to be one of the most evil men of the century (take your pick as to who was who.)

“Er... Who are you?” Terrence Gryphon asked, frowning slightly at the new person standing in place of the weedy boy who was there a couple of seconds ago.

“Me? I thought we had already gone through this. I’m the heir of Gryffindor.”

“Amongst other people...” Tom muttered under his breath, making Harry scowl at him.

“Yes, amongst other people. But right now, only Gryffy-boy matters, and seeing as I am his rightful heir, the one who came into magical inheritance when he was just eleven years old. Bit of a task hiding that one, I tell you.”

“Magical what?”

“Inheritance. You know, what the heirs to truly strong magical lines receive when the time is right. For me it was when I was eleven, then

I received others, every other year after that. It comes with the territory of being adopted by a few people. I think it was because I am just so naturally adorable."

"Oh yes. Melted the heart of me. And most of my followers actually. Gah. It was damn irritating."

"Until you realised I was just as ruthless as you. Well Terry, I can call you Terry right? Well, it's been really nice talking to you but, well, either fight me, or leave coz I have to torture some one back at home and leave her carcass where her loved ones can find her. Hogwarts grounds."

"H-hogwarts?"

"Oh yeah. You think you are ultimately evil? Well I torture school children. He," Harry said, pointing to Tom, who nodded his head in recognition and smirked darkly, "He has just set a sixty foot basilisk onto a school choc-full of little defenceless children. You on the other hand... what have you done?"

"I-I, well I..."

"You haven't really done much."

"I burnt all of those towns and villages next to forests!"

"Liar!" Someone from the crowd shouted. Harry rolled his eyes. This was slowly turning into a bloody pantomime.

"I am not a liar! I really did!"

"Shamefully, he really did. I mean I never burnt them, and Voldemort certainly didn't. Any of you lot?"

"No, he definitely did it. It just screamed, I'm a Gryffindor trying to be a Slytherin." Tom said, smirking at the now sulking NDL.

"Oh you tried to kill me and blamed it on Tom!" Harry said suddenly, looking rather smug that he had come up with something.

“I never!” NDL shouted, looking quite indignant at the whole thing.

“You what?”

“I said I never! I didn’t harm Lily or James Potter! I was still at school for one thing and I practically idolised my older cousin. That’s why I thought I was the heir to Gryffindor! I am the cousin of Ja-“

“*Avada Kedavra!*” Harry shouted, pointing his wand at the now quite dead NDL. He lowered his wand, his hand shaking slightly as he breathed deeply.

“Har-“

“No! Don’t speak to me! You lied to me Tom!” Harry screamed, now turning his wand onto Tom.

“No! I never lied to you! I never told you who killed your parents!” Tom said shaking his head, he looked at Harry sadly and then disapparated with a small pop.

Looking at where his adoptive Godfather had left him alone. Falling to his knees, small tears falling down his cheeks. “Why?” He whispered quietly, disapparating from his place with an almost silent pop.

**XxX**

All through out the magical world, people where talking about either the disappearance of Harry Potter again, or the fact that three days after the eventful fight of Hogsmeade, a sixty foot dead basilisk was found in the Great Hall of Hogwarts. Terrifying several of the students. However one thing that had not reached outside of the walls of Hogwarts was the fact the Hermione Granger had not returned. Nor had her body.

People were unsure whether to be rejoicing at the fact that one Dark Lord appeared to have been killed, whilst another seemed to have gone into hiding, making the last, though possibly most evil, Lord Voldemort, to take up the role of cleansing the wizarding world. On the other, Lord Voldemort seemed to have taken up said role with alarming enjoyment.

And still the fact that Harry Potter, small saviour of the wizarding world, and recently more commonly known as junior dark lord, was missing and no one, not Dumbledore, Tom, Sirius, Johnno or the vampires and elves knew where he was. The werewolves and Vampires where furious, their future lord had disappeared and it was all the Dark Lords fault. Voldemort was furious, his protégé had disappeared, his ultimate plan was ruined, and he know had a very volatile teenager on the loose. The only one that could actually kill him, was veeeery angry with him

## Chapter Twenty-One – Coups

As soon as knowledge of Tom's betrayal of the heir to the Elven throne reached the elven village and the consequent disappearance of said heir, Sirius and Remus heard about it. The Lestrange Brother's were not in the village at the time, and so were not there to witness the outcry of anger for their little lord.

They also, hilariously enough, were not there when the wards, gates and anything else protecting the little village, went up in full force, keeping everyone out who was not already in the village at the time.

Sirius and Remus were looked to for decisions that had to be made. Which also meant that, because they never really trusted the two Lestrange Brothers, managed to turn the whole village against the current leaders, creating a small rebellion amongst the elves. It did not help things along of course, when Delio renounced his help for Voldemort and instead turned his help to the Elves and his people.

Of course, there is always more than one village of elves in a country and Harry managed to touch the hearts of more than one clan.

Soon the coup, that had first just been one small village against the rest of the clan, included every clan in the whole of Britain, France and Germany. Yet news of this never reached Harry, where ever he was, and no one saw hide nor hair of their leader for nearly a year.

**XxX**

The werewolves were in a state of unroar. No one knew where their cub had disappeared off to, only that he was very upset when he had left.

The largest and leading pack in Britain, which also had Anne in, managed to gain the support from all werewolves and packs in Britain and France.

With the help of Johnno, they were now moving forward to gain support from what are considered to be some of the most influential and largest packs in Europe if not the world, in Germany. Of course it helped that Harry had stayed with them during his short exile in

Germany and had managed to warm the hearts of all there (and had also made them wands, but that doesn't mean anything).

With this large group of werewolves moving against Voldemort, the tide in the war looked to be shifting. However, the decision that was made in the meetings (in which the chosen representative of the Elves (Remus Lupin) met with the chosen representative of the Werewolves (Johnno)) was that they would not join this war until they heard word from their leader or from the Vampires.

The war that was raging in Britain had come to a cease fire. The Light side had no outside help except from other wizards. No magical creatures came to their aide. And the same was said for the Dark side of the war. They no longer had support from anyone, which brings this story nicely on to the next movement in this war.

**XxX**

In the third monthly meeting between the two representatives and their trusted advisors, they gained some unexpected but largely welcome allies.

The dementors, who many had thought left the war for good with the disappearance of their 'Little Prince', had now officially chosen a side to the war, and the war was now becoming magical in all sense of the word.

The Lead Dementor became the representative (partly because he was the only one who could actually talk some rudimentary English) for this small group of magical creatures and agreed that they would not help anyone who asked, unless they were Werewolf or Elf.

All three cultures agreed that they would wait for anyone to come to them first and that they would not actively seek out any alliances. This decision helped them gain the trust of all Alliances that Harry had slowly been making when he was travelling, and soon it became clear just how many species Harry had managed to coerce into joining him in this war.

What was never clear however, was just which side of the war Harry ever intended to join, or whether or not he knew that Voldemort would

one day betray him, in which case he would need his own army in this war.

Only time would answer any of those questions, and there was only one person who actually knew the true answer.

Exactly six months after he disappeared, the now ever expanding army heard word from their unofficial leader.

**XxX**

Whilst the Werewolves, Elves and Dementors were increasing their army, the Vampires were deciding on the best course of action. Of course they would have been able to go against Voldemort in a large battle and they would most probably have won, however, according to the most irritating prophecy, the only one able to kill Voldemort completely was currently missing.

This meant of course, that even if they did manage to wipe out most if not all of his army, they would not have been able to kill him and he would have then fled from the battle field when it looked like he would be loosing and managed to find more followers in other countries.

And so, Annalesca and Venici joined their clans together and rallied up any other clans in France and Germany together. Though they all remained separate, they all decided that they would fight behind the Heir to the Venician and Annalescan clan in this impending war.

The trained everyday for the inevitable battle that would come once their Master came out in the open again and after Six months of no sign of him, word came from the Werewolf and Elven clan, that they had heard from Harry.

**XxX**

“Alright! Order! This is the meeting of the magical community of Europe! All here have pledged complete devotion to one Harry James Salazar Potter!” Remus Lupin shouted, standing at the front of the large gathering of Magical beings.

The expansive list of Magical Beings had grown in the few short months that they first began this coup and they now had almost, if not every creature and being (except the wizards) in Europe on their side of this war. This included, but was not limited to, Vampires, Elves (elemental, wood and house), Werewolves, Dementors, Acromantula's, Centaurs and also every snake in Great Britain (though no one could actually understand them, still it was a great dent in Voldemort's forces).

"I have here, a letter from Harry! He has finally contacted us, and although I will not read the letter aloud (many groans and grumbles echoed throughout the hall at this), As I said, I will not read it aloud but I will tell you the main gist of the letter and what he wishes for us to do.

"He has specifically stated that he is currently in training somewhere, though he does not say where, with a species of which he had not currently met before. He states that he has heard news of what we are doing and is very pleased, if not a little flattered that many of you people, who he considered to be great friends and part of his vast family, have decided to join him in this war.

"He would like for us, at the moment, not to take any action against the Wizarding world for their crimes against us, as they have all currently stopped all fighting, and Voldemort has disappeared somewhere. He does not know where. The only action we are allowed to take is if we are threatened.

"He will be returning to us in exactly six months to the day today, which is one reason that we are meeting here today. When he does return, he says that we should be prepared to fight, for his return will mark the end of the war and the changing of the wizarding world as we know it.

"His aims for this war are simple. To get freedom and rights to all of you as people. To let us all have a voice in this world where we are constantly belittled and punished for our blood! He wishes for us be able to have wands, for our children to be able to go to magical schools and for us to not fear that we will be abused if we dare to show our faces in the magical community.

“He hopes that we will be able to get jobs within the ministry and will be free to vote. He wants for our voices to be heard in this world where we are ridiculed and judged! He wants equal rights for all magical beings and he wants for this to start now!

“In six months time, the war will begin in earnest and it will be won! It will be a victory for us! We have nothing to fear from the wizards anymore and we will soon be able to join the magical community as people not monsters!” Remus shouted. Rallying up the people in the room and grinning as the volume in the room increased to deafening amounts.

“Six months is all we have to prepare. So we will now go and prepare for victory. We will get more allies and soon have the whole of Europe on our side. In Six months time, Judgement day will arrive.

## Chapter Twenty-Two – Harry's Retreat

### *Flashback*

*“Hi! My names Harry, though here i suppose they call me Salazar. Who are you?” Harry asked the young elf that had just approached him, he had hair the same as Rodolophus and matching red eyes.*

*“I'm Delio. I've heard all about you from my dad. I wondered if you wanted to be my friend.” Delio said, sitting down next to Harry underneath one of the many surrounding trees.*

*“Sure! I've never had a friend my own age before!” Harry said, with a childish enthusiasm rarely shown around the adults he knew.*

*“Okay, so all we have to do now is clasp our right hands together and then repeat the vows.” Delio said, grabbing Harry's bloodied right hand with his own equally bloody right hand.*

*“Okay then, so together after three. One, two, three.” and together then leaned forward and repeated. “I promise to forever look after my brother. Brother in Blood, Brother in Looks, Brother in Mind, Spirit and Soul, Brother in Heart. I promise to forever fight alongside my brother no matter the opposing forces. Brother in Blood, Brother in Looks, Brother in Mind, Spirit and Soul, Brother in Heart. I promise to forever guard over my brother. Brother in Blood, Brother in Looks, Brother in Mind, Spirit and Soul, Brother in Heart. I shall adhere to these promises made on this night forever as long as my body may breath life.” As they finished, a bright white light (try saying that three times, fast) surrounded the two boys until it dimmed and disappeared. When they looked up, Delio's looks had changed ever so slightly, making his hair no longer red underneath, but at the tips, and Harry had grown slightly and was now the same height at Delio. Delio's eyes had also changed, making them piercing green with red outline.*

*“I think we should keep this to ourselves.” Delio said, casting a glamour over his new looks, making him look the same as before the pledge.*

*"I agree. Now i have to go. Make sure you look after Lyca for me and keep up her lessons." Harry said, smirking at the last bit and making Delio pale slightly at the thought.*

*"Yes yes. Of course i will. Don't stay away for so long this time. And i will constantly watch over your lifeorb. Stay safe brother." Delio said, hugging Harry tightly, before delicately running back through the forest to the village and disappearing from sight.*

*End Flashback*

Harry looked around him, wondering where the hell he had appeared in his distressed state. He walked a short distance into the forest that he had found himself in, looking for signs that he recognised.

He had been walking for about an hour when he finally spotted a small village but noticed that he didn't recognise it. Rubbing his hands together to try to make them warm, he stomped his feet on the ground, psyching himself up and then walked out fo the forest and into the village. Then he stopped. Well he would have continued walking had he given up on life and decided that there was nothing more for him, thus plunging himself on a very sharp and pointy stick cough sorry, spear.

A tall man with pure white hair and black eyes, with no white, and by tall he reached at least six foot eight. Which gave Harry quite the crick in the neck when he looked up, walked forward and then said something, making Harry frown and try to decifer what they had said. Nope no clue.

"Look I'm really sorry, but I have no idea what you said, I can only speak English, French and German. So if you speak French or German, if not English, then well basically we're all screwed coz you will have no idea what I have just said. Christ, what have I gotten myself into now?" Harry muttered, really beginning to contemplate talking in parseltongue until he found a way out of the village without being skewered.

"Erm... we can speak little English." The man said, making Harry raise an eyebrow whilst also getting a good idea.

“Right, well I’ve just had a thought, in order to help me learn your language, which I am assuming is either Japanese or (at the nod of the man, he stalled) or Japanese, it is then, right. Well I kind of know this spell that helps me to pick up the language that I am surrounded by, whilst being able to understand the more rudimentary parts. So really I will be able to know where the toilet is and ask for something to eat or drink! We’ll be fine!” Harry the ever optimist said, before casting the spell and then belatedly hoping that they knew what magic was and that he wasn’t breaking the Magical decree of secrecy or whatever the hell it was called.

“Welcome to Yuki Village. This is the hideaway for all Demons. The magical world believes that we left this world for another hundreds of years ago, but they are wrong. You are welcome to stay here for as long as you wish, friend.”

“Er... Thanks. I think I’ll take you up on that offer, but in about five or six months time I will have to leave, so if you would not mind housing me here until then.” Harry said, smiling. The Demon smiled and then lead him to the house nearest to the entrance of the Village.

“Take a seat. My names Mosaku, I am the Demon Lord here.” The Demon Lord said.

“I’m Harry Potter. I’m... Well, I’m just me. I have many names, but I am not really as powerful as many believe me to be. I rely on what others teach me.” Harry admitted, taking the seat opposite Mosaku.

“So why are you here friend?”

“I am running away. Well, I actually prefer strategic retreat, but beggars can’t be choosers. I needed to get away from everything, to understand what I have been placed here to do. What my destiny is.” Harry said, looking into the fire in front of them. He wasn’t sure what he felt about Tom right now, well actually he was, whenever he thought of anyone from his family, he felt a deep burning anger, that was fuelled by his betrayal. He couldn’t understand why the people who claimed to love him had betrayed and lied to him so much.

“My friend, we here believe that your destiny is what you make it. You should not let anyone control your life. Make it what you will.”

“Wise words. But sadly, that is not all that I am strategically retreating from. There is a war being fought in my home country. I need help so that I can put an end to the idiotic war.”

“I believe that we here, may be able to help you in your plight. We Demons use a different kind of magic to that of wizards, and yet, like all magic, those that are strong enough, will be able to learn it. You, young wizard, may underplay your abilities to most, but you are far from weak. You have ample amounts of magic to learn what we would teach. So are you willing to learn?”

“Hell yeah! Teach away!” Harry said, grinning widely. Mosaku grinned back and began to discuss what Harry would learn.

### *Flashback*

*“Antonio! Watch out!” Harry screamed, watching with wide eyes as Antonio spun around to help an incarcerated Harry and be caught by one of the three Vampire Slayers surrounding them. The slayer smirked as he forced the stake through the elder’s heart and then stepped away, letting the vampire fall to the ground.*

*Harry struggled in his bonds, and then, as his anger began to rise, locked eyes with a dying Antonio, who smirked. The Slayers, one by one, began to decompose alive, before Harry’s eyes. He smiled softly, then turned his attention back to Antonio. His struggles became more desperate as the vampire’s false breathing began to slow.*

*In his desperation, Harry managed to tap into his elemental state and set fire to the ropes around him, then ran over to the dying Antonio.*

*“Ant! Come on! You’re a vampire! You live forever! Please! You can’t leave me alone! You’re supposed to turn me and then make me your heir! I don’t want to be the heir to the Magorian Clan! I just want to be yours!” Harry said, tears streaming down his face as he grabbed onto Antonio’s shirt and gripped it in his hands.*

*“Find. Venici.” Antonio gasped, coughing blood, and making Harry gasp.*

*“Who? What? What do you mean?”*

*“My Fang.”*

*“What about it? What do you want me to do with it? Ant? You’re not making sense!” Harry screamed at his mentor, not understanding what was happening. Sure he had seen death before, but never someone that he actually loved and saw as a father, well not that he could remember.*

*“Wand.” And with that, Antonio gave a shuddered breath and then began to fade. Harry gasped as he realised what Antonio wanted and then pulled one of Antonio’s elongated fangs out of his mouth, clinging onto the fading Ancient. As the ancient disappeared, Harry gave a mournful wail and clutched the fang in his fist, piercing his skin and making the blood drip down onto the ground.*

*Eventually he collapsed out of exhaustion and lay there until he was later found that and taken back to the clan by the searching vampires.*

*End Flashback*

**XxX**

“Okay, so run that by me one more time. You want to teach me what?” Harry asked in complete and utter disbelief.

Harry had been living with the Demons for almost five months now. It had been a very interesting few months, including the first full moon here, where Harry, explaining why he was so nervous and was begging them not to wander the forest that night, was promptly laughed at and then told that werewolf bites, no matter how irregular the werewolf happened to be, would not harm or infect a Demon. In fact, the said, if he would not mind, some of the younger Demons liked to run around and play with the wolf. And so, Harry experienced a full moon in which he did not feel the temptation to rip himself to shreds and had more fun on a full moon than he could ever remember.

And so now, Harry was having a conversation with Mosaku’s daughter and resident Yuki Onna to the nearest town, Oyuki.

“I’m not joking Harry. It’s taught to all younglings here when they reach their majority, Necromancy is a great thing, plus it’s quite fun.”

“Fine, just tell me what I have to do then. Let’s get this over with, as long as I don’t actually have to touch any dead things. I mean, ew, that’s just slightly gross.” No matter what he had done in his short life, it still remained that Harry was slightly squeamish around dead things.

“Okay, first, no you don’t technically have to *touch* the dead bodies. You might however have to converse with them. You know, either ask them what their woes are or tell them what to do. Depends really on which spell you are using. Helping lost souls find their way, or raising souls to help you to conquer. Though I wouldn’t advise using latter. They’re right awkward buggers, not wanting to actually do anything but look for loved ones and the like. I mean god help us if they actually do find them! It takes ages to actually get them away, most of the time you have to banish them again, which is just a waste of Necromancy.”

“It also helps that you have already learnt Demonic Blood Magic. This means that you already have a head start on those attempting this with normal wizarding blood magic. Oh yeah and you will have a tighter hold on those you manage to summon, whom also have no interest in finding someone they love (which is practically impossible.)” Oyuki said, grumbling the last part to herself and making Harry grin.

“Right so all I have to do is drop some blood on some sort of symbol and then summon someone by using a long and boring phrase. Just so that I can use some dead guy to fight my battles? Sounds like a blast.”

“Well basically yes. Where did you get all this knowledge?”

“Books. I have always been interested in Necromancy. Then I realised how tedious it was and gave up before I even started. It seemed to boring and time consuming.”

“Ah that’s because you never had me as your teacher. I will now teach you the wonders of Necromancy!”

It didn't take long for Harry to master the basics of Necromancy, though by the time he had managed to achieve the more difficult of the summons it was time for him to leave. Though not before he had swindled an allegiance with the Demons, gaining the promise that they would join him in six months time, to follow him back to Britain and the war.

**XxX**

It took three apparitions to get to the destination which he had been heading for for almost a year. In fact, he had been in contact with these people for over three, but he had made arrangements for him to join them and learn from them what he could now.

Before he arrived at his next destination however, he had a letter to write first. Quickly penning the letter, he stopped by at the nearest wizarding village and went to the owl post office. Purchasing the fastest delivery owl they had, he wrote Remus Lupin on the envelope and sent it, hoping that it got there before they did anything stupid, like facing Voldemort without him.

After he sent the letter, he left the village and set off for Wyoming, the home of the American Druid Clan. Users and masters of the lost art of Battle Magicks. Actually, if Harry was completely honest, he was quite excited about the prospects.

**XxX**

"Harry! Welcome to the village! We've all been looking forward to your stay for so long! Tell me, how is everyone back in Britain. The war? How is that going? I saw that you received some bad news a few months ago. Tell me, Are you coping with His betrayal alright? If not, then I know some excellent Voodoo magic!" Helena, the Druid Leader said with an evil smirk that would put any Slytherin to shame.

"I'm coping well Helena. How is everyone here? I heard that Sophia was expecting. Has she given birth yet?" Harry asked, smiling brightly and following Helena into the village and to her house, where he would be staying.

Sophia was one of the Druid in which he had kept constant contact with over the last three years, she was the daughter of Helena and was his confident away from home. In fact, he was one of the first to find out that she was pregnant in the first place.

“Sophia is fine. She had a beautiful baby girl called Madeline. Looks just like her mother. You must go and see them once you have settled in here. In fact, I will show you to your room now so that you can unpack. You did bring some clothes to wear right?”

“Yes mother! God! You don’t half mollycoddle everyone do you? The Demons that I stayed with were kind enough to give me clothing and stuff, so I am quite sufficiently packed.”

“Okay then. I’ll leave you alone. This is your room, if you need me then just call me. Oh yes, and there will be a small party tonight to celebrate your finally joining us.” Helena said before closing the door behind her, leaving Harry to look around the room. It was simply decorated, with a single bed in the far right corner, next to which was a bedside table. Under the window on the other side of the room was a table with a large stack of parchment and some quills. Harry smiled and then set to unpacking his belongings into the wardrobe and drawers that were also in the room. “I think I shall enjoy it here.”

**XxX**

Harry walked down the stairs after having a short nap and walked into the kitchen, where he heard Helena pottering around, doing who knows what.

“Hey, Helena, what time’s the party tonight? And where is it?” Harry asked, sitting at the table, and taking a sip of the water Helena had placed in front of him.

“Well, you had quite the nap. It’s almost seven thirty. I thought you would miss the party altogether. It’s being held in the village hall, and everyone is going to be there. It starts in about five minutes actually, so we had better make our way over there!” And with that she grabbed the glass away from Harry, making him spill half of it down him in the process and then dragged him out the back door, through the garden and out the back gate.

The village was quite small, compared to some of the other's that he had been to (though not quite as small as the Demon one in Japan, which would more appropriately be termed a Hamlet.)

They arrived at the town hall in a few minutes, being joined by a few of the other Druids and their spouses on the way. In fact, by the time they had arrived, Harry was having an interesting conversation with a wizard named Joey and what he did in the village. Turns out he was the one that helped to maintain the wards keeping out unwanted visitors and the likes.

“So wht you’re saying is, with wards like the ones around Hogwarts, it is sometimes better to have several different people holding them, as apposed to just one, say the Headmaster, because they will gradually weaken and leave the place open to attack?”

“Yep. That is why we have six different people, with varying abilities holding ours. There’s me, a normal, run of the mill wizard, Mary, my wife and Druid Midwife as well. Run off her feet she is, though very skilled with healing. Donny, an elemental elf who met his wife when she was visiting their clan in Ireland. Elissa, another Druid, though more skilled in Battle magicks than healing. Stephan, a vampire and his bonded, Magritte, the vampiric Druidess and the first we have seen for nearly fifty years. It made quite the celebration when we heard that she was a vampires bonded!” Joey explained excitedly.

“Wow, so if my army is what I hope it to be by the time I return back, then I will be able to make any wards quite strong. Tell me, should the holders live within the wards or can they leave and live outside of them?”

“Oh no, they should live within the walls for at least four days of the week. They can stay elsewhere for the other three, but the wards will weaken if it goes longer than that. Also, at least one should stay within the wards at all times. Keeps them at their strongest you see.”

“Look, as interesting as your conversation may be, we are here now, and its time to get Harry completely bladdered!” James, Sophia’s husband said, joining the two eagerly conversing warders.

“Fine fine! But I must tell you, it doesn’t take much for me to become rat-arsed!” Harry admitted with a grin and then followed the group into the Village Hall, where music was loudly playing and laughter was heard over the top at sporadic moments.

**XxX**

The party was still going on later into the night, and as he had predicted, Harry was completely slaughtered, borderline paralytic. In fact, he was sitting down, giggling madly at something some or the other had said a good half an hour a go, next to Joey, with whom he had made quite a friendship with. He was holding a bottle of scotch in his hand, and took a swig out of it, before frowning and turning to his newly found drinking partner (which it may not be prudent to say was almost as much a lightweight as Harry.)

“Joey, has someone been watering down the scotch or did my tongue die?” Harry asked in complete seriousness, well as much seriousness as one could achieve when hiccupping every other second.

“Dunno. Be a shame though if it had.”

“Had what?”

“Died?”

“What’s died?”

“You tongue.”

“My tongue’s dead? Why? What happened?” Harry had now reached an all time new record for hysteria reached in under a second and then promptly passed out, being quickly followed by Joey.

Safe to say, the party did not carry on for long after that, though many of the party goers did enjoy playing a small prank on the two inebriated lightweights.

**XxX**

Harry woke the next morning with a headache to rival a pneumatic drill. He groaned and then looked around him. It appeared that the kindly Druids and decided to leave him in the Village hall, propped against a Victorian dressed Joey. Hang on...

“Er.. joey, why do you look like an extra out of Pride and Prejudice? In fact you could audition now for the role of Mr Darcy and probably get it.” Harry asked, staring at Joey blearily, squinting to get the sleep out.

“You’re one to talk, *Miss Bennet*.” Joey said, smirking as he looked at Harry.

The scream was heard all the way back at Helena’s house, who smirked at her handy work and then carried on with her chores about the house.

**XxX**

The rest of the six months passed surprisingly quickly, with many parties dotted along the way. Harry found that Joey was indeed his new drinking partner, but also his partner in crime with many of the pranks he played, getting the Druids back for what was now fondly known as the ‘Meeting of Darcy and Eliza Bennet.’ Much to the chagrin of Harry ad Joey.

He had learnt all that he could from the Druids and had also gained a small army of volunteers, each wanting to help their new friend and also hoping to introduce Druids back to the UK.

Joey had given up his role as Warden in order to follow his new best friend back to Britain, as had his wife who was to join him with their young son when it was deemed safe.

All in all, there were thirty men and women joining him, add that to the Demon village that had arrived in the last few weeks, to return back with Harry. So in total, Harry now had a new regiment for his army of over ninety men and women, the younglings from the Demon village were staying in the Druidic village with their mothers until either they were sent for to join their fathers in Britain, or their fathers returned to take them back to the village in Japan.

And so, it was with a heavy heart that Harry tapped the specially designed portkey three times and then whispered the password for them all to be whisked away, straight into the very heart of the Grey sided military operation. Well, actually, he just landed in the middle of a load of hung-over werewolves and vampires in the main werewolf camp in Britain.

## Chapter Twenty-Three – Judgement Day

Harry and his second Regiment of Demons and Druids (sort of) all appeared in the middle of what seemed to several bodies dotted around a largeish hall.

“What in Gods name is going on here? Please tell me that we have not been attacked. I don’t think I could cope if that had happened! I mean I leave you alone for what? A year? And when I come back, half my men are unconscious on the floor. OI! WAKE UP! THIS DOES NOT LOOK GOOD TO THE NEW RECRUITS!” Harry yelled. Several of the people on the floor moaned, giving justice to the thought that they were all just severely hung-over, but no one looked as though they had any intention of waking up.

“Harry? When did you get back?” Johnno asked, staggering over to Harry, bleary-eyed and stinking like a brewery.

“Just. Do you think you can find some people who did not join in with the festivities last night and so will be able to have a decent conversation with me?” Harry asked through clenched teeth.

“Er… yeah. I think they should be all sober at the Dementor camp. It situated, surprisingly enough on Azkaban. Hang on, I’ll just go get you a Portkey.” Johnno mumbled, yawning and walking off, leaving a now fuming, though slightly bemused Harry behind with a crowd of Demons and Druids trying desperately to stifle their giggles.

“Dementor camp? Since when had they been on our side? Bloody hell, I need to catch up.” Harry muttered, sighing and then turning to scowl at the now hysterical group behind him. “Oh will you be quiet? They don’t normally act like this. They obviously just became a wee bit complacent.

“Hey Haz, here’s your Portkey. It’ll take you straight into the main office of the head poncho there. Pass words Bubblegum, Oh fu-“ And not surprisingly Johnno disappeared with the Portkey, making the group howl with laughter and Harry groan in exasperation.

“Okay, look. I’ll make us a Portkey to take us to the largest Elven village and then I can proceed from there. I mean, Johnno won’t be

returning any time soon. Everyone knows that hang-overs and Portkeys just don't mix. So just grab onto the rope again and I'll redirect it. Ready? *Portus.*" With that set, the group felt the tug behind their navel pull and were whisked off to the Elven Village. Hopefully they would find more luck there.

**XxX**

When the group arrived in the Second camp that they had ported into, they found something completely different. For one thing, they were all precariously balanced in a tree just outside of the Village. For another, no one in the group was giggling. Though that could have just been because if they did giggle they would have fallen seven feet to the ground in a quite messy heap, and perhaps taking several other people down with them.

"Okay then, I have no idea how this happened." Harry said, attempting to bang his head on the side of the trunk, only to actually miss somehow and hit his own thigh. He still to this day does not know how the hell he did that.

"Maybe this is the villages defences. I mean, if they are, I must say they are very good. For example, we are going to have to wait until someone comes along to get us, which could be quite a while, and by that time, the enemies troops will have been quite disheartened, having been stuck up a tree for god knows how long. Plus it isn't the most comfortable of situations to find oneself stuck in." Helena said, commenting from her place, which happened to be upside down, about three branches up from Harry.

"Who's there!" A shout from below signalled that they were no longer alone. Harry whooped with joy in a very unprofessional manner and swung down so that he was hanging from his knees from the branch and looked to see if he could see who it was. He was lucky.

"Sirius! Oi! You bloody mangy mutt! It's me, you know! Your lovable godson!" Harry yelled, deftly ignoring the muttered 'debatable' that came from somewhere above him.

"Harry? What are you doing up there?"

“Having tea. What the bloody hell do you think I’m doing up here you dim-witted moron!” Harry yelled, the blood rushing to his head and making him feel quite light-headed.

“Right! Sorry, you got caught in the wards then? Well I will just go and get Remus to get you out. Okay? Just stay there for a bit and I’ll be right back!” Sirius shouted, before the group heard his hurried footsteps fading away.

“Where the bloody hell he thinks we will go, I have no idea, Narnia maybe?” Harry muttered, gaining a chuckle from the demon hanging next to him.

**XxX**

Almost half an hour later, when Harry and his recruits had been released from what they had decided to name ‘the tree of increasing irritation’ (after both Harry and Helena realised that they were also allergic to it.) the leaders were all sitting in the main hall in the elven village.

“Okay then, so I need to go and see the Dementors? Does anyone know what they want?” Harry asked the general table.

“I’m not completely sure. I know it has something to do with strategies. What I think we need to do, is get all the generals of each race and work out what we are going to do. Also, I think we should do something with Miss Granger.” Remus said, shoving forward some documents for Harry to look at, and bringing up the topic of Hermione. To be completely honest, Harry had forgotten about her.

“Right, well I have just had an idea of what I want to do with her. Just make sure she is still alive and relatively well for when I need her. It won’t be longer than a week. Now, I am leaving here to go to the Dementors. Can you have an authorized portkey to take the Druids to Venici’s clan and the Demons to the werewolf clan please?” Harry asked, grinning at the idea he was planning in his mind.

“Right they will be set up as soon as you have left. Here’s the portkey to take you to Azkaban, bring back the Dementor Lord with you when you return, and tell us when you will be coming back so that we can

arrange a stat meeting." Remus said, writing down what was said, and then passing an old elven shoe to Harry.

"The Password to activate it is simply Azkaban. It was just easier to use a multi-portkey. Just say the destination of where you want to go, it will work three times by the way. So just say your destination and you're away. Oh and tell Johnno that he's a knob! He is going to get such a ribbing when he comes back!" Remus said chuckling, and making everyone else in the mini meeting chuckle.

**XxX**

Harry spent almost a week at Azkaban sorting things out with the Dementors before he and the Dementor Lord returned to the Elven village.

The excitement and tension in the air was almost palpable as all leaders of each of the different races arrived to the village. Both Anna and Venici came as the representatives of Vampires, though Anna was the chosen Leader, Johnno came as Harry's second and also joint leader of the werewolves, sharing the role with Anne. For all elf races (wood, elemental and house) Delio was chosen, Helena was the obvious choice for the Druids and Mosaku came for the Demons.

The Goblins also sent a representative for them in this war, by the name of Griphook, who was accompanied by the chosen Leader of the Centaurs, Malcuchio.

Sirius was also invited to the meeting as the ... and Remus was there as he was chosen to be the strategist for Harry's Army. All of these people, and the Dementor Lord all met with Harry in the Main Hall of the Elven Village.

"Okay! So we are now here to officially start the war! There has been a brief ceasefire in this war, and for all we know, Voldemort and Dumbledore have joined forces together to keep us at bay! Today we are here to discuss what we will do and how we shall proceed in this war. We have the holding card, we will be the ones to say when this war restarts and when the final battle will commence."

“How will we do that Harry?” Helena asked, a few others also curious for Harry hadn’t actually told anyone what his plan was for that.

“I haven’t got an idea for Voldemort, but for Dumbledore I have an idea. I will have to meet with them after this meeting, but first we need to decide when we will be ready, for I intend for the next battle to be the last. This war has gone on for too long!” Harry said, slamming his hand down on the table to emphasize the point.

“I agree! We need to stop this war as soon as possible! Now, I know that the Vampires are ready to go as soon as you want, what about everyone else?” Venici, a tall, thin vampire, with pure white hair, tanned skin and shocking violet eyes, said, looking around the table from his place between Anna and Johnno.

Harry glanced up at the tall vampire and smiled briefly, remembering when he first met the man who he has grown to treat like a favourite uncle.

### *Flashback*

*Harry stumbled through the thick forest, searching for the elusive vampire clan. So far he had found nothing, but Anna had promised that Venici’s clan was around here somewhere. He was bound to come across it somewhere.*

*Of course, Anna has also said that if not, then someone would come along and take him back to the clan because he was trespassing. He really wanted to get to the clan before that happened.*

*Sadly, it was not meant to be, because, just as that thought struck him, several branches above him rattled and a twig snapped behind him. Harry stopped dead and looked all around him, cursing Anna in his head for sending him out here alone, saying it would ‘be a valuable lesson’. Yeah, how to learn not to have all your blood sucked out at once!*

*“Mortal! What do you want in these forests?” A voice said, coming from above him.*

*“I have come from the Annalescan clan, on the orders of the Ancient Antonio, looking for the one you call Venici! I need to see him!” Harry said, hoping that dropping in those three names would get him a get out of jail free card. Well, get out of the slaughter house free.*

*“And who are you? You who wants to see Lord Venici?” The voice asked, making Harry roll his eyes. Bloody vampires and their theatrics.*

*“Look can I go and see him or not? I just have a question for him.” Harry said, the rustling in the trees became louder until a tall vampire with black hair and red eyes jumped out of the tree to his right.*

*“Follow us then. But do not try anything suspicious.” He said, leading Harry through the trees and to the clan’s village.*

...

*Harry was not there for long when he was actually taken to see Venici. The man seemed to be the exact opposite to what Anna was (besides being male of course.) with his white hair and tanned skin (how that was possible was anyone’s guess. Harry still thinks its fake.)*

*“What do you want Mortal?”*

*“I’m Harry, the heir to the Magorian Clan. I came here as a favour to an old friends dying wish.”*

*“And what would that be.” Venici asked, sitting down opposite this strange young boy, who couldn’t have been much older than Eleven, he was completely taken as soon as he had mentioned the Magorian Clan.*

*“The Ancient, Antonio, told me to find you out. We had been caught by some Vampire Slayers, and as he was defending me, one of the Slayers managed the kill Antonio. He asked me to come to you before he faded. I am here to find out why.”*

*“Antonio is dead?”*

*“Yes, I am sorry. I should have done more to help him. But I was incarcerated and could not do much else. I didn’t have full control over my elemental skills either and did not want to use them for fear that I would get Antonio as well. I am so sorry.” Harry said, trying to keep in the tears for his fallen mentor.*

*“It is not your fault child. Though I do have an idea as to why he sent you here. Did you say that you were the Heir to the Magorian Clan?”*

*“Yes, but I wanted to be Antonio’s childe, not Anna’s. Don’t get me wrong, I am very grateful to be named Heir, but Antonio was like a father to me.”*

*“Do not worry young one, no one will fault you for wishing to be Antonio’s childe. Now, the reason he sent you here would have been because Antonio is my Sire.” Harry stared at the young man before him in shock. He knew that the last Childe Antonio had taken had been almost five hundred years ago. That would mean that the man in front of him was almost an Ancient himself.*

*“Ah, so you have worked it out? Well, I am indeed an Ancient. I was one of Antonio’s first Children. I am nearly nine hundred years old. I have an idea as to why he sent you to me, and it is not just because he was my Sire.”*

*“And what is that?”*

*“Because it has always been his wish to join the Magorian Clan and my own together as one. With you as Heir to both, then his wish will be fulfilled. We will have to test you of course, but it would seem that you are now my Heir as well.” Venici said, with a bright grin. Harry smiled weakly back at him, his head about to explode with the information given him. Heir to two Vampire Clans?*

*End Flashback*

*“So the Vampires are ready to go to War? Very good, we will need to use them for stealth. Take out as many as you can when they reach the edges of the Forest, for that is where we will enter by. Malucuchio, you will need to find the other Centaurs of the Forbidden Forest, and*

get them to lead everyone through there. Now, when will everyone else be ready?"

"I will be able to lead your troops through the Forest Harry. And all the centaurs are ready, and the fowls of both clans have been taken to a safe place along with the fowls of all the other races." Malcuchio said, nodding his head at Harry respectfully. Harry nodded back and then looked at everyone else around the table.

"The wood elves and Elemental elves are all prepared, but believe that it would be safer if everyone met at some point to see how they fight, so that we will be able to fight together." Delio said, gaining nods of agreement from everyone around the table.

"Right, I will see to it that that happens then. There will be a large enough space in France, where there will also be less chance of Spies."

"Oh yes, and also, the wood elves would prefer it if you did not dye their hair bright red again. They did not find it funny the first time." Delio added, receiving a few chuckles from everyone again and a bright red blushing Harry.

"That is fine by me. Now is everyone else ready to fight? If so then I will arrange for a meeting of all fighters in France, there is a large plot of land there owned by you, Venici, that would be perfect place for a tactics meeting."

"That is fine by me."

"Good, right then, if this meeting is over then, then I would like for everyone to get ready. The battle will be in one week. I will sort out a way to get that message to Voldemort, and I will work on preparing my messenger for Hogwarts. This meeting is now closed. Everyone get ready, the war is about to begin."

**XxX**

Harry walked to the edge of the wards of Hogwarts with a large bundle in his hands. He chuckled evilly. Voldemort would be getting

his message around now, telling him that the war was to begin tomorrow. And that Hogwarts would be the place of war.

Now it was time to give Dumbledore his message. Quickly walking through the wards, silently thanking Hogwarts for allowing him to enter, he ran over to the steps leading up to the castle doors and dumped the bundle at the bottom of them, before turning around and leaving again. Chuckling all the way back to his base.

**XxX**

Dumbledore awoke the next morning with the wards of the castle blaring loudly in his office. Someone had trespassed and was now on the steps.

Quickly grabbing a robe, he pulled it on over his nightshirt and then ran out of his room and office, meeting Minerva on the way to the front of the castle.

When they had finally made it, they saw a large bundle at the bottom of the steps, that wasn't moving. Cautiously, they both walked down the steps, neither one noticing the ever increasing crowd gathering behind them, as they walked over to the bundle and began to unwrap it.

The startled cry of Minerva McGonagall would stay with everyone gathered there forever, and the image of a brutally tortured and then murdered Hermione Granger would be burned into their minds for the rest of their lives. However, the one thing that made the students panic more than the image of a fellow student brutally murdered, was the chilling voice that echoed around them as soon as the body was uncovered.

*“Albus! Be warned, the battle will start today at noon! This one will not be the only fatality. I hope you are prepared. Today at noon will be the start of a new era. Be prepared Headmaster for we will show you no mercy.”*

**XxX**

“Dumbeldore!” Tom Marvolo Riddle walked through the halls of Hogwarts as himself for the first time in fifty years, yelling the name of the Headmaster, as his troops followed him into the Great Hall.

“Voldemort! What do you want. I do believe that the battle does not commence for another hour and a half. You should not be here Tom.”

“I am here to offer you a truce. We all know that we will not win this battle if there are three sides battling each other. The only chance we have is if we work together. Wizards will have to work as one if we want to win this final Battle. Now let us put aside our differences for now, and end this silly battle that my Godson wishes to fight.” Tom said, scowling at the mention of his Godson. Bloody child.

“I agree Tom. Now, why don’t you sit down and join us as we discuss strategies. Your Death Eaters are welcome to sit among the students at the tables. As they will all be fighting. The younger years have been sent to a safe room in the castle that no one will be able to get into.” Dumbledore said. Tom nodded and then walked up to the head table and sat down in the seat next to Dumbledore, which had been abandoned by Professor Snape. The remaining Death Eaters all watched this before splitting up and sitting at each of the tables with the students.

**XxX**

“Alright then everyone! This is the final battle! Give no Mercy, for none shall be given to you! In their eyes you are all monsters, all creatures, all dark! They will not be forgiving towards you, so you shall give them the same favour! Today we will end this war and it will mark the beginning of freedom for all magical people! No matter your race, no matter your beliefs you should all be classed as equal! If we win this war, then we will be! Now lets show them what we can do when our friends, family and lives are threatened!” the roar that followed the speech was deafening, and all the wizards gathered on the fields of Hogwarts felt a chill run down their spines.

*Flashback*

“Ah a little boy eh? I like children the best! The way they scream! The way they cry!” Twelve year old Harry’s eyes widened as he watched

*the creepy man move closer to him, grabbing his arm in a vice-like hold and making tears of pain spring to Harry's eyes.*

*"No! Let me go! Get off me!" Harry yelled, struggling as the man holding him pulled him up against his own body and began to run his free hand over Harry's body. This made Harry struggle even more, crying out for help.*

*"There's no one here to help you little one. Cry out all you like, but no one will be here for you in this forest. There's only Vampires and other beasts in this forest."*

*"Please! Help me! Someone!" Harry yelled even louder. The man behind him threw Harry to the ground and then whispered something. Harry felt the brush of magic against his skin as ropes were conjured up out of nowhere and bound his arms tightly to a root of a tree, making escape impossible.*

*The man fell down to his knees in front of Harry and grinned lecherously at him, as he began to take his trousers off. Harry felt the helplessness of the situation increases and began to cry softly, closing his eyes tightly as he felt the man take off his own trousers and then hold his legs down, moving closer to him.*

*"Please don't. Please." Harry whispered, shuddering as the man licked his ear and chuckled.*

*"No one here to save you my sweet. No one here but me to hear you cry Now don't forget to scream for me!" the man said, before spreading apart Harry's legs.*

*Harry screamed as he felt pain that he had never before felt in his life. He felt like he was being split in half. The man grunted behind him as he raped Harry, moaning at each scream from Harry. Eventually, Harry retreated into his mind, sobbing quietly to himself, and then lying in the dirt, semen and blood leaking out of him as the man pulled out and cleaned himself up, kicking Harry a couple of times and chuckling.*

*"You were good. I may just keep you and take you home with me. I know a few others who would like you." The man said, leering down*

*at the now almost catatonic Boy-Who-Lived. "Right then, just stay there for a while and I will be back with some oth- eugh!" Harry opened his eyes quickly at the choked noise and saw a furious vampire holding the man by the neck.*

*"What did you do to him?" the vampire hissed. Another vampire, who Harry recognised as Evie, knelt down next to him and untied his hands, before gently covering him up and then picking him up in his arms.*

*"Shh little one. We have found you. I am sorry we did not come sooner. We could not find you at first, and then we had to break some sort of ward over the place. We are here now though. Thomas will take the man back to the Clan and Anna will punish him for you. Sleep now, Little one" Evie whispered. Harry looked at her blankly as she smiled sadly down at him and then slowly fell asleep.*

*It took almost three weeks for Harry to begin to speak again, and by that time he had ran from the Vampire Clan and forest altogether to go to the werewolves and Johnno. He found out that the man was called MacNair and worked for Tom. After finding that out, he refused to see Tom for over six months. Only then to see him briefly for Christmas before leaving again.*

*Safe to say, Voldemort lost a followed that day to the Vampires, and Anna and Venici both joined together to mark Harry officially to keep him safe from anyone wishing him harm and for a way to always be able to find him. MacNairs remains were found scattered all over England, found on the borders of each of Voldemort's known base's.*

*End Flashback*

Harry smiled sadly, remembering exactly what these people would do for him, and hoped that none of them would be killed, even though he knew that it was just wishful thinking. This was a battle and their would be fatalities

"My People! Work together. The person to your left, to you right, behind you, in front of you! They are your family! Treat them and protect them as so! Thin of them as you Childe! As your fowl! As your Sire! As you mother, your father, your brother, sister! They are your

family! Each and everyone of you are the same and deserve to be thought of as the same! If we want to win this, we need for you to protect each other and fight next to each other as though you were all family.

“Now, I know that it will be impossible for everyone to actually get out of this alive. But I want you all to know, that I love each and everyone of you as though you were a family member. Venici! You have been my favourite uncle for as long as I have known you. Anna, you my favourite Aunt. Johnno, I have come to know you as not only my Second, but also surrogate father. Everyone! You are all somewhere in my heart! Please do not recklessly go out there to be killed, do not try to be a Martyr! But if you do happen to be struck down then, remember, you fought bravely and you will always be remembered as one who fought for their freedom!” Again the cheer that followed deafened and chilled the opponents. Harry smiled grimly and then, taking a deep breath, took his place next to Johnno and led his Army to the grounds of Hogwarts.

**XxX**

The battle that followed would be one that was remembered in history forever as one of the bloodiest, most terrifying battles that had ever taken place in wizarding history.

The Vampires each crept through the forests situated behind the opposing side, and quickly, and quietly grabbed at people standing on the edge and dragged them into the forest, ripping out their throats as they did so. By the time they were noticed and the battle truly started in fervour, they had managed to kill almost seventy Death Eaters and Order members.

As soon as the opposition alerted the leaders to the massacre going on behind them, they turned and began to fight the Vampires, completely forgetting the Werewolves, Dementors, Druids, Harry, Johnno, Venici and Anna at the gates.

This was the signal to the Elves, Centaurs, Acromantula, Demons and snakes in the forest to leave and join the battle, which in turn was the signal for Harry and the rest.

The battle was more a massacre on the fields of Hogwarts. The army following Harry fought bravely and protected each other to the death. They all looked up the Harry and followed him without doubt. They fought with one another flawlessly, which was more than the Order and Death Eaters did.

The fight went on for almost six hours before Harry managed to get to the middle of all the fighting and duel Dumbledore. Nearly all fighting came to a halt as two of the most powerful Wizards in history battled against each other. Dumbledore felt the strain of using too much magic and started to sweat. He did not notice that Harry was slowly moving closed to him, shouting off spells that even he had never heard of before and in languages that he could only guess.

The final blow came not seconds later as Harry had finally stepped within reach of the headmaster and knocked the wand out of the old wizards hand. He grabbed the man by the throat and dragged him closer, so that he was face to face and their noses were practically touching.

“You left me with the Dursley’s, you knew what they did to me, you locked me in that castle even though you knew I was both happier and safer with my family, You have been judged, and been found guilty. I am here to be your executioner. Any last words?” Harry said lowly, calling up his sword that appeared in his left hand, whilst tightening his grip on Dumbledore with his right.

“I’m sorry.” Dumbledore whispered. Harry let go then of his throat, letting the Headmaster of Hogwarts fall to the ground and then swinging quickly with his sword and cleaning taking off the headmasters head.

Soon after that, the Order stopped fighting, seeing that they had lost, and gave themselves up to Harry, in hopes that they would survive.

**XxX**

The battle of Hogwarts would be remembered in history books, until the end of time. It would say, that as soon as Dumbledore was defeated, the remaining survivors of the opposing side gave themselves up.

Tom Riddle tried to escape, but was caught by Venici and taken to Azkaban to be guarded by the Lord Dementor himself, until his trial. Everyone else there was also taken to Azkaban to wait until their trial.

Harry then walked into Hogwarts and told the students, both the ones fighting and the ones who had remained inside, that they were safe and would be left alone to continue their studies if they wished, as soon as replacement teachers had been found.

And so it was, that Harry won and gained equal rights for all that he loved and trusted. At the age of seventeen, he had managed to fight and win for what he believed in.

## Epilogue

Twelve Years Later (Harry's twenty-nine)

### Unknown Location

§ *You Highness, there has been a report. We have found the base of rebels.* § A Dementor swept into the room, and bowed to the figure sitting at a desk.

§ *Very well, tell them that I will be there as soon as possible. And can you fetch me the Headmaster please?* § the shadowed figure raised his head slightly, and nodded for the Dementor to leave. As the door closed, the figure sighed and banged his head on the table.

“I did not sign up for this.”

**XxX**

### Hogwarts School of Magic

Remus Lupin smiled as he watched the newest students walk into the Great Hall, following Delio through the centre of the tables. They had decided to keep the house names, just for the plain reason of respect towards the original founders.

There had been huge changes in the Magical community over the last eight years, and not just the changing of the full title of Hogwarts. Magical beings now had full rights, and if anything, it was wizards who were sneered at. Mainly however, this was done towards those who were in the previous Minstry and spoke against equal rights.

Remus still remembered the time, almost five years ago, when Dolores Umbridge was finally found and was executed publicly. Not many of the other followers of Voldemort and Dumbledore, or those who weren't really involved were executed however. No, Harry had come up with a much more deserving punishment.

Harry had somehow come up with a way of stripping people of their magic. Of course, for those whose crimes were too harsh, they were sent to Azkaban. There were a few followers of both of these leaders,

who just accepted the change, and after a year of monitoring, were allowed to keep their magic.

However, even though the past eight years, the wizarding community had been living in relative harmony. Dark and Light living together and working together, over the last year, there had been whisperings about an uprising. Rebels were fed up of having to take orders from a Werewolf Headmaster and Druid Minister. They were undoubtedly wizards, but it was still worrying.

Currently though, Remus had more things to worry about. The new school year had begun and the new first years were currently being sorted. The student population was now currently standing at thirty percent wizard, twenty percent vampire, twenty-five percent werewolf, ten percent elven, five percent demon and ten percent druid. Even though wizarding was still the dominant populace, it seemed that the other magical beings stood together to protect each other against any bullying wizards. However, in the last three years, almost all racial bullying had dispersed.

“Magorian, Eva Myst”

The name that Delio had just read out caught Remus’ attention. It also seemed to catch the rest of the schools as well. Every one knew the importance of the Magorian clan and who their leader was. It just so happened that the young vampire now walking up to the stool, with her jet black hair, green underneath and piercing green eyes, was the current heir to that clan and was also the only child of the leader. Harry’s daughter.

No one knew who the mother was. One day Harry wasn’t a father and then, after disappearing again for almost a month, he came back with a precious baby girl, not saying anything about the mother. Eva was a vampiric elf if her blood tests were anything to go by, which did not give any clue to who the mother was, as so was Harry. Therefore, no one ever found out, and Harry certainly didn’t tell anyone. To Remus’ knowledge, he didn’t even tell Eva.

“SLYTHERIN!”

If Remus was completely honest with himself, he wasn't all that shocked. He watched as the young girl hopped off the stool, smiled innocently at her Uncle Delio and then walked over to the Slytherin table, ignoring the whispering that was running around the room. Remus would have to tell Harry at the meeting tonight. He would be very proud of his daughter.

**XxX**

Johnno walked through the dark caves, checking in each tunnel for any extra rebels that were hiding, and then, once he was happy that they had all of them, walked back out of the cave network and wandered over to a whistling Sirius.

“Anymore?”

“No, it would seem, that it was just those nine. Know who any of them are yet?” Johnno asked, glancing at the angry and slightly disturbed looking rebels sitting on the floor, being guarded by the other Aurors.

“Oh yes. I think I know three of them at least. The leader however is the one that will make Harry grin the most.”

“Oh? And whose that then?”

“Ronald Weasley.” Sirius said with a smirk, looking at the red head in question.

“Did that Dementor tell you when Harry would be arriving?”

“Yeah, apparently he has something to do first and then he will be joining us. I think Remus will be coming as well, he just has to wait until the end of the welcoming feast. Wonder what house Eva got into.”

“Slytherin.”

“Yeah probably. Little monster was constantly pranking me and getting away with it. Has us all wrapped around her little finger.”

“Except Harry.”

“Yeah. He loves the little terror to bits, but he never lets her get away with too much. She isn’t overly spoiled either. He’s really quite a good father isn’t he?”

“Yeah. Did he ever tell you who the mother was?” Johnno asked, looking at Sirius curiously.

“Nope. Dunno what happened there. Nor why he disappeared. He must have known or something. Unless she isn’t actually his child and he found her.”

“Nah, she’s got his genes and everything. She’s definitely his child.”

“Well enough gossip. I say we get some names before Harry comes and then we can go home. He should be here soon anyways. The Welcome Feast will soon be coming to a close and I’m guessing that Harry will go meet Remus first before coming here.

**XxX**

Harry sighed as he walked out of his office, nodding to the guards standing outside and then walking through the numerous halls to get to the entrance hall and then apparating to the borders of Hogsmeade.

He walked through the lanes to get to Hogwarts, smiling at his first glimpse of the castle. He may have never liked the place, but it didn’t stop him from admiring the castle. He just hoped that Eva was fine.

He thought back to his meeting with the Dementor earlier, and hurried his steps, hoping to catch Remus before he left. The Dementors had now taken to calling him ‘Your Higness’ and had been doing so since he was turned by Anna and Venici. He had his suspicions as to why, but nothing was ever certain. One thing that was clear, was that they had now taken to calling Eva ‘Little Princess’ and that she could now speak to them as well. It would have probably disturbed many parents to find out that their daughters best friend was a Dementor and a Demon, but Harry took it in his stride, considering that he seemed to be the King of the Dementors.

He pushed the doors open to the castle and strode through them, walking up the stairs and to the Headmasters office, thanking anyone who was listening that he had just beaten the students and so had been missed by them all. And then again thought of his daughter and hoped she would be able to cope with all the whispering and pointing. It came with being the only heir and daughter of the most powerful man in Britain he supposed.

Saying the password to the gargoyle, he stepped on the moving staircase and then walked into Remus' office and made himself comfortable. Waiting for Remus he looked around the office and noted all the previous headmaster's portraits observing him curiously. Of course they all knew who he was, who didn't? But that didn't mean that he came here often. More often than not, Remus would be the one to go to him if a problem arose, or if a meeting was called. So therefore, Harry had never really had any reason to go to the office.

He was just about to stand up to get a better look at one of the numerous objects in the Headmasters office when the door opened and Remus walked in, the shock of seeing Harry sitting in his office, only showing briefly in his eyes.

"Hello Harry." Remus said, sitting down opposite him and smiling kindly at him.

"Hey. So just wanted to make sure that Eva was fine and if you wanted to come see the rebels with me?" Harry said, ruffling his hand through his hair.

"Eva was fine. She was sorted into Slytherin and seemed to be making friends straight away. It seems that she became friends with some children on the train here, and hopefully they will stay friends, even though some were placed in different houses. I have made arrangements for her on the days before and after the full moon, so that no one will really find out, and of course she will be referred to as a Vampire if any of the teachers ask."

"Thank you Remus. And the Rebels?"

"Sure, lets go. I've been dying to know who they were and why they thought they even stood a chance, considering that everyone else

seems to be perfectly happy to have me as the Headmaster of the School and Joey as Minister. So really, I just wonder what on earth they were thinking. Do you know how many there were?"

"No, the Messenger left after telling me that they had been found." Harry said, waiting for Remus to grab his cloak and then offering the portkey out to him and activating it as soon as Remus grabbed on.

"Shall we go and find Johnno and Sirius then? What are you going to do to them?"

"Not really my job is it? But they will be going to Azkaban at any rate. I went to Joey earlier today when I found out and that is what he said to do."

"Want a hand taking them?" Remus asked, as they walked through the forest to where the message had said they would be.

"Yeah if you want, but I have someone to visit when I do get there." Harry said, looking away when Remus raised an eyebrow at him.

"Your father?"

"Yeah." Harry said briefly before speeding up when he saw the light indicating Sirius and Johnno.

"Finally! Thought we would be here all night! So then what's gonna happen to them?" Johnno said, walking over to Harry, taking note of the look Remus was shooting him.

"They are going to be magically stripped and then sent to Azkaban. I will be taking the leader and will strip them here. I have other business to attend to in Azkaban as well." Harry said, shooting a look a Remus to shut him up.

"Okay, well they are over here. There's nine of them, and the leader. Well the leader is someone you have been waiting to see for a while now Harry."

"Who is it?" Harry asked curiously, wondering who it could possibly be.

“Ron Weasley.” Harry smirked darkly and then walked straight over to where they were sitting, leaving Johnno, Sirius and Remus behind.

“He’s going to see his father later isn’t he?” Johnno asked, walking to stand next to Remus and Sirius.

“Yes. But don’t try to tell him otherwise. It doesn’t work.” Remus said, sighing as he watched Harry strip the rebels of their magic, making them scream in pain and loss.

“Well, all we can do is be there for him when he needs us.” Sirius said, the other two nodding their agreement, watching over the one they saw of as a son.

**XxX**

Eva followed her housemates to the Slytherin common room, and then listening to the fifth year prefects, a Werewolf called Jack and Witch called Emily, walked with her yearmates to the girls dorm and sat on the bed that had her trunk beside it.

“So, you’re Eva Magorian? I’m Lucia Malfoy, Witch.” One girl with silver hair and eyes asked, looking at her and sitting on the bed next to her own.

“Yeah. Eva Myst Magorian Potter. What of it?” She knew she sounded harsh and cold, and that she should be trying to make friends with these girls, but that girl was just too stuck up for her own good.

“Oh, nothing. Why are you wearing that circlet? Are you royalty? I didn’t think that Vampires had things like that.” Lucia said, looking at Eva’s silver and emerald circlet that sat on her head, so similar to her fathers own.

“They don’t, well my clan doesn’t in any case, and I didn’t think the Magorian clan does either. My names Adaire Tartarus, from the Clan Tartarus, you can call me Addy, everyone else does.” A girl with black hair and purple eyes said, sitting on the bed opposite Eva.

“Eva Magorian, everyone calls me Eva or Evie. The circlet on my head is for other reasons, separate from the Vampire Clan. My father has one as well.” Eva said, taking the circlet off and placing it on the bedside table.

“Well I really knackered, so I think I am going to get dressed and go to sleep now. The others seem to have anyways. I’ll speak to you in the morning.” Addy said, walking over to her trunk and pulling out her nightgown.

Eva followed her example and walked over to an old looking trunk at the end of her bed and opened one compartment, pulling out her pyjamas and then closing it and opening another compartment and pulling out a small pure black snake with emerald green eyes. She hissed at it and placed it on her bed before changing into her pyjamas and getting onto the bed with it. She was about to go to sleep when she noticed Lucia and Addy staring at her.

“What?”

“You’re a Parselmouth?” Lucia asked in reverance.

“Yeah, my dad is one too. Runs in the family.”

“Cool. What are the other compartments of your trunk?” Addy said, moving to the end of her bed.

“It was my dads old one. Its mainly books, clothes, odds and ends, and a place for Onyx my snake when I’m travelling. But the fifth compartment is the best.”

“Why, what is it?” Addy asked, Lucia sitting up in interest.

“It’s a quidditch pitch, along with all the balls and my broom.” Eva said, smirking at the stunned looks on the two girls faces and then closing her curtains and closing her eyes. “Night.” She said, smirking when she heard Addy’s last comment before she fell asleep.

“A quidditch pitch? Lord Potter’s daughter? This year is going to be so much fun!”

## XxX

Harry walked through the dark, damp halls of Azkaban, searching out for the cell he knew that his father was residing in. He stopped in front of one of the cells and conjured a stool to sit on then coughed.

“Hello father.”

“Sal?”

“I don’t really go by that anymore you know.” Harry said, sitting on the stool and looking at his slightly emaciated father. He hadn’t actually been to see him since the trial, the hurt and betrayal too much. “Why did you do it? Why did you betray me?”

“I didn’t. Not really. Yes at first I did it to gain your trust, and to make it easier for the Dark Lord to manipulate you, but later I did actually learn to love you.” Rodolphus said, glancing at his son and noting how much he really had changed. He also noticed the small platinum circlet on his head and frowned, wondering what it was and where he had seen something similar before.

“You never really acted like it. Not after I found out. You could have gone against him. You could have joined Sirius and Remus when they rebelled, instead of returning to Tom like the good little Lap dog that you were.” Harry spat, glaring at his father.

“I had no choice Sal. I would have died through this,” he said, showing the Dark Mark to him, “Before I even got a chance.”

“Then you should have died! At least then you would have died knowing that I respected and loved you! As apposed to know, when you will die knowing that I want nothing more to do with you! That I hate you! That I no longer want you as my father!” Harry said, trying not to let the true hurt show, and venting his anger the only way he could.

“You would have died, knowing that I loved you as if you were my father, and that I respected you for the decision. Maybe you wouldn’t have died, in which case you would have been able to experience my life with me. You would have been able to hold your granddaughter,

seen what I have done for the wizarding community, but instead you chose to follow Tom and now you will rot in here forever, never getting to know your Granddaughter and never getting to see what I have achieved." Harry said, standing up and banishing the stool.

"I have to go now Rodolphus. I can't say it was pleasant meeting you, but I have gotten a lot of my chest and I feel a lot lighter. I hope that your retribution will not be too much in the after life, but knowing your crimes, I cannot think it will be." As he was walking off, Rodolphus suddenly remembered where he had seen a similar circuit and smiled, tears running down his cheeks.

"Forgive me for what I have done My Lord, my Son." He whispered after him, watching as Harry stopped briefly, shook his head and then carried on walking away.